November 4, 1959

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Melbourne, 1959

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 4, 1959 — Vol. 27, No. 22

Our cover

● The amusing Melbourne Cup Day cartoon was drawn specially for us by artist Wep, and shows how television will bring the race to Melbourne streets while holiday crowds are on their way home on the afternoon of the race.

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TEENAGERS' WEEKLY, 16-page pull-out, featuring Listen Here, page 7, Here's Your Answer, page 10, and Teena, page 14.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Willem De Kooning, who painted the abstract portrait of Marilyn Monroe, opposite, is considered America's leading abstractionist.

HE is a 55-year-old Dutch-born recluse who recently turned down an offer of a one-man show at New York's Museum of Modern Art because he "wasn't ready."

Yet once, when his three-year-old daughter, Lisbeth, put her hands on a wet canvas he left the palm-print rather than doctor the surface and "destroy the spontaneous feeling."

His portrait of Marilyn is part of his "woman" series, painted 1950 to 1954. The entire series has a stark look. The portraits are painted from quick impressions of women walking into a room.

Most American critics approve of De Kooning's colorful imagery, but he has met a less friendly reception in Europe, where one traditionalist called his works "tempests of toothpaste."

The "New Images of Man" exhibition has aroused intense controversy since it opened. Most works are concerned with the troubled states of the soul.

★ ★ ★

THE delightful color pictures on pages 37 and 39 show how the quads, the Saras and the Luckes, are growing.

Already the Saras are beginning to think of what they will be when they grow up. Mark has an ambition to be a lifesaver. Phillip fancies himself as a farmer. He is an enthusiastic gardener. "Phillip seems to have green fingers," his mother says. "Whatever he plants grows."

Although Judith occasionally toys with the idea of becoming a nurse, she confides that she would rather "just be a lady" when she grows up.

Alison's idea of a career is owning a horse!

★ ★ ★

THEY laughed at Elizabeth Ferguson in Spain. She's the 22-year-old Australian girl who took a course in bullfighting in Barcelona.

Fellow students called her "Senorita Extranjira" (foreigner), and said that though she was good enough in the school she would never face the bull.

"Why," said one of them, "when you see the little beasts at Tortossa you'll come running all the way back to Barcelona."

But she did face the bull (see pages 4 and 5).

NEXT WEEK

● Teddy Tinling tennis fashions modelled by champion Brazilian woman tennis player Maria Bueno, who is visiting Australia this month . . . Also year-round fashions in the year-round color—white.

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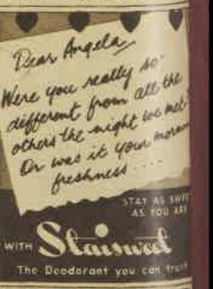

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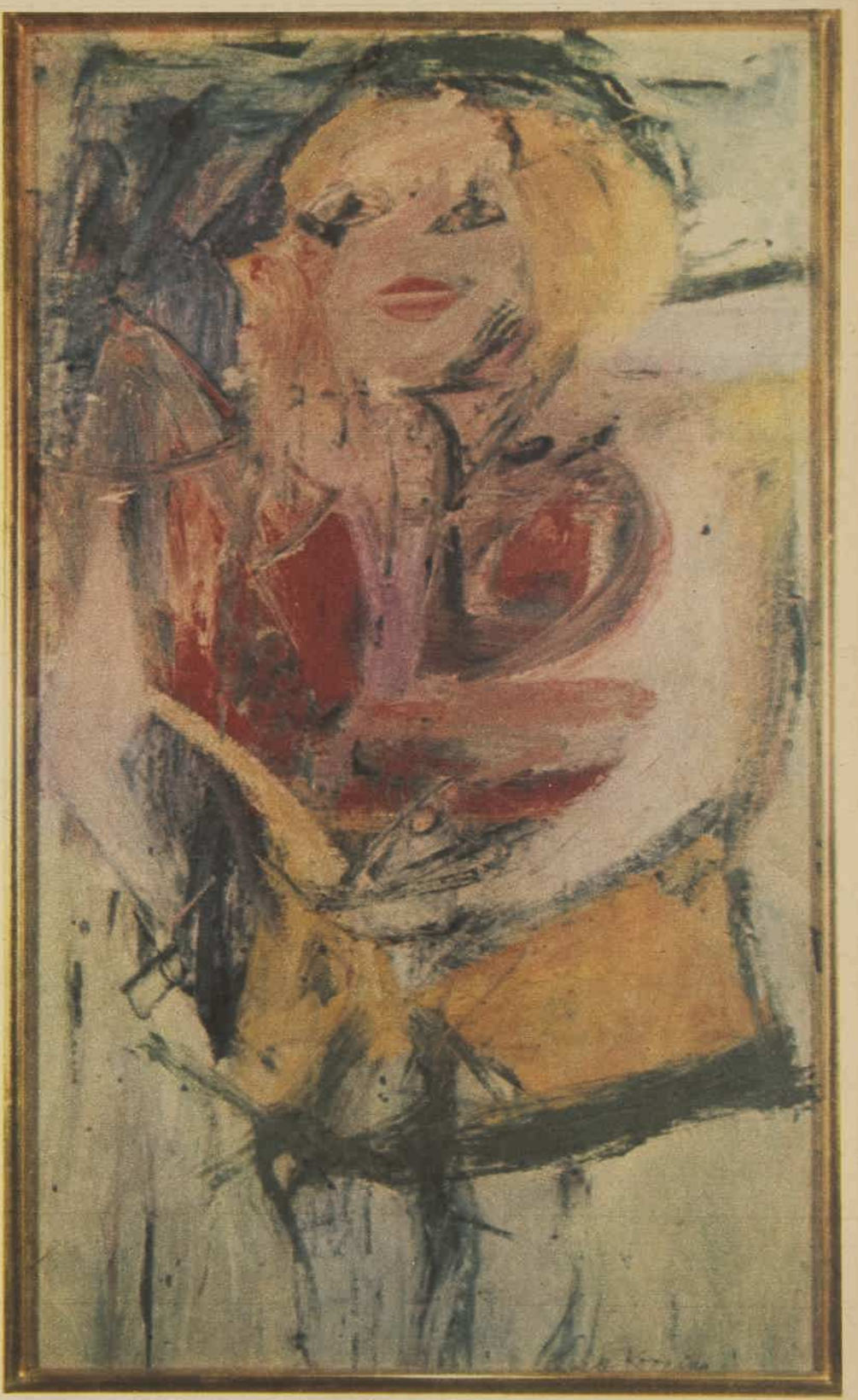
HOW MARILYN WAS 'FRAMED'

MARILYN MONROE looked far from her usual glamorous, voluptuous self recently when she was hung in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Her flowing blond curls had been transformed to look like two yellow shaving brushes stuck behind her ears, and her normally irresistible smile was just a pink blur on a pasty face. Her abstract portrait was one of more than 100 works by leading artists in a special show entitled "New Images of Man."



THE REAL MONROE, as her admirers see her, is shown (left) looking her glamorous best on a date with her husband, playwright Arthur Miller. Her abstract portrait, which was hung in New York's Museum of Modern Art, was in a special 100-painting show by 23 leading American and European artists. Art-lovers laughed at many of the abstracts which featured figures of headless or armless welded junk.

THE PAINTED MONROE, as an artist sees her, is shown (above) in this abstract portrait by De Kooning. One of a collection of 100 paintings recently hung in New York's Museum of Modern Art, it is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Neuberger, of New York. For those who didn't pick the owner of this unruly hair stuck on a pasty face and mounted on a body clad in flaming red, the catalogue confirmed it was Monroe.

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Senorita Elizabeth

ATTRACTIVE AUSTRALIAN Elizabeth Ferguson, as she looks when she isn't fighting bulls. This picture of the 22-year-old Australian was taken in Barcelona. She has been in Spain for two years.

Elizabeth Ferguson, a 22-year-old Australian who has been living in Spain for two years, recently enrolled at a bullfighters' school in Barcelona, and has had her initial battle with a "little bull." Here is her story, in which she tells how she first became involved in learning the art of bullfighting, and what happened at her debut as a "torera."

AFTER two years of watching bullfighting and meeting bullfighters I became a bullfighter completely by chance.

One Sunday, six months ago, I was walking with a poet friend on the mountain of Montjuick at Barcelona, looking for the Greek theatre.

In a clearing we came across about a dozen young men in red-and-black flamenco dress, making passes with capes and muletas at a bicycle fitted with horns.

"We are aspiring toreras," they told us. "We belong to the school of Jose del Pino, and we come here on Sundays and fiestas to practise."

On hearing his name, the maestro — small, ferret-eyed Jose del Pino, — came out from behind the horned bicycle and said to me:

"How do you expect to get into a traje-de-luces (suit of lights, worn by a matador) with that waistline?"

"She doesn't," said my poet friend. "We are looking for the Greek theatre."

The maestro indicated the horned bicycle. "So you've lost your nerve?" he said. "Want to keep your guts?"

"No," I said. "Give me a muleta (heart-shaped scarlet cloth folded over a stick with a steel point), and let me make some passes."

Two of the flamenco-garbed pupils fitted the muleta into my right hand, adjusted a sword into the red cloth and stood me at right angles to the right horn of the bicycle as del Pino stood ready to charge with it.

"Incite the torete (little bull). Hey, toro! Hey toro! toro!" roared the maestro, aiming the right horn at my waist.

"Walk across! Stop! Incite! Dominate! Command" he repeated.

I stopped, dominated, and commanded. The poet extracted me from beneath the wheels of the "little bull" bicycle.

"You're going to get a horn in the ribs," yelled several of the pupils.

The poet asked again where the Greek theatre was.

"Inferno with the Greek theatre," said the maestro, and gripped me around the waist.

The maestro aimed the horned bicycle at my waist again. I called it and drew it past as he had told me, and as I had seen my torera friends do in the plaza.

"Ole!" cried the learners. "On guard," roared the maestro, lurching towards me again with the bicycle.

I stood my ground and extended the muleta. "Hey, toro!"

"Ole, ole!"

When the horns came up under my arm and I turned to the other side, the poet joined with the wild men in a chorus of "Oles."

Jose del Pino was delighted and said: "I expect you at the school between eight and nine each night before the tentadero (a fight with small bulls between one and two years).

Meanwhile I discussed the prospect of learning the art with del Pino's secretary.

The entrance fee is 100 pesetas (10/-). Then it costs 15 pesetas (1/6) a week and 500 pesetas (£A2/10/-) for each tentadero.

The next tentadero was to take place in a fortnight's time in Tortossa, a village about 180 miles from Barcelona.

"The only thing you have to do is come here on time each night — starting tomorrow—keep clear of wilder students, eat steak and orange juice, and take an anti-tetanus injection," he said most matter-of-factly.

He then entered my name among the files of 40 or more others—all boys aged between nine and 30.

A mixed bunch

Their "professions" ranged from "killer of bulls in the slaughterhouse" to a gypsy seller of knives, cigarettes, and other commodities.

Bewildered as I was, I had little enthusiasm for the Greek theatre, so I went with the poet to a neighboring tavern and tried to piece together the afternoon's amazing events.

Next night I had my first lesson — and met my fellow students.

Most of these boys are Andalusians, who have come to Barcelona to work because their own villages are too poor to support them.

Their families have been broken up by war or poverty and all, without exception, are boisterously gay and morbidly discontented. Most of them work from eight in the morning till eight in the evening in factories for 700 to 900 pesetas (£A3/10/- to £A4/10/-) a month.

At night they practise bullfighting, traffic in black market goods, and go singing from one bar to another until they are exhausted.

For the next 12 nights I went to the school, often staying till after 1 a.m. and repeated the passes over and over again, and learned all the other tricks of fighting a bull—and staying alive in the process.

On the day before the tentadero I had to buy black flat shoes (manoletinas), a Co

IN THE BULL-RING. Senorita Elizabeth Ferguson, the torera, is ready for her first bullfight in Tortossa, a village 180 miles from Barcelona. With her are two male bullfighters who were training at the same school. Elizabeth is wearing her new matador's outfit—complete with dashing Cordoban hat.

MEET THE AUTHOR

BULLFIGHTING Elizabeth Ferguson—an attractive brownette of 5ft. 3in. and 8st. 5lb. — was educated at Korowa Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Melbourne. After winning a Commonwealth Scholarship, she began studying law at Melbourne University, but she gave this up in 1957 when she decided to study literature and art in Spain. There she learned to speak the language fluently, and earns a living teaching English and doing translations from English, German, and French into Spanish. Elizabeth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson—formerly of Burwood, Victoria, and now of Sydney—say they are astonished and rather fearful at the news of their only child's bullfighting activities.

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. . . A bullfighter from Australia

A PROUD MOMENT. Elizabeth Ferguson really has got the bull by the horns in this victory picture taken after her first bullfight. The budding torero was the only female pupil at the bullfighters' school in Barcelona.

doban hat and a sash, a new cape, sword and muleta, a black jacket, and a white blouse.

It was 3 a.m. when we started off for the tentadero in a big tourist bus laden with gear and the whooping, singing, guitar-strumming pupils of Jose del Pino—all in flamenco dress.

There were 24 of us, and we each took bread and cheese and sausages, snails in plastic bags, almonds, wine sacks, injections of penicillin, iodine, bandages, and brandy.

The only other woman aboard was del Pino's mother.

"I'm a bad omen," she said. "The last time I went to a corrida poor el Zorro was killed. On my way to his funeral the taxi crashed into another car and I was in hospital for six months. Now I'm going to the tentadero!"

"Don't tell the others," I advised her—not feeling comforted myself.

"I won't," she said, "but I'm a bad omen!"

Finally I went to sleep and was awakened as we arrived in Tortosa—a small, shabby village—at 10 a.m.

We drank coffee at the local tavern, and shouldering wicker baskets of equipment and purses, made our way across the ricefields, past the white-walled cemetery, through a cypress grove, to the plaza de toros — a large corral with stone tiers sloping up to the top of its surrounding walls.

Time to battle

Goats and chickens were bustled out by an old woman, and the villagers perched themselves around to watch.

We waited behind the railing, each with cape, muleta, sword—and instructions from del Pino.

The herdsman drew back the corral bolts and the first little bull sprang out and rammed his horns into the sand.

We watched him searching for an outlet, pawing and stamping.

"Do you like him?" del Pino called to me.

"Yes," I replied, terrified.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," I said. And, loosening my cape, I stalked out to meet my first little bull.

My heart was beating so hard I scarcely heard anything else, and I felt my knees trembling. I stood stiff and rigid and extended the cape.

There was a burst of applause from the villagers. A chicken fled under the railing and someone threw a carrot.

I stood face to face with the bull and called, "Hey, toro. Hey!"

"Step back," roared del Pino.

I heard a thud of hooves, my feet left the ground. When I looked down I was falling

By ELIZABETH FERGUSON

on to the bull's back. I picked myself up and called it again.

The maestro ran out to cover me with his cape. Again I went up into the air and down underfoot. When a dozen hands pulled me up my coat and blouse were in pieces and I was aching all over.

But, above all, I was angry and humiliated.

I think I would have wept, but I thought of everyone looking at me. "The foreign senorita is crying," they would say. So I went into a barn and changed my clothes.

When I came out another bull was in the ring, much smaller and more docile.

I took the muleta and went out into the arena, where two students were trying to make passes, unsuccessfully.

I don't remember every move I made, but I stood as I had been told and called, and occasionally drew the bull past.

I was knocked over and jumped on about a dozen times, each time less humiliating than the last.

When I limped out of the arena I had cuts on my legs and arms and neck, but I was greeted with such enthusiasm by the villagers and the wild students that I began to cry.

Old village women embraced me and kissed me for luck. Jose del Pino began reciting poetry about a brave woman who killed a lion in the Congo.

"You've got practically no style at all—but oh! what bravery!" said an impresario.

Then I went over to the Senora del Pino to be bound and cured while my fellow students were tossed, gored, and hoofed without mercy out in the arena.

First-aid fear

"I knew I was a bad omen," said the old woman as she bathed my cuts with raw iodine.

When she offered to give me an injection of penicillin I drew back. "What! Are you afraid after all that?" she asked. And I laughed despite my cuts and bruises.

At three o'clock we packed our equipment and set out once more through the ricefields to a river bank, where a "conuda del campo" (dinner in the country) was spread out for us by the farm women.

There, under cypress and willows, we sat with our feet in the water, eating loaves of country bread and hunks of chicken, drinking from the wine sacks, and singing to the guitar.

As we tramped back to the village we were besieged by the villagers, who lifted myself and three others on their shoulders and ran us triumphantly to the tavern.

There del Pino was discussing contracts with several other men.

They had arranged for one of us to fight in a provincial corrida. But I must first face three more tentaderos.

If they are successful I will then be given my first corrida in the South of France.

And, despite a beginner's natural fears and premonitions, I'm really looking forward to my next combats.

For, once you begin—however much by chance—you find bull-fighting really gets into your blood.

HER FIRST FIGHT. Elizabeth, the torero, faces a young bull for the first time. Here she waits as the bull charges at the muleta—a scarlet cloth folded over a tapered wooden stick with a steel point.

PRACTISING THE KILL. Elizabeth lifts the muleta into the bull's face. Unfortunately just after this the bull attacked her, instead of standing its ground, and she received several cuts and bruises.

THE BULL CHARGES. Here the bull hurls itself past the muleta at Elizabeth. The young torero, who later was warmly praised for her courage, is open-mouthed with alarm. And who wouldn't be?

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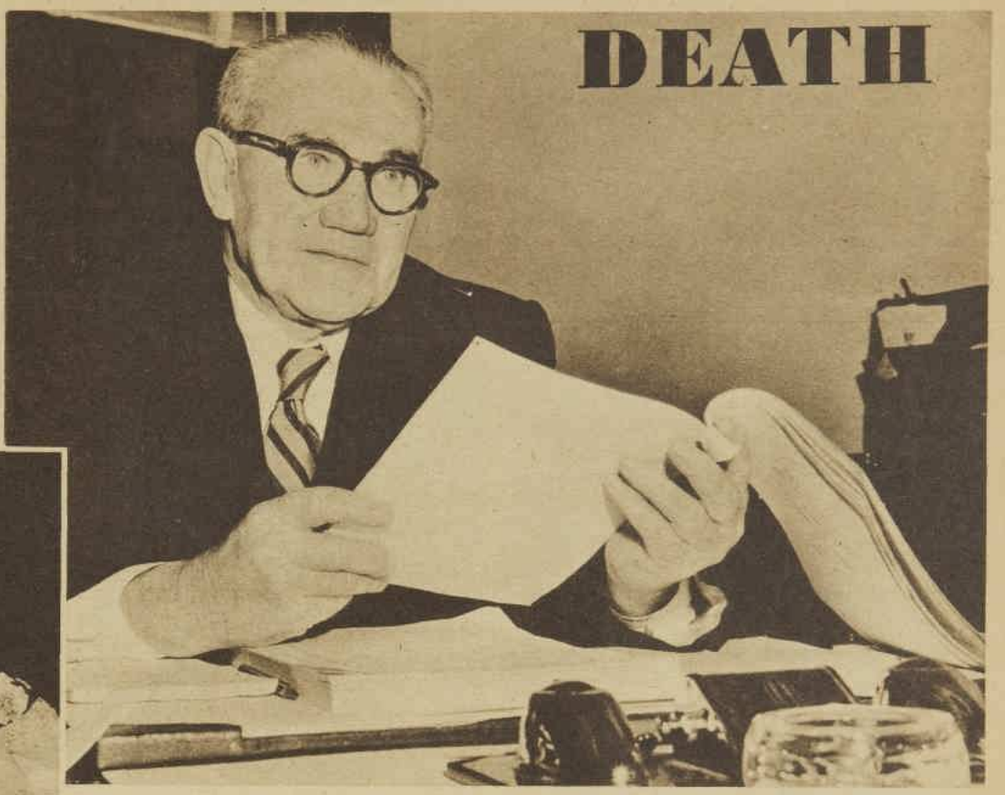
STATE MOURNS PREMIER'S DEATH

● The death of the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. John Joseph Cahill, has meant the loss to the State of one of its most able politicians, a family man whose life commanded national respect. The late Premier married his schooldays friend Esme Kelly in 1922, and was the father of three sons and two daughters. Last August he was invested as "Father of the Year" by the Father's Day Council of Australia. Mr. Cahill often claimed that his ability to cope with the heavy demands of his political career was due to his happy homelife.



● *As Premier, Mr. Cahill worked ten hours a day seven days a week. His 34 years of political life were characterised by courage, loyalty to his colleagues, and the shrewd ability to think several moves ahead of his opponents. Born at Redfern in 1891, he began work as an N.S.W. Railways apprentice fitter at 5/- a week. He was elected to Parliament in 1925, was Premier for a record continuous seven and a half years.*

● *As host, Mr. Cahill welcomed the Queen Mother on behalf of the people of New South Wales when she arrived in Sydney in 1958. A good mixer socially, Mr. Cahill was abstemious, but an inveterate cigar-smoker.*

● *As father (above), Mr. Cahill was proud when in February this year his second son, John, was admitted to the New South Wales Bar. Mr. Cahill congratulated him as he left the Supreme Court.*

● *As a family man (left), Mr. Cahill enjoyed family gatherings at his Marrickville home. This big family "portrait" was taken on his 68th birthday in January this year.*

● *As grandfather (right), Premier Cahill helped young John Cahill, one of his seven grandchildren, blow out the boy's birthday candles. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cahill, of Wiley Park.*

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THE DISPLACED JUNGLE

● *Ivy Judd's "garden" covers 440 acres, and includes this Illawarra Fig tree (left) believed to be 1000 years old. The slab cottage (above), which housed the Judds until last year, is dwarfed by a giant camellia tree.*

● Forest ranger Howard Judd lives in one of Australia's oddest areas—a rugged, sub-tropical rain forest near Sydney, where rare and tropical plants and ferns flourish hundreds of miles south of their natural habitat.

● *Eighty-seven species of rare ferns are displayed on this board, tended by Ivy Judd. An average of 1000 visitors travel to the reserve each weekend. Story and pictures by Jeff Carter.*

HIS territory is the Minnamurra Falls Reserve, 70 miles from Sydney.

When he and his wife, Ivy, and their daughter, Beverley, first moved there 12 years ago, their house was a tiny, 100-year-old slab cottage finished in solid cedar.

Behind the cottage loomed 2000ft. cliffs, and below stretched the undulating, dairy-rich old valley of Jamberoo.

There were many problems in making the house a home: a picket fence had to be built around the cottage to keep the cows out and baby Beverley in, away from the stream that rushes down the mountains into the front paddock.

(Geologists estimate that the two waterfalls which feed the reserve streams are 25,000,000 years old.)

Howard Judd connected a water supply to the house, and kerosene power gave them light and refrigeration.

From the tangle of growth behind the cottage Ivy Judd weeded out passionfruit and grapevines, quince, apple, and pear trees.

And in front, among figs and willows, she found a camellia tree — now the biggest in the southern hemisphere, according to camellia authority Professor E. G. Waterhouse.

Sorting out the reserve was a bigger problem: Howard cleared footpaths through the dripping rain forest and built plank bridges across the stream.

He took plant samples to the National Herbarium of N.S.W., and learned that some of the plants growing wild in the reserve were extremely rare. Others were natives of Queensland that only a freak of nature allowed to grow south of Sydney.

Botanists from all over Australia began to visit the reserve.

Howard, dedicated to the reserve, charges visitors a parking fee, which helps to maintain and improve the forest, and he has police powers to prevent visitors removing samples.

"I don't like wearing a uniform," he says, "but I'd hate to see the forest denuded by thoughtless tourists. Most ferns don't transplant to suburban gardens, anyway."

Howard also has authority to prevent timber workers cutting down the valuable cedar and coachwoods that fringe the reserve, protecting it from fierce winds.

Today the tiny old cottage is used by artists, writers, and tourists during holidays.

The Judds live in a new house at the foot of the reserve. Beverley, 14, attends Kiama High School, nine miles away, and shares her father's interest in botany.

The new house is modern and has all the amenities the jungle cottage lacked. "I feel I've earned them," says Ivy Judd.

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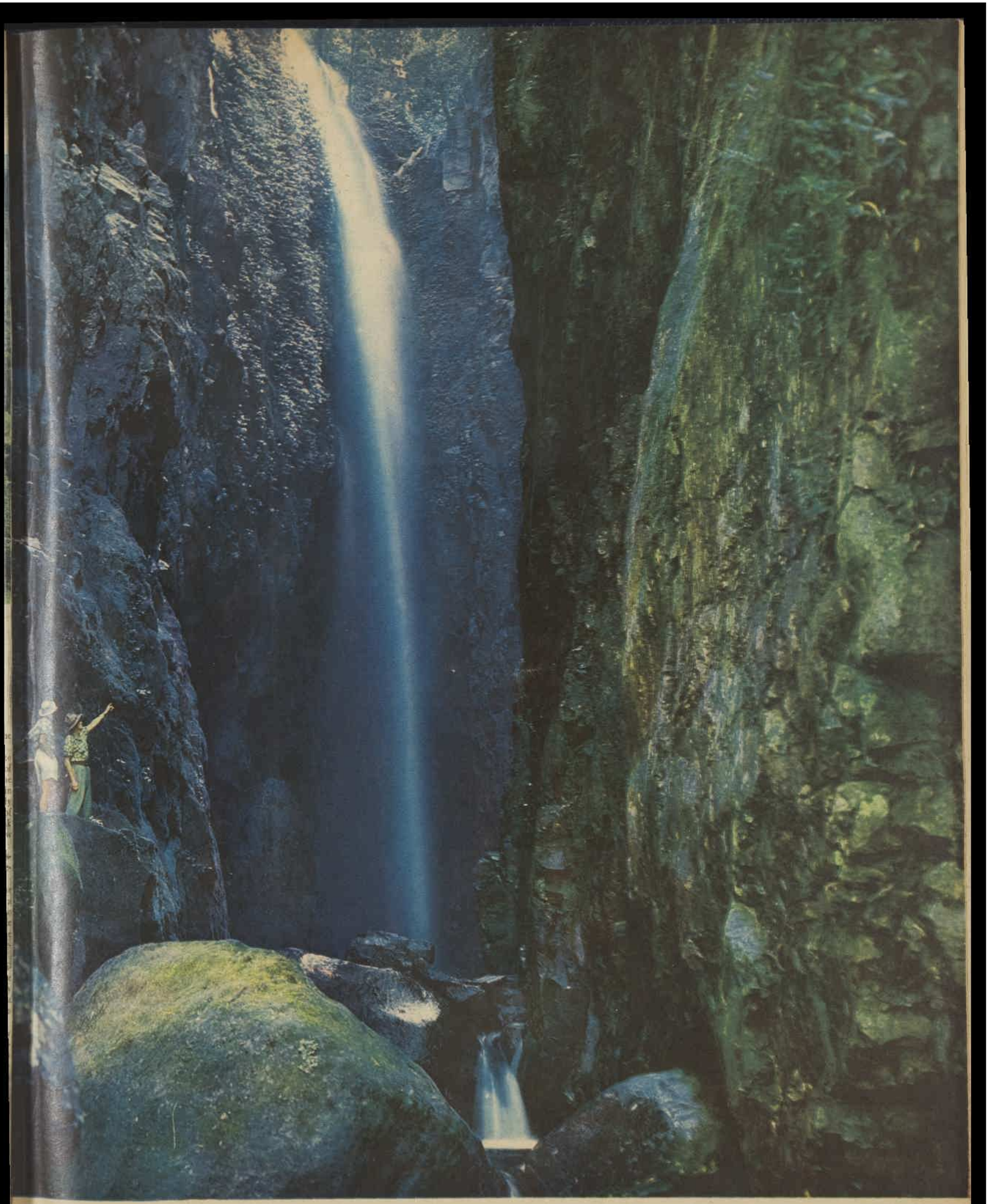

● *Minnamurra Falls, 70 miles south of Sydney, tumbles over 2000ft.-high cliffs scarred by the Ice Age. The falls, 25,000,000 years old, feed rushing streams in the reserve, where petrified wood, aboriginal tools, and platypuses have been found, and lyre birds dance beside shady paths and pools.*

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FATHER

"She asked for it. She didn't want to take off her new coat."

MOTHER

"I shouldn't HAVE to tell you to take off your shoes and socks before you get into the bath!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

in Venice

VENICE, besides being crammed with paintings and pigeons, is full of cats. The cats probably prey on the pigeons. They also, like the shopkeepers, get a living from the tourists.

One jumped on a chair beside me at a canal-side cafe. This seemed a friendly gesture, but she soon left me in no doubt that she wanted some of my shrimps. I gave her some, and noticed that one of her sisters, another shabby tabby, was doing pretty well at the next table.

The first Venetian cat I saw was from a gondola on the way from the station to my hotel.

It was sitting at a waterside window-ledge, scratching frantically to be let in.

I didn't wonder at her frenzy. To fall into a canal in Venice would be a fate worse than drowning.

★ ★ ★

IF you want to feel foolish, by the way, I commend sitting up with your luggage all by yourself in a gondola.

In recent years the gondoliers have protested against the increasing number of motor-launches, but they are fighting a losing battle. A couple of gondola trips are plenty. After that one uses the regular water-buses, the street-cars of Venice.

From a water-bus I saw one of the prettiest sights—a bride crossing the Grand Canal in a motor-launch. She and her bridegroom were evidently on their way from the church to their reception at one of the hotels near St. Mark's Square. She stood in the stern, with the wind catching her veil, looking as if she knew well that she made a very attractive picture against the ancient buildings.

★ ★ ★

IT was a nice change to be in Venice at the right time. The main crush of the tourist season was over, though what St. Mark's Square must look like in August I cannot imagine. The pigeons must surely get trampled to death.

The guide whose party I joined to see the Cathedral and the Doges' Palace congratulated his flock on waiting until October, when he could make his voice heard.

He was a good guide, clear, concise, and with a mild and acceptable humor.

"You can read, can't you?" an adviser had said earlier, when I asked whether I should join an excursion or look around solo. But there is a lot to be said for at least one organised day. In a city crammed with the art treasures of centuries there is no reason to scorn the hired help who leads you direct to the most celebrated of all. You can always go back and look round again for yourself.

★ ★ ★

I CAME to Venice by bus and train from Cannes. We passed through Monte Carlo with a glimpse of Prince Grace's palace and the yacht of Mr. Onassis whose flutter with Mary Callas has provided daily material for the gossip columns of the English dailies.

At Rapallo, near Genoa, where I spent a day, the summer hat on the little donkey on the promenade was shabby. The flowers in his harness were withered. His owner stood hopefully, for there was still the merest sprinkling of tourists here and some of them had children who might want a ride in the donkey cart.

Rapallo was recommended to me for a day's rest before going on to Venice and Florence.

The hotel appeared restful. To be accurate, it was nearly empty. But what sounded like a bulldozer and a set of pneumatic drills were at work all night repairing the street outside.

I met a Canadian girl there. She assured me that wherever she had stayed in Italy, the South of France, and Spain there were bulldozers outside her window. Whether this was true or fantasy evoked by a sleepless night I do not know.

★ ★ ★

IT is curious how entertaining are commonplace incidents in another language.

I stood entranced one day in Cannes watching a row between two car-drivers. One had bumped the other's mudguard. It was a scene I could watch in Kings Cross any day of the week if I cared to turn my head.

In Fouquet's, a smart Paris restaurant, a handsome blonde, wearing a mink stole and dragging a poodle on a leash, was introduced by a brunette to two red-faced Englishmen. "And this is my friend Marguerite," the blonde was saying. "I told you about her yesterday."

One Englishman, whose face was a little more red than the other's, muttered something about champagne elsewhere and they all slid out of a side door. It was only a pick-up, but it was a Parisian pick-up.

In the train from Rapallo to Venice there was a violent argument between two Italian ladies and the conductor. It seemed that they had second-class tickets and this was a first-class carriage.

They paid the difference and raged about it until they got out at Verona. "They were pretending they didn't know, I think," said a Yugoslav girl in the corner seat, "and the conductor, really, was quite polite to them."

My sympathy, up till then, had been with the Italian ladies, but the Yugoslav girl, who spoke Italian and French as well as English, was a better judge.

★ ★ ★

FOOTNOTE: *"Tell me," inquired a lady at the reception desk of a hotel in a small town on the Italian Riviera, "is there anything I should see here or can I just enjoy myself?"*

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Win this grand Paris wardrobe

• Every girl has dreamed of owning a French original model — this contest is your chance to own not one but six, each created by a famous Paris couturier for wear this summer.

TO win your wardrobe you must choose six models from the 22 described below which you consider would make a most desirable spring-summer wardrobe for a young Australian.

Pictures of the 22 models were on pages 28 and 29 in our September 16 issue. All of them, selected in Paris by our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, are being shown in our Paris Fashion Parades.

Many of the dresses have been in color in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The wardrobe you choose need not be complete. For instance, you need not necessarily include a topcoat and/or a raincoat and/or beach clothes.

Write on the coupon below the names of the six models you have chosen. Then write in 100 words or less the reasons why you have chosen them.

The person who sends in the best entry will win the six models named on his or her coupon.

These will have been worn by the mannequins in our Paris Parades, but will be dry-cleaned and pressed expertly before being handed over to the winner.

Anyone can enter the contest — a husband could win it for his wife—with as many entries as they wish, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon.

Here are descriptions of the 22 models from which the choice of six must be made.

"CONFETTI," by Lanvin. White silk skirt, red-and-white printed silk blouse and jacket with matching hat.

"PALM BEACH," by Pierre Balmain. A one-piece dress in rose-and-white silk organza has alternate pleats in rose, white.

"ROBE 413," by Pierre Cardin. A dress of black-and-white houndstooth cotton tweed, black leather belt.

"ROBE 552," by Guy Laroche. Topcoat in white wool has a single-breasted fastening. Cut is casual.

"MAILLOT," by Nina Ricci. Navy-and-white-striped wool jersey beachsuit and matching stole.

"COLIBRI," by Pierre Cardin. One-piece day dress in pale turquoise silk shantung, with self-material belt.

"VERSAILLES," by Lanvin. A strapless evening dress of white tulle with a rose-pink ribbon bow-tie sash.

"SERIE NOIRE," by Jean Patou. Late-day separates in black silk shantung.

"MANDARINE," by Lanvin. Shorts, top, and belt in orange linen. The detachable skirt is white organza.

"TOURNESOL," by Nina Ricci. Dinner separates — lilac linen skirt, white organdie blouse, navy belt.

"FLORA," by Jacques Griffe. A graceful beige chiffon dress with matching pleated tunic, belted in self-material.

"ZAZA," by Dior. Grey flannel suit with black bow. White hat has red-rose trim.

"ARLEQUIN," by Jacques Heim. A beach outfit of shorts and a loose tunic top in blue-and-orange-striped cotton.

"MERINGUE," by Balmain. Short evening dress in white lace and organza, pink velvet sash.

"YACHTING," by Jacques Heim. Yellow slacks, a bikini, and coat in multi-striped cotton.

"PALAIS ROYAL," by Lanvin. Raincoat, umbrella, and hat in brown, yellow, and white silk.

"ROBE 139," by Nina Ricci. Day dress in yellow pleated silk shantung with matching belt.

"BELLE CYCLISTE," by Madame Carven. A navy-and-white spotted silk dress, collared in white.

"INVITATION," by Jean Patou. White linen suit with jacket, black sleeveless vest, and big black hat.

"ROBE 612," by Guy Laroche. An evening dress in white self-coin-spotted tulle and white organdie.

"MIAMI," by Jacques Heim. Black silk jersey slacks and a loose tunic blouse of rose-pink linen.

"CORDE," by Carven. A dress in white silk shantung with a scoop neckline and rose-printed midriff.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and associated companies are not eligible to enter, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers or sisters; neither are employees of Mark Foy's, Sydney; Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; and McWhirter's, Brisbane.

The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, addressed to "Paris Wardrobe Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, to reach there by 5 p.m. on November 9, 1959.

COUPON

IN the spaces below fill in the names of the six original models you have selected.

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....

Name and Address (block letters) .....

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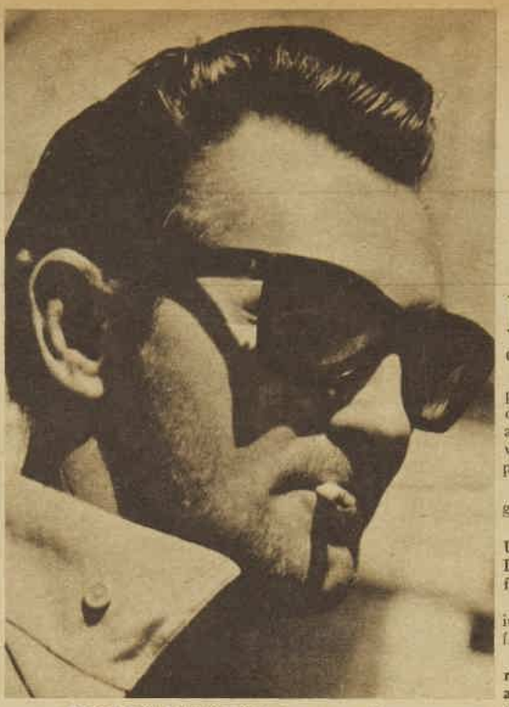
..... State .....

Attach this coupon to the 100-word (or less) written explanation of your choice, which should also bear your name and address.

Send in an envelope marked "PARIS WARDROBE CONTEST" to Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



ROBERT MITCHUM stars as a drover.

DEBORAH KERR—the drover's wife, Ida.

Location

By HELEN FRIZELL

• In Nimmitabel, everybody is a film star — or so it seems, as the cameras roll on "The Sundowners," epic of the outback.

BUT I wouldn't be a film star for a million dollars.

Film stars need infinite patience, built-in heat and cold resistance, strong feet, and a calm temperament, as well as acting ability and a photogenic face.

Going on location sounds glamorous to the uninitiated.

But stars such as Peter Ustinov, Robert Mitchum, and Deborah Kerr know location for what it is.

For instance, Nimmitabel, in the Monaro district, is 3300 feet above sea level.

To get there you take the road from Cooma, 22½ miles away, driving over bitumen, then potholed dirt.

Called "Bulinga" for filming purposes instead of Nimmitabel, the town was completely disguised when I saw it, with fake "pub" facades camouflaging the general store and an out-of-use building.

Milling around were cops, cameramen, autograph hunters, actors, bit-players, trained sheepdogs, camera and sound men, make-up and wardrobe experts.

"Everyone back behind the ropes, PLEASE!" bellowed the loud-hailer.

We ducked under the ropes and stood looking on. Rain began to fall. It was icy cold.

People hunched themselves into parka-type jackets or borrowed old coats and beanies from the "props" department. Robert Mitchum, stubbly around the chin, escaped from a gaggle of autograph hunters.

"How are you, Mr. Mitchum?" I ventured.

"Horrible," said the star, putting one of his cold-numbed feet on to a piece of machinery which seemed to be warm.

Young Michael Anderson, the 16-year-old English boy who plays "Sean" in this Warner Brothers production, wandered up.

"I've got a centrally heated caravan," he said. "Like to sit in it for a while?"

"Thank you," I said gratefully. Inside I unswathed my head from my rain-resistant jersey cap-cum-scarf. Mike had looked at me with a certain amount of thought. "Know who you remind me of?"

Warily: "No."

"Dame Sybil Thorndike."

The rain ceased for a while.

The camera crew quit kicking a tennis ball around; Mr. Ustinov emerged from his caravan; director Zinnemann got things rolling.

A dog was supposed to bite Mr. Ustinov on the leg.

First the "stand-in" volunteered his calf.

The dog latched on to it.

Then Ustinov stepped in. But the dog was tail-wagging rather than growling. They shot it again. And again.

(I mean with camera, of course.)

Local men, women, and schoolchildren who had "bit" parts peeled off their winter coats, without which they were clad only in cotton.

"Mad dog!"

"This dog is savage," they were told. "Now, when we say 'Mad dog,' you've all got to run. As hard as you can."

They took up their positions, broke at the cry, came pounding up the main street. Mr. Ron Whelan, playing a policeman, shrilled on his whistle, took a leap in the air, turned his ankle. They did the scene over. And over.

It started to pour. End of filming for the day.

Next morning we were back at our posts. All in the film had been made up, very early. Ustinov now had grown in his beard. The dog had a cream patch put on its chest. A white horse had had its tail clipped so that a horse "stand-in" could have a rich, flowing mane.

From the distance came the bleating of 2000 sheep. They had been brought all the way from Bourke, on the Darling, because their fleece was whiter and more photogenic than that of the local Merinos.

Nimmitabel shop-owners during all this kept within doors or crept from verandah post to verandah-post, rather like Western desperadoes.

For they had to be careful not to cross the line of camera fire.

Dutch-born George Van Zanden, of the local bakery, produced bread and big dampers to be used in the film shots. He made an appearance, too, in a crowd scene.

PETER USTINOV, cast as an English remittance man, tethers his horse to a hitching-post. Against the hotel wall, Robert Mitchum rests in the sun.

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shots of "Sundowners"

SCATTERING crowds rush for safety as the cry "Mad dog" goes up. Drover Mitchum is seated drunkenly in his sulky, into which Ustinov (seen with his back to the camera) begins to climb. Many local people are taking part in the crowd scenes. Wal Sirl drives the bullock team.

BIT PLAYERS await their camera calls at Nimmitabel.

DIRECTOR Fred Zinnemann and script supervisor Elaine Schreyeck on location. They worked together during filming of "The Nun's Story."

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SOCIAL JOTTINGS

VIVACIOUS Marea Tancred, who came home from abroad for her 21st birthday about three weeks ago with a fabulous new look — lovely clothes and a new hairstyle—is full of plans for opening a coffee shop near the University.

Her sister Brigid, still in London, is sharing a flat in Kensington with two English girls and is giving a wine-and-cheese party this week. Brigid plans to stay on in London through the winter, and hopes to work in America on the way home.

She will probably spend Christmas with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scott, in Surrey.

• • •

FORTNIGHT in Melbourne to take in the Melbourne Cup festivities for Marcel and Nola Dekyvere. Mrs. Dekyvere's mother, Mrs. W. Kerr, is planning to hold a party "practically as soon as they're out of the house."

• • •

HAD an exciting time in Coonamble at the Gold Cup race meeting and the ball afterwards. Former club president 85-year-old Mr. A. B. Fisher was there in fine form, and I saw president Herbert McCullough and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Waterford.

• • •

CATHERINE Louise Baggs is the latest member of the family to be christened at the Woollahra Congregational Sunday School — on the 100th Anniversary on October 25. Her brother David and sister Allison were both christened there, on anniversaries. Their parents, Joan and Sydney Baggs, were married there, and so were Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mendham.

• • •

FEW days in town for Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Kater and daughter Judy, who arrived back from overseas in the Iberia, before going home to Scone.

BELIEVE Mr. and Mrs. Hal Missingham thoroughly enjoyed their brief visit to Muswellbrook last week, when Mr. Missingham was the adjudicator and guest speaker at the Council's art exhibition. The Mayor, Mr. R. Cousins, and Mrs. Cousins took them on a tour of the district.

• • •

DATE for the diary . . . November 28, when we're invited to "arrive and jive at 155 Forbes Street" by the newly formed Adult Deaf and Dumb Society Younger Set.

Anne

LOVELY GOWN of white taffeta poult with a bell-shaped skirt was worn by Sandra Burt for her marriage to Tony McGrath. Sandra, pictured arriving with her father, Mr. James Burt, of Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., also wore a coronet of orange blossom and an elbow-length veil.

RAIN greeted Mr. and Mrs. Tony McGrath after their marriage at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. Walter P. McGrath, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. McGrath.

LEFT: The bride's mother, Mrs. James Burt, and brother, Mr. James Burt, jun., arrive at St. Joseph's for the wedding of Sandra Burt to Tony McGrath. The Burt family flew out from the United States for Sandra's wedding.

LEFT: Mrs. A. George (left) and Mrs. Bill Waterhouse admire one of the arrangements in the display arranged by the Flower Club of New South Wales in aid of the Sydney Day Nursery Association.

VISITORS to Melbourne . . . Mrs. Doug Sturrock (left) and Mrs. Denis Rowe admire the riverside home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt during an open house to aid the University of Melbourne Building Fund.

RECEPTION at the Academy of Science in Canberra, arranged during the conference of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians, was attended by Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Harris, of Rose Bay.

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A short story in a mythical setting by

WALTER R. BROOKS

THE NICEST WAR IN THE WORLD

ONCE upon a time there was a little kingdom called Smithia. Under old King Roscoe, Smithia had been no great shakes; but when Roscoe retired and Prince Elmer took the throne, things were different. Not that Elmer was much of a king, either. All he cared about was hunting rabbits. His wife, Queen Jenny, ran the kingdom. Everybody called her Queen Ennyjay, which is just "Jenny" in pig Latin.

When she was a little girl, she had talked pig Latin a lot, and it was really because of her pig Latin that she got to be Queen.

Well, this Queen Ennyjay was smart as a whip. The first thing she did she fired the old Prime Minister and hired a young man named Henderson, who had been to business college. Then she opened up the old emerald mines on the southern slopes of the Debatable Mountains, and went into the emerald business.

She didn't have a shop, because that would be undignified for a queen. She used her crown as a display window. She knew that people will pay a lot more for a jewel mounted in a royal crown than for one that has no history.

When traders and merchants visited Smithia, she invited them to the castle for dinner. All during dinner she kept turning and twisting her head, so that the emeralds in her crown winked and blinked in the candlelight, and pretty soon the traders would ask if she ever had thought of selling them.

They were businessmen, and they knew the Queen didn't have much money. In the end she would sell them the jewels, for about twice what they were worth, and then send the crown to the mines to have some more emeralds stuck in it.

Well, pretty soon the royal treasury, which had never had more than fifty cents in it when King Roscoe had been running the country, was stuffed with money. The Smithians were delighted; when Queen Ennyjay drove through the town in the royal buggy on her weekly trip to the mines, they lined up on both sides of Roscoe Street and cheered loudly.

To the north of Smithia, on the other side of the Debatable Mountains, was the Kingdom of Lory. It wasn't much larger than Smithia, but it had always been a rich country. It was on the Turtle River, down which its trading ships could reach the Broad Sea.

The Lorians had never paid much attention to Smithia, and few of them ever visited it, for, as they said, it was a long twenty-mile journey across the mountains, and what was there to see when you got there?—nothing but woods and fields and a little six-room castle, and a town that didn't even have a department store.

But when King Rudolf XLII of Lory heard about the growing wealth of Smithia, he said to his wily old Prime Minister, "Look, George, how about getting an army together and marching across the Debatable Mountains and conquering Smithia? Then we could throw the two kingdoms together, and I'll make you Lord Lieutenant of Smithia, with ten per cent. of all the emeralds you can get out of the mines."

"Twenty per cent. would make that a fine idea, Your Majesty," said the Prime Minister, "and it will be a great thing for the Smithians to be allied with such a powerful kingdom as Lory. I wonder you never thought of it before."

"I never supposed there were any emeralds in those old mines or maybe I would have," said Rudolf.

"I wouldn't say too much about the emeralds, sire," the Prime Minister said. "You must make a proclamation that this is a war to liberate the Smithians from the tyranny and oppression of wicked King Elmer. It would look sort of piggish to say we were going over just to grab their emerald mines."

"Elmer's no tyrant," said Rudolf. "All he does is hunt rabbits. Jenny runs the kingdom, from all I hear."

"Exactly," said George. "Everybody knows about Ennyjay, and we can't make people believe she's a bad queen. But nobody knows much about Elmer. If we say he's a wicked oppressor, they'll believe it. We've got to have right on our side if we start a war."

"It doesn't sound right to me to give out that Elmer's a ferocious tyrant," said the King.

"It isn't what sounds right to us that's important," said George, "it's what sounds right to the people. Anyway," he added with a grin, "look at all those innocent young lives that have been sacrificed to Elmer's cruelty."

"What innocent young lives?" asked the King.

And George said, "Rabbits. You don't have to say they're rabbits. You just state on your kingly oath that you know for a fact that thousands of innocent young lives—"

"All right, all right," said the King. "Go raise your army."

Well, a few days later Queen Ennyjay and her councillors were sitting in the council chamber balancing the budget. All it amounted to was figuring how much money they expected to spend during the year, and how much they expected to take in, and making them come out even.

The council sat around the big pair of scales on the council table, and the Queen would put in a bridge or a schoolhouse and Mr. Henderson, the Prime Minister, would put in some taxes or a few emeralds, and down would go the scales on his side, and the councillors would cheer.

They didn't cheer because they felt like it, but because when the people in the town heard cheers from the castle they knew the budget was balanced.

Well, as they were sitting there, suddenly the door burst open and a man dashed in and fell on his knees before the Queen. "To arms, Your Majesty!" he shouted. "The enemy is at our gate! We must spring to arms!"

Ennyjay recognised him as a farmer who lived near the Debatable Mountains. "Don't be silly, Wilcox," she said. "Get up off the floor and stop yelling. In the first place, we

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Queen Ennyjay hugged King Elmer while his subjects cheered when he returned after his glorious defeat of the army of Lory.

haven't any arms to spring to, for there hasn't been a war in these parts in centuries. And in the second place—"

"It's the Lorians," the man interrupted. "They're crossing the mountains, and King Elmer is holding them at the Red Pass."

"The emerald mines," said Ennyjay, seeing at once what was up. "Mr. Henderson," she said, "ring the fire-alarm bell and hitch my horse Blossom to the royal buggy. No—wait! I can't lead my people to war in a buggy. Put a saddle on Blossom. But good gracious, I haven't anything to wear. I can't go to a battle like this!"

The cook, Ellen, had come in from the kitchen with a ladle in her hand to see what all the rumpus was about. She said, "There's an old rusty suit of armor in the attic, ma'am. It belonged to King Roscoe's great-great-great-great-grandfather." So they brought down the armor and oiled its joints, and Ennyjay got into it. It was red with rust.

Mr. Henderson said, "If you have a little steel wool in the kitchen, Ellen—"

"No time for that," said Ennyjay. She went out and climbed on to Blossom and rode into the market-place, where the Smithians were assembling. They had armed themselves with axes and hammers and clubs, and one or two rusty swords and old crossbows. Queen Ennyjay, the joints of her armor screeching, led them towards the Debatable Mountains.

Luckily for Smithia, King Elmer had been hunting rabbits that day near the Red Pass. When he heard drums beating, he climbed into the pass and looked down the other side and saw the Lorians, banners flying, marching up the stony road, with King Rudolf and his Prime Minister at the head. He hid behind a rock and watched.

The Lorians had put on their best clothes for the invasion, and the Lorian band, in red-and-blue uniforms, rode in an old circus waggon just behind the King, whose crown glittered with diamonds.

Elmer saw axes and scythe-blades and half a dozen old flint-lock muskets. Many of the enemy just had pocketfuls of rocks; but they sang as they marched, for they expected to have an easy victory.

All Elmer had with him was the gun he shot rabbits with. It was a little single-shot twenty-two rifle, and he rested it on the rock and aimed and fired.

His first shot wasn't a good one, but it was a lucky one. He hadn't aimed at Rudolf, because, being a king himself, he thought maybe it wasn't the thing to shoot at another king, especially from behind a rock. So he'd aimed at the Prime Minister. And the little .22 slug sang through the air and hit Rudolf's crown spang in the middle and diamonds flew in all directions.

The crown was knocked off Rudolf's head and rolled down the road towards Lory. Rudolf gave a yell and started after it, while his army broke ranks and scrambled for the gems, and the band stopped playing and joined them. Elmer giggled and shot again.

This time he hit the Prime Minister, clipping a little piece off the top of his left ear. Gracious, how George roared! And he lit off down the road after the King.

Well, Elmer was quite pleased, for he hadn't hit anything in over a week, and now, with two shots, he'd hit a king and a prime minister. He climbed up on his rock and pointed the gun at the scrabbling army and shouted, "Surrender, Lorians! You are surrounded! Your leaders have deserted you!"

When the Lorians looked around, through the cloud of dust they had kicked up, and saw that their King had gone, they were pretty scared. "Fly! Fly! We are surrounded!" they yelled, and down the road they pelted. Soon there wasn't a Lorian in sight.

That was the Battle of the Red Pass, and you can read in the Smithian school histories to this day how King Elmer held the pass against the armed might of Lory.

Of course, Elmer didn't know that Mr. Wilcox had seen the approaching enemy and had gone to warn the Queen; but he didn't think the Lorians would attack again for a while, so he started home. A mile outside the town he met the Smithian army. When they saw him they cheered.

Ennyjay, the joints of her armor squeaking so it set the whole army's teeth on edge, climbed down from her old white horse and threw her arms around him. "Oh, Elmer," she cried. "Thank goodness you are safe!"

When the Queen heard what had happened, she sent a couple of men to watch the pass, and she led the army back to Smithia.

In the market-place she made a speech. "Smithians!" she said. "For centuries our land has been at peace, but today a foul and dastardly attack upon our freedom and our ancient rights has been thwarted only by the vigilance of our ever-watchful, brilliant, and intrepid King Elmer."

The Smithians knew just as well as Ennyjay did that Elmer wasn't brilliant, and that he was watchful only about rabbits, and none of them knew what "intrepid" meant. But they cheered for eight minutes.

After Ennyjay had given Elmer a good build-up, she went on to tell what had happened at the Red Pass, and then she said, "If Rudolf of Lory wants war, war he shall have! But not at the Red Pass.

"It is our opinion that, after this morning's defeat, he will not be able to gather his strength for another attack for several days. And in the meantime Smithia will strike! But we shall

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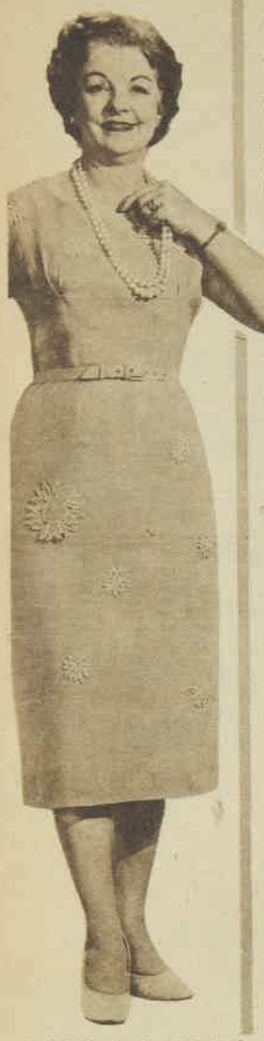

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Pay the people and populate

YOUNG couples would be helped and encouraged to have children if child endowment were abolished and substituted by marriage loans to newlyweds. Then, if the loan were reduced with the birth of each child, what an incentive this would be to build up the population.

£1/1/- to Miss K. Bird, Arthur River, W.A.

Mission help

REPLYING to Miss Jacqueline West (2/9/59), the Missions to Seamen in Queensland sends magazines and novels to every light-station on this coast. As far as possible, we also enclose comics for the children. The Bush Book Club sends books to the stations, too.

£1/1/- to Miss Kathleen Mavor, Librarian, Missions to Seamen, Brisbane.

Cash in on corns

PARENTS considering suitable careers for their children would do well to consider chiropody. It is a profession which will expand rapidly, as today's shoe styles produce a bumper crop of foot ailments. Mothers who took great care of their daughters' feet in childhood must be heartbroken to see their feet crammed into the currently fashionable pointed shoes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Robinson, Upway, Vic.

Hospital "lists"

AS a former trained nurse and now a mother, I think something should be done about the "lists" of requirements issued to prospective patients of big maternity hospitals. Most of the items are medical, and if hospitals would obtain them in bulk and supply patients according to their needs it would be much cheaper and easier for both patients and hospitals than the present system.

£1/1/- to "Cost Price" (name supplied), North Elizabeth, S.A.

A man's world?

MORAL laxity among young people could be greatly tightened if boys were expected to show as much responsibility for moral conduct as girls. Fathers worry about their daughters and spend a lot of time "preaching" to them, but when it comes to their sons it is a different story. I have known men to boast of their son's "conquests."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Marriott, East St. Kilda, Melbourne.

More about 'roos

● ***Many readers have jumped into the argument about kangaroo meat — should it be sold over the counter or not? In West Berlin it brings about 5/- a pound, and a cartoon in last week's issue showed a German who had just finished a kangaroo meal. He was really hopping!***

KANGAROO should become the national meat of Australia, just as roast beef is the national dish of "Olde England." In quality and taste kangaroo will equal any beef in the Commonwealth. I have lived on it for many years. All that is needed to popularise it is for a few old diehards to realise white people can eat and enjoy it. Once, in Perth, I asked my landlady, who was feeding large kangaroo steaks to her cats, to cook some for me. She replied, "Only barbarians eat kangaroo."

£1/1/- to "Kangaroo Shooter" (name supplied), W.A.

I DISAGREE with Miss E. M. Martin (9/9/59), who said that, if properly cooked, kangaroo meat is delicious. I've cooked it and boiled it and stewed it—and it is always stringy and tasteless. The tail does make good soup, I'll admit, but 'roo meat—NEVER!

£1/1/- to Bill Laird, Croydon Park, Sydney.

SEVERAL years ago when we had the chance of tasting kangaroo meat we found it very tasty. My husband cooked the carcase over the copper for our fowls. This is probably why they haven't stopped laying since!

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. J. Ott, Bowenville, Qld.

WHEN a friend brought home some kangaroo steak his wife didn't like the thought of cooking or eating it, so I asked them to our home for dinner. I cooked rump steak separately for the wife. We all voted it was hard to tell the roast 'roo from the beef.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Stigwood, Peterborough, S.A.

Asian friend

FEELING sorry for some homesick Asian students about two years ago, we welcomed them to our home as visitors. Later one lived with us for 18 months, and during that time we learned to love her very much—and she us. To those who are a little afraid of venturing into friendship with people of other countries may I say that learning to know and understand them and their ways and customs enriches our own homelife and is very rewarding. The girl we befriended now writes regularly to us from Thailand saying how much she misses her "Australian Mummy" and recalling all the fun she had with our family.

£1/1/- to "Mummy" (name supplied), East Malvern, Vic.

Heated wail

WHEN at the hairdresser's it is infuriating to be left under the dryer for longer than necessary, especially during a lunch-hour. I suggest dryers fitted with buzzers to be used by clients for summoning attention when time is running out. So often overheated anxious faces try in vain to catch an assistant's eye.

£1/1/- to "Frizzled" (name supplied), Mosman, N.S.W.

What! A fag?

THE idea of Prince Charles being a fag at Eton is repugnant to me. No man in later life should be able to say of the King, "He was my fag at Eton."

£1/1/- to "Royalist" (name supplied), Tammin, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE LITTLE GAME

NOW and then I like to watch a really bad game of tennis.

Bad tennis is one of the cheapest spectator sports, as there is no charge for admission. It is healthy, too, because you see it in the open air.

As a rule I watch tennis on television, but they don't put really bad tennis on TV. You have to go out and look for it, and it is quite pleasant exercise walking to the court.

The attractive thing about bad tennis players is that they are human beings like the rest of us. They don't give you the feeling of hopeless inferiority that comes from watching Rosewall or Hoad.

Sometimes, on a good day of bad tennis, I have seen players more incompetent than myself.

I had the pleasure of watching a game of that kind lately while on holidays. It took place on a public tennis court in the Blue Mountains, and was a mixed doubles match between five players, all aged about nine.

It is unusual for more than four players to take part in a mixed doubles match. The reason was that half-way through the game a ball had to be borrowed from a girl named Noeline, and she argued that if her ball was used she was entitled to play.

Noeline hung around the baseline taking a slap at the ball whenever it came within range.

An outstanding difference between this match and Davis Cup tennis was the serving.

In the Davis Cup the serving

player is considered to have an advantage, while his opponent tries to "break through" his service.

Here it was the other way round. The server was at a disadvantage, because he kept serving double faults. Only now and then would he break through and send over a serve that was "in."

The players were handicapped by a shortage of equipment.

Two boys named Col and Richard had no rackets, and sat wistfully on the sidelines hoping for a lend of one.

Linda, an aggressive girl of 12, suddenly burst on to the court and accused the players of using her ball.

"It's not yours! It's Sandra's!" yelled Craig.

"It is not, it's got LG on it — look!" replied Linda.

She took her ball away, a most unpopular figure. It was at this stage that Noeline, with her ball, was co-opted into the game.

"My serve!" cried Gary, and hit both balls into the net.

The style of tennis was not the net-rushing "big game" played at Wimbledon. It was the little game. But the players were keen, and I wish them every future success.

I hope Col and Richard are able to get racquets, and that they don't have to borrow balls from nasty Linda.

I went home satisfied with the morning's sport.

The big game may be exciting to watch, but it makes you feel small. The little game makes you feel big.

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THE STAIRWAY

Madeline is caught in a nightmare of suspicion—second instalment of our serial

By URSULA CURTISS

THE last day of STEPHEN POTTER'S life had been typical. MADELINE, his beautiful young wife, had spent it trying to shield their five-year-old son, MATTHEW, from his sadistic cruelty. Late in the afternoon Stephen hit her and then sacked HAYES, the gardener, who had gone to her aid. SUTHERLAND, the playwright tenant of the garden cottage, witnessed the attack. After this final humiliation Madeline rang her lawyer, ROB BOYNTON, to arrange divorce proceedings.

During dinner Stephen placed the microscope Matthew had broken in a prominent place, and CORA APPLEGATE, a distant relation of Stephen's, was apprehensive. Later, leaving Stephen and Cora together, Madeline went to bed. Shortly after, hearing Stephen's voice, she rushed out of her room and saw Cora staring down at Stephen's inert body.

Cora told her that Stephen had been drinking and was going to punish Matthew again, but she had tried to stop him. Realising that Stephen's death is the escape she has long wished for, Madeline does not tell the police of Cora's explanation and a verdict of accidental death is passed.

She plans to sell the house, but Boynton advises her against this, mutely suggesting that if she does so it may seem that she harbors guilty feelings about Stephen's death. Sutherland also hints this and Madeline realises suspicion is falling on her, especially when Cora says that neighbors are gossiping.

Hayes is reinstated without Madeline's knowledge, and it is then that she suggests Cora leave, but the older woman refuses — hinting that she will go to the police — and so the blackmail begins. NOW READ ON:

SUTHERLAND said: "Come in and join the party."

The living-room of the cottage looked abused. A pile of mail was drifted about the dark blue couch; there wasn't an ashtray that could contain another ash. There seemed to be manuscript everywhere. Madeline realised at once that Sutherland was very slightly drunk, which might account for his intense look when he had met the car at the gate.

"You're quite right," said Sutherland, reading her thoughts uncannily. His voice was clear and competent. "There was a report yesterday of young whooping cranes and I'm celebrating. Surely you keep up with the whooping crane problem. Drink?"

Madeline declined, saying that it was too hot; unaccountably, she was aware of a mounting tension where there ought to have been amusement. She said in a ridiculously stilted voice, "You did want to see me?"

"Oh, I did indeed," said Sutherland solemnly. His eyes were bright and intent, and he was clearly laughing at her behind them. Or so Madeline thought until he said, "Do you really want Hayes around, or can I have the pleasure of throwing him out for you?"

Hayes. She had forgotten about Hayes in her preoccupation with Cora; it was like concentrating on a frontal attack and finding an enemy moving up from the rear. Madeline felt close to tears of bewilderment and anger. She made herself say coolly, "I don't think I understand. What has Hayes—"

"Or," said Sutherland, while the living-room seemed to dwindle and darken, "is Hayes here for the same reason as Miss Applegate? Or would you say that was none of my business?"

"I would say it was none of your business," said Madeline tightly, and was on her feet.

But Sutherland had taken her hands, and before she had time for more than a flicker of surprise he had pulled her into his arms. He said in a voice she had never heard from him before, "Madeline, Madeline, you're making a mistake," and something else that was lost when he kissed her.

For a few wild seconds Madeline was lost, too. When she became aware of the texture of his shirt under her fingers, and the aimless drift of a sheet of copy paper, she freed herself, breathing unevenly, and Sutherland dropped his arms at once. His own breathing was unsteady, and he looked as though he had been shocked sober. He said, "If I apologise—"

Apologise. How dreary that was, the postscript to a scuffling little scene in the kitchen during a party. "Don't," said Madeline, smiling brightly by the mouth that still felt imprinted with his, "whooping cranes aren't born every day." She caught up her gloves, and was out of the cottage and down the path before his voice could follow her.

She could not repair her lipstick under his eyes; she stopped the car fifty yards down the road. Then she turned into the smaller road that would take her into the village and the police station.

Chief Wyman was out, the policeman on duty told Madeline, but he was expected back shortly. Would she like to wait, or was there something he could do for her?

He was openly curious. Madeline said that she would wait, and took the single straight chair near the door. The policeman sprang forward with a tattered magazine and then resumed his seat at the desk. He seemed to be copying something laboriously into a book,

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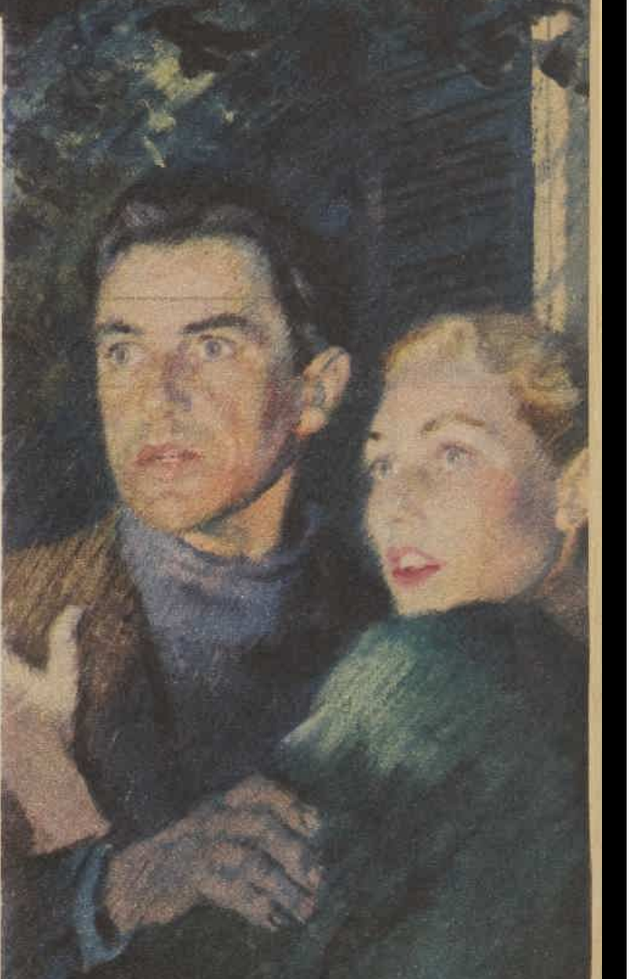

Madeline and Sutherland stared into the light as the policeman said politely, "I was told to be on the look-out for prowlers, Mrs. Potter."

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(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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Ordinary Guy

WHEN Martha Raynes, who belonged to the Midlands, applied for the job at the Regency Clinic, London, she hardly expected to get it. Her reason for applying was, as she told her mother, to see how the other half lived.

"Yes, dear, but apart from the fact that you'll be living in London, why will it be such a change?"

"Mother!" she exclaimed, shocked at such ignorance. "This is one of the most expensive private nursing homes in England. This is where the great and the wealthy go when they are ill."

"Oh," said Mrs. Raynes. "Well, I dare say you'll find sick folk are much of a muchness however famous they are."

When the letter came from the clinic asking her to come up to London for an interview, Martha flew out to buy herself a new suit for the journey. She had a secret terror that in an establishment like the Regency Clinic she would be painfully provincial and gauche.

"There is just one little thing, Miss Raynes," the matron said at the end of the interview. "As you know, we have many famous patients. Tact and discretion are more essential here than in any other type of hospital. Gossiping about the patients outside is absolutely forbidden."

"I wouldn't do that," said Martha, horrified at the thought.

"It sounds easy. But when you are pursued by reporters, off-duty, you will see what I mean. In fever and pain, as you know, patients are sometimes indiscreet, normal control relaxes—we have high reputations to guard here."

A month later, when she began her new job at the clinic, Martha found that every new patient was a new experience until at last she began to take it in her stride, and, with the detachment of the nursing profession, found, as her mother had said, sick folk were sick folk, famous, beautiful, talented, or rich—until Jacqueline Fortune arrived at the clinic.

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

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He was the sort of man a girl could depend on . . . a short story

By MARY HOWARD

Patty Day, the receptionist, who did not as a rule take her evening meal in the canteen, bounced in as soon as Martha had carried her tray across to the table, and sat down beside her, hissing in a penetrating whisper, "Jacqueline Fortune is coming in tonight!"

Every head in the canteen turned immediately, and every nurse began to say, "When? What for? Why? Which room?"

Jacqueline Fortune was news. Jacqueline Fortune was a film star. Jacqueline Fortune was twenty-one, and had been engaged many, many times. She was spoiled, capricious, adored, and temperamental. She was the sort of girl every woman, even against her better judgment, wants to hear about.

"If you'll be quiet for a moment," said Patty importantly, "I'll tell all. She'll be here within an hour. She was making a film in Italy when she was taken ill. It's her appendix. She's afraid of operations, and has been putting it off for a long while. She's going into Number Ten, so Raynes will have her during the daytime. The staff is requested not to hang about and gape in the main hall when she arrives."

"I'll go and change," Martha said to Patty when the excitement had died down. "I'll meet you outside in fifteen minutes. Let's take some breadcrumbs for the ducks."

"Ducks my eye," said Patty. "I'm going to see Jacqueline come in."

All round them Martha could hear the murmur of voices, all talking about Jacqueline Fortune. The film star had recently become engaged again. The newspapers had headlined the romance. She was making a film with the handsome Jon Templeton. He was supposed to be in love with her.

Suddenly Martha began to dislike Jacqueline. She said rather crossly: "You know we can't watch her come in. Matron will have a fit if we're hanging about outside when the ambulance comes. We've no excuse for being there at all."

"What about the conference room on the first floor?" asked Patty blithely. "I've borrowed Emma's cleaning key. We'll only be there a few minutes, while they carry her in."

"Supposing someone looks up?"

"Oh, we'll take a chance. She's expected in about twenty minutes. You've just got time to change."

Flying up to her room, wriggling out of her uniform and into her grey suit, Martha hoped that no one else had thought of this vantage-point. She snatched up her handbag and went cautiously down the front stairs, which were out of bounds for nurses when not in uniform. On the first floor the conference-room door opened, and Patty yanked her inside.

"Come on—we can't linger. I've opened the window." She peered cautiously out. "We're just in time. Here they come!"

Martha looked over Patty's shoulder, certain that someone would look up and see them, but no one did. As usual, everyone was looking for Jacqueline Fortune. A few pressmen carried their cameras in through the archway from the road, and then an ambulance, followed by a little convoy of cars, entered the courtyard.

The doors of the ambulance opened and a thick-set young man of middle height climbed down and hovered anxiously while the stretcher was lifted out.

Martha saw a white face, a mass of shining fair curls, and great dark brown eyes looking wildly about as though for a way of escape. The young man stepped forward and she looked up at him as though her life depended upon him.

"That's her latest," said Patty disparagingly, "William Braithwaite. I don't think much of him."

Martha looked at the young man holding Jacqueline's hand, and thought how gentle and kind he looked. She was surprised to hear a defensive note in her own voice as she answered, "He looks very nice."

"Nice?" said Patty. "That's just it. Nice and nothing else. Imagine anyone like Jacqueline Fortune getting mixed up with a man like that. He's such an ordinary guy."

"Perhaps that's why she likes him. Because he's ordinary."

Patty's fingers suddenly clutched her arm. "Oh, look," she breathed. "There's Jon Templeton. Isn't he wonderful? How could she look at that Braithwaite fellow?"

From a grey, luxurious car Jon Templeton stepped forward. The attendants carried Jacqueline up the flight of shallow steps, and she still clung to her fiance's hand without a glance towards Templeton. He stood unselfconsciously, with his arms full of red roses, his handsome, sunburnt face looking strained and anxious, as though he were hoping for some sign from her, but she did not take her eyes from Bill Braithwaite's face.

"Well, the show's over," Patty said. "I didn't think she was so terrific, did you?"

Martha started. She had been miles away, thinking of Bill Braithwaite and his earnest, concerned face and how incongruous he seemed in that setting.

He might have been anything or anyone inconspicuous and solid—as Patty had said, an ordinary guy. No one would turn to look at him in a crowd. Why, therefore, did Jacqueline, world-famous glamor star, cling to his arm as though she were snatching at the proverbial straw?

"What does Braithwaite do?" asked Martha suddenly.

Patty spurted with laughter. "He keeps a shop. A stationer's, newsagent, and bookshop in Bramble.

"Apparently he inherited the business from his father and built it up. Can you imagine the gorgeous Jacqueline presiding over the best-sellers and selling comics to the kids? Or, for that matter, can you imagine our little stationer in Hollywood?"

"How . . . ?" began Martha, and Patty answered her question without waiting for her to put it into words.

"Oh, they were at school together. When she rushed home from Italy and went to see her parents at Bramble they met again, and she fell in love with her childhood sweetheart. Rather odd, because the week before she was supposed to be madly in love with Jon Templeton. It can't last, of course."

"I don't see why not," said Martha stubbornly. "Judging by the way she looks at him. He probably seems like a rock to her, among all that artificiality."

"But who wants to marry a rock?"

"Apparently Jacqueline does," said Martha. Her own eyes were grave, musing over the memory of Jacqueline's great brown eyes. The young star had looked up at Bill Braithwaite as a child in pain looks at its mother, frightened yet trustful, sure only of that one person's faith.

Two florists' vans buzzed into the courtyard and unloaded enormous beribboned baskets of hothouse blooms.

"Here comes the first of the loot," said Patty. "We'd better get out of here before we're caught."

Martha sighed. "I wonder what sort of patient she will be," she said musingly.

"Frightful, I should imagine," said Patty cheerfully. "But you'll know by this time tomorrow."

Martha was on duty at eight the next morning, and as she came rustling along the corridor in her immaculately starched uniform, pink-cheeked and fresh-faced, she saw a crumpled figure slumped in an armchair outside the door of Number Ten. She stopped, and astonishment cracked her professional discretion.

"Good heavens, Mr. Braithwaite," she exclaimed in concern, "have you been here all night?"

To page 84

"Darling, thank heaven you're here," Jacqueline said to Bill as he gently held her hand.

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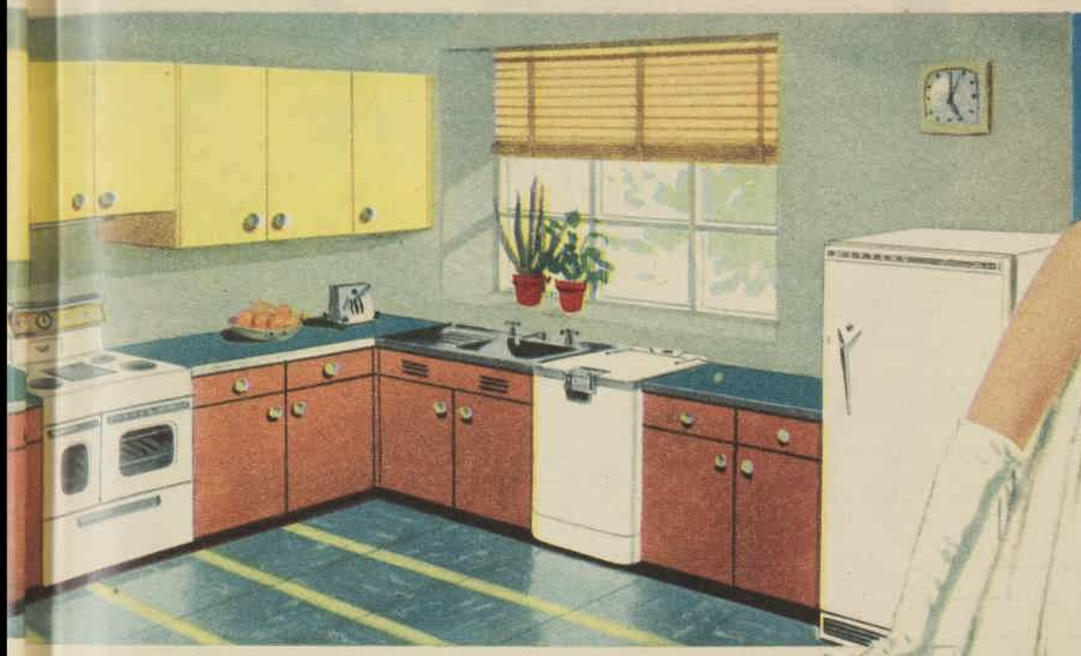

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GOING... GOING.. GONE

A short short story

By VINCENT W. STOVE

Lola excitedly took me aside and whispered, "He's not handsome, but he's simply loaded with bundles of one-hundred-dollar bills."

IF ever anybody set out with the sole aim of selling themselves off to the highest bidder, it was Lola. I don't know at what age Lola made up her mind to marry a millionaire, but when I met her in the hot summer of '49 it was obvious that she had been pruning herself for the part for a long time.

She was twenty-one then, and very beautiful in a cold, aloof sort of way. Men invariably fell for her at first sight, and, as she explained with the seriousness of Einstein expounding a theory, sooner or later one of those men would have to be very very rich. It was the law of averages.

Lola had a pathological fixation about money, a fact I discovered very early in our friendship. She hated to spend a penny, and, what is more, seldom did. Most evenings she was able to find somebody to pay her dinner bill, and in view of the fact that she never had a mid-day meal, in case it damaged her figure, her weekly payout on food was insignificant. She also saved on clothing by borrowing my nylons and blouses, and at the time I am speaking of was living rent free thanks to me.

The fact that I was paying her rent was just another bizarre side to her money fixation. I had been desperately in need of accommodation, and Lola, hearing of my need, very kindly offered to share her flat with me. Her flat was really a converted bed-sitting-room, and so small that it was barely possible to turn around.

But Lola squeezed me in, and magnanimously charged me fifteen dollars for the privilege. This, she told me, was half the amount she was paying for the rental. I learnt much later that she was only paying twelve dollars, so that she was not only living rent free but making a profit on the side.

I soon grew used to the confined space, and, more important, I came to accept the endless stream of prospective rich husbands who came to call on Lola. On odd occasions I even scored minor victories by remembering to call them by their right names. Not that it mattered, really, because few of them ever called more than twice.

Two visits were generally more than enough for Lola to ascertain whether or not their annual income was in the vicinity of the desired amount, and as soon as she had discovered that it was not, which was usually the case, she gave them the treatment. Only the very brave and the very stupid ever dared call again.

To make sure that there was no break in the continuity of her supply of possible rich husbands, Lola had, some time previously, given up a very highly paid office job to become a salesgirl in the perfume department of a large retail store.

"You just never meet anybody while you are sitting behind a typewriter," she explained languorously.

I couldn't help admiring the thoroughness with which she was backing up her campaign to acquire wealth via a well-heeled husband, and I felt that with her looks and her obvious ability it was just a matter of time before she realised her ambition.

That was before the advent of Charlie and Hugo.

Hugo was first on the scene. I noticed him straight away because he was so different from Lola's other men friends. By different, I mean he had a full head of hair and he was over six feet tall. He was also quite young.

It was after his fifth, or maybe sixth visit that I noticed an unusual glassy look in Lola's eyes. After he had gone she threw herself on to the divan.

"Isn't he wonderful," she drooled. "I'm absolutely madly in love with him."

I was surprised, and she noticed it.

"Oh, don't think I'm going to be swayed by that," she said snappishly. "The only reason I'm persevering with him is that I haven't as yet found out what he is worth."

"Won't he tell you?" I asked, slightly amused.

She threw up her arms.

"That's just it. He tells me all the time. He says he has two oil wells in Texas, a cattle ranch in Idaho, and a fleet of Cadillacs in the garage of his palatial mansion at Beverly Hills."

She gave me a hard look.

"The trouble is he tells me all these things while we are munching hamburgers on a bench in Central Park. I just can't make up my mind about him."

Hugo developed into a major-sized headache to Lola. She was torn between her ever-growing attachment to him and her doubts about the extent of his wealth. She grew short-tempered, moody, and very hard to live with, and would have probably become impossible if it had not been for the appearance of Charlie.

I only ever saw Charlie once, and that was the Saturday night he came to call for Lola. Lola always reserved Saturday nights for her most promising prospects, and for some considerable time Hugo had held this place of honor. Charlie's appearance was a shock.

He was a thick-set little man with a broken nose, which gave him the appearance of a very badly battered ex-boxer.

The moment he arrived Lola ushered me into the bedroom and in a very excited voice told me: "He's such an interesting specimen, Janet. He's a big timber merchant from up north. A bit rough, of course, but he's simply weighed down with bundles of one-hundred-dollar bills, and he tells me there is tons more where that came from."

"What about Hugo?" I asked.

"I just can't afford to waste any more time on Hugo. Tell him I've gone to a sick aunt."

I watched them leave, and when Hugo arrived I told him the sad story of Lola's sick aunt. I told him the same story again on Sunday night. By that time I was beginning to get worried by Lola's non-appearance. Charlie had struck me as being a rather wild and forbidding type of person, and I was seriously thinking of contacting the police when the telegram came late on Monday afternoon. It was short and to the point: "Married Charlie this morning stop having wonderful time . . . Lola."

Whenever I think of Lola's impulsive marriage, I never cease to be amazed, and I believe that Hugo was the cause. She was so in love with Hugo, and so frightened of doing the normal thing and marrying for love, that she jumped at the first alternative, which happened to be Charlie. Unfortunately it turned out to be a very bad move.

Charlie hadn't been lying when he said he was in the timber business. But he wasn't a merchant. He was a lumberjack down in the city on a spending spree, and although it was true that there was plenty more money from where his present wealth came he omitted to mention that it took a whole year to accumulate. A year of very hard work.

As for Hugo, well, as it happened he did have two oil wells in Texas, a cattle ranch in Idaho, and a fleet of Cadillacs. I know, because I married him.

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Leading hair-stylists use

Gossamer

in their exclusive salons

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA leading hairdressers, and the majority of well-groomed women, use Gossamer. And here's the secret of Gossamer's sensational success . . . .
Softly, naturally, Gossamer holds the hair in *living curl* as nothing else can do. All day, all evening, hair stays groomed . . . even despite sea breeze and salty spray.
Yet Gossamer contains no lacquer—it conditions the hair with precious Lanolin Esters . . . .
Ask your hairdresser to Gossamer your hair.

Between hairsets rearrange your hair in minutes with Gossamer

Mr. Charles of Sydney puts the all-important finishing touch—Gossamer—to a lovely hairset.

Everything a hair-set spray can do, Gossamer does best

PRICE NOW ONLY 12/6. *Still greater value is the large salon size (more than twice the quantity), 21/-.*

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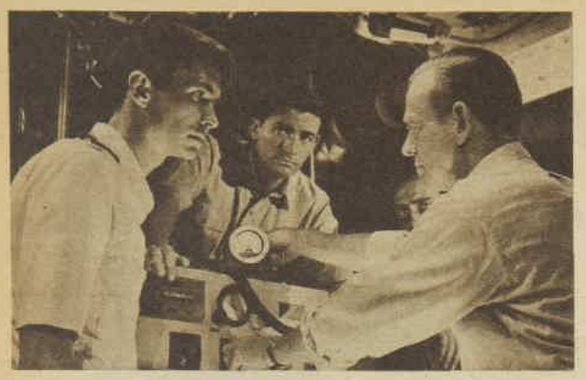

AUSTRALIAN scientist Astaire tells U.S. submarine commander Peck, and Melbourne naval officer Perkins, that the radiation count he has taken means they all must die.

GALA PREMIERE

ON THE BEACH

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MAKESHIFT vehicles of all sorts appear on the streets of the petrol-less city. Perkins, in summer whites, pedals home from Frankston station on a tricycle.

PECK'S ineptitude with a pitchfork is the subject of much amusement to unhappy, hard-drinking socialite Ava when he goes to stay on her father's property near Frankston.

LAST motor race in the Southern Hemisphere, an affair of frightening recklessness, is won by amateur driver Astaire.

● Most ambitious and costly film ever made in Australia, Stanley Kramer's "On the Beach", will have a simultaneous world premiere in Melbourne and 22 overseas capitals on December 17. Based on Nevil Shute's prophetic novel about the destruction of mankind by atomic fallout, "On the Beach" was shot in Melbourne and its environs earlier this year.

It stars Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire (in his first dramatic role), Tony Perkins, and Donna Anderson.

ATOMIC fallout reaches a new, deadly level, and the Salvation Army holds a last rally outside the Melbourne Public Library. In all, 40 exterior locations, including ones at Berwick, Geelong, Canadian Bay, Maryville, and Port Phillip Bay, were used in making the film.

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There ought to be a better word than "delicious"... just for

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Most people enjoy the **baffling** taste sensation of Kellogg's Corn Flakes — and most of them feel there ought to be a **better** word than "delicious" to describe it.

The **unmatched** flavour of those big, golden flakes of corn has won the hearts of young and old the world over.

More sustaining, too, because Kellogg's Corn Flakes are full of energy and goodness from the sun. Why not start your day with some?

"Mouth-watering?" "Tempting?" No — even those words are not good enough. But like you, he knows there ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it! Don't you agree?

* Registered Trade Mark

Better-tasting... more sustaining because Kellogg's do wonders with corn

K39

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GARDEN CONTEST WINNERS

● Sydney's Lower Town Hall was packed with garden-lovers for the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales' exhibition during the Waratah Festival. A decorative floral competition with prizes given by The Australian Women's Weekly attracted many visitors. Three of the winning entries in this contest are pictured on this page. Other prizewinners are featured overleaf.

FIRST PRIZE winner came from the Strathfield Home Garden Club. Members said they "begged, borrowed, and practically stole" blooms to get the best possible flowers and variety for the exhibit. There were four women in the group and two men. Strathfield came second last year.

SECOND PRIZE went to Bexley District Horticultural Society. Four women worked as a team to produce this exhibit. The competition was open to all societies affiliated with the Royal Horticultural Society.

THIRD PRIZE was awarded to Kuring-gai Horticultural Society, winners of the decorative floral competition last year. The exhibit was planned by five women. Competing societies chose six units from 12 suggested types of arrangements.

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Help For Strangers In The Land

History has never known a more terrible post-war problem than the millions of refugees in Europe, Middle East and Asia. Exceeding 30 millions, of which 10 millions were in Europe, they were aided by International Red Cross and helped to a new life in a new country. Thousands have come to Australia, where in times of bewilderment they have come to the Red Cross Welfare Service and Tracing Bureau for help and guidance.

THIS IS THE

RED CROSS CENTENARY YEAR

Australian Red Cross Society (N.S.W. Division)
27 Jamison Street, Sydney

Q222L

Curtains—blinds—drapes **ALL IN ONE!**

VERTICAL DRAPE!

The luxury of drapes . . . the convenience of blinds! Starlite 7 Vertical Drape is the home decoration idea of the century. Excitingly different . . . thrillingly beautiful . . with complete control of light and air. Featuring exclusive Luxaflex sealonised aluminium slats that are double-coated for extra life . . . beauty . . . protection. Choose the smartest trend in window beauty—the Starlite 7 Vertical Drape—in a carnival array of fashion-right decorator colours at all leading stores.

the **STARLITE** *vertical drape*

A Meyers-Taylor PRODUCT

Start the weekend well with

Weekend

★

1/- from your newsagent

MACHINIST

Experienced in clothing you can become in 2 weeks. All power machines taught in 10 lessons. Also how to make shirts and blouses. Reasonable fees. Two hourly classes from 9 a.m.-8 p.m. All European languages spoken. "HELLAS" Training School for Cloth. Machinists, 110 Bathurst St., SYDNEY. Tel. MA3184; 258a Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Tel. FB3019.

. . For people who think—

The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review.
1/6 from your Newsagent.

She has just no time for tedium

● If Mrs. Irene Montlake had been born a century ago she would probably have fought Indians or discovered an archipelago, or crossed Siberia on a yak.

● Mrs. Irene Montlake works on a commissioned portrait of the Sultan of Brunei, in Borneo. He placed a bungalow and three servants at her disposal during her stay there.

SHE'S that sort of English woman—with the energy of a reactor—but she would have always managed, under the most trying circumstances, to look charming.

"Every moment of every day is always packed," this tall, dark-haired visitor says. "I like life to zip around."

And hers certainly zips, for in the past nine months she has, among other things:

- Painted the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Harold Gillett).
- Run a Wednesday art class at her early Georgian house in Chelsea.
- Bought, decorated, and sold a house in Sussex — at a profit of £3000.
- Rushed out to Borneo to paint the Sultan of Brunei.
- Hurried south to Sydney to see her daughter, Mrs. Ion Macarthur Onslow.

And soon she will spend a holiday on an island off Ceylon before flying to London to dash off a few more thousand words for her English magazine.

By **RONALD McKIE**

Irene Montlake, whose first husband was a Harley Street surgeon, and whose second is a painter who lives in Spain, is a daughter of the late A. G. Heath, a Registrar in the Land Registry in London.

She began her working life in London as a Saturday-morning art student who earned her first "cheque" designing Christmas cards.

"I went into partnership with a fellow student and we got a fabulous order—a dozen dozen. We drew a dancing girl and stuck a skirt — real tulle — on her and thought our fortunes were made.

"But our entry into commerce almost crashed at the start when the company which had bought our cards complained that all the tulle skirts were coming unstuck.

"We spent days covered in glue trying to persuade those skirts to stay on the cards.

"But, if nothing else, I was at least an adventurous creature, and my next attempt to earn a living was different.

"I drew a boy, called him Little Bill, made up a verse about him, took the drawing with some others to Amalgamated Press, and asked to see the manager.

"The huge Commissionaire looked down at me and said in a horrified voice, 'You mean Mr. Brown.'

" 'Yes, Mr. Brown,' I said, weakly.

" 'Have you an appointment?' — 'No.'

"I still don't know why, but Mr. Brown saw me — from behind an enormous desk. He want through my drawings and smiled very charmingly and said, 'You know, you can't draw animals for toffee, but leave these with me.' We had tea and he wished me a successful career before I left. I never saw him again.

"Four days later a letter arrived from the editor of a women's paper, Miss Winifred Johnson. 'I think Little Bill is adorable,' she said. 'We would like you to do a series . . .' "

Little Bill took Irene Heath into journalism. He became a personality in the paper and later she wrote and illustrated a dozen Little Bill books. Later still she began to write the magazine's "Whispers" page, and feature articles, and is still at it.

During the early part of World War II Mrs. Montlake lived at Nassau, in the Bahamas, with her two children, Jenifer (Mrs. Macarthur Onslow) and Sara (now an architect), and early in 1944 she decided to return to England—and almost didn't make it.

"When we tried to cross the Atlantic in an ancient 5000-ton tramp we were such a grave danger to the convoy that the third time we broke down our corvette escort signalled 'Good luck and goodbye,' and left us.

"We were all ordered on deck wearing our lifejackets and waited there while the ship rolled and the engineers hammered at the engines.

"But what I remembered most as we waited to be torpedoed was my daughter Sara saying to her sister, 'Jenny, your hair smells of kittens.'

"We got moving at last, and limped north to Iceland and eventually to England, where I wrote a novel about that six weeks' crossing. I called it 'Good Luck and Goodbye'."

After the war, Mrs. Montlake published another novel, "Capricorn Colony," and then in her spare time from journalism began to concentrate on portrait painting.

She first exhibited in 1949 with a portrait in the Royal Academy Exhibition. She has since had many commissions in England and America, and only recently painted Anne and Mark, children of Quentin Stanham, of Camden Park.

But the commission which intrigued her most was when an oil company flew her to Borneo to paint a portrait of His Royal Highness Sir Omar Ali Saifudin, Sultan of Brunei.

"I lived in a beautiful bungalow with three servants to look after me and a car at my disposal. I worked all day in the throne-room of the Istana, the Royal Palace, and finished the portrait in a week.

"I painted the Sultan, who wore black with gold and black sarong and headpiece, against a brilliant saffron curtain.

"Before I left, he presented me with a lovely silver cigarette box, and I gave him a riding-whip to add to his collection of sticks and crops."

After seeing Sydney for the first time, Mrs. Montlake would love to return and live in one of the "exquisite little houses with iron balconies."

And, after that, in her next reincarnation, she has an even higher aim: "To be a better painter."

Floral prizewinners

Continued from previous page

● Central arrangement by Mrs. J. Grose, of Dulwich Hill, was judged best individual decorative piece in a group entry.

THE Australian Women's Weekly gave prizes for the second year in a decorative floral competition at the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales' exhibition during Sydney's recent Waratah Festival.

The first prize, won by the Strathfield Home Garden Club, was £30; second prize, won by Bexley District Horticultural Society, was 20gns.; third prize, won by Kuringgai Horticultural Society, was 10gns.; fourth prize, won by the City of Newcastle Horticultural Society, was 8gns.

● Fourth Prize in The Australian Women's Weekly decorative floral competition was won by this City of Newcastle Horticultural Society entry.

The Champion Unit, a prize of 10gns. and trophy valued at 5gns., was awarded to Mrs. J. Grose, of Dulwich Hill.

Other placings were: Concord, 5th; Hunter's Hill, 6th; Oatley, 7th; Hurlstone Park, 8th; Richmond, 9th; and St. George, 10th.

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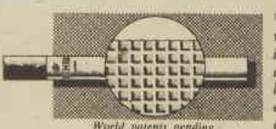
The new Rembrandt cigarette, currently being introduced throughout the world, brings to smokers the first major cigarette improvement in fifty years.

Open a pack today. You will see and feel the difference immediately. Pull out a Rembrandt and it *whispers*. Roll it between your fingers and it *tingles*. Light it up and it *satisfies* with pure pleasure in every puff.

Rembrandt offers you CREAM-OF-THE-CROP Virginia tobacco . . . the world's finest filter . . . *plus* Multi-Vent* paper. This paper, with its countless *controlled air vents*, literally *breathes*. It cools, smooths and cleans the smoke *naturally*.

There is no other cigarette in the world like Rembrandt. Try a pack and you will know . . . *this* is the cigarette you have always wanted to smoke.



World patents pending
Design registered Canada 1958

** Multi-Vent paper is covered with countless microscopic indentations. Each indentation is a controlled air vent which literally breathes fresh air in with every puff. This cools, smooths and cleans the smoke naturally.*

The first cigarette that breathes

EACH CIGARETTE A MASTERPIECE

ONLY ONE PENNY MORE

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Playclothes with a dashing air

Summer's here — and if you're going to bask in the sun (who isn't?) then bask PRETTILY in playclothes with an air of femininity. Plan your casuals with care: here, on these pages, is inspiration from Paris, the Cote d'Azur, and the Riviera.

GOING ROCK-CLIMBING — in shorts and jacket of blue, yellow, and white striped towelling. The shorts are brief with ornamental pocket flaps; the jacket roomy enough to wear over a damp swimsuit.

GOING GLAMOROUS—in Paris couturier Maggy Rouff's ensemble of tapered pants and blouse (right). A wide belt matches the checked pants; the fine cotton blouse has important sleeves, an oval neckline.

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GOING SIGHTSEEING — at a holiday resort (above) in pink-and-white-checked shorts and a loose, abbreviated top that's sleeveless and chopped off at the natural waistline.

GOING BOATING—in checks again; this time a green-and-white jacket with a huge, enveloping cape collar. The jacket is slightly bloused, the buttoned front is straight.

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serve ANDERSONS

ANDERSONS
famous PORK SAUSAGES

So full of prime, lean meat— they don't shrink in the pan!

Our Andersons fresh pork sausages **stay** plump, juicy and delicious. They're made from prime lean meat — selected and country-killed in our own abattoirs. The quality and freshness of Andersons pork sausages safeguards your family's health.

* **Andersons Sausages are branded!** Other brands of sausages and smallgoods are sometimes sold as Andersons. Before you buy — **look for our name, Andersons. Accept nothing less!** Our name is your guarantee of quality.

ANDERSONS
new "GOLDEN CURE" BACON

Ready for the pan— does not require boiling first

Pink, lean and tempting . . . that's the way you'll always buy our bacon. Sweet, tender and mild . . . that's how it will always taste. Prime, quality bacon, slowly, carefully "golden-cured" — that's our secret. Never harsh or "salty". No need to boil first!

When you buy bacon, buy the best — buy **Andersons "Golden Cure" Bacon.** It's sold ready-sliced in eight ounce **"Flavour-Seal"** packets. But be sure it's Andersons — you can taste the quality difference!

Ask for

ANDERSONS

Taste the quality difference

"Home on the Pig's Back!"

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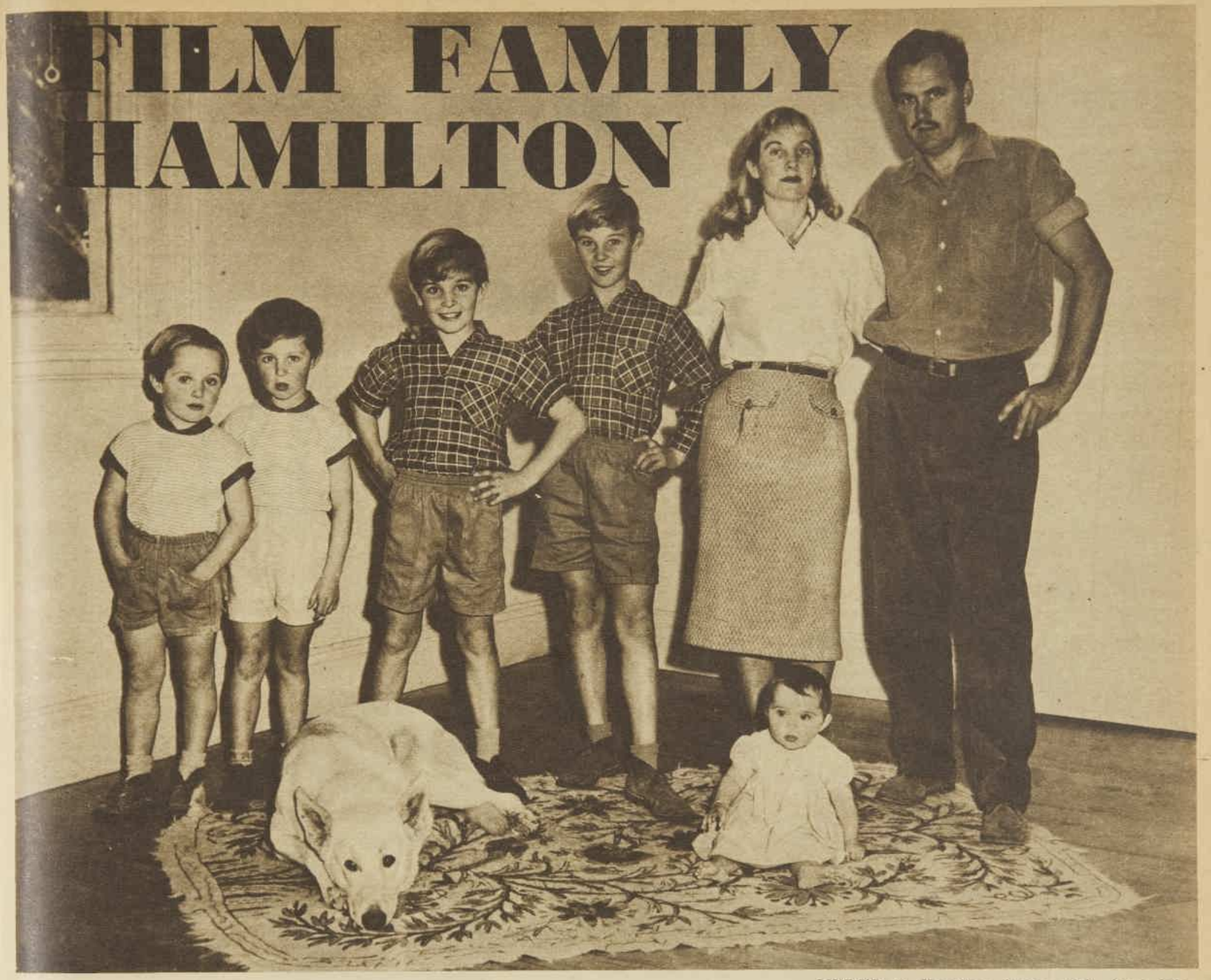
FILM FAMILY HAMILTON



● **"To see ourselves as others see us" is easy for the Hamiltons — for this family of seven all work in front of the cameras.**

LINE-UP of Hamilton family with, from left, Jamie, Gavin, Kim, Anthony, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. Hamilton, with baby Leilani and White Shadow, the family dog, on rug. BELOW: Dressed in his "Smoky Dawson" show outfit, Anthony swings his gun, while Jamie looks on.

THE youngest member of this clan of photographic models, film and TV actors is Leilani Hamilton. At nine months she's already done three TV commercials plugging a baby food.

Leilani's family — parents Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton, Anthony, 11, Kim, 9, Gavin, 7, and four-year-old Jamie—live in Shirley Road, Roseville, N.S.W.

No. 77

As their house is number seventy-seven, its name came automatically to the Hamiltons. They called it Sunset Strip—from the American TV programme, well known in Australia, "77 Sunset Strip."

"Anthony began posing for cameras when he was nine months old," said Mrs. Hamilton.

But he was seven before he got his first film break. From 2700 boys, Anthony was chosen as one of the six finalists for the title role in the film "Smiley."

"The producer thought he was too young for the lead," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and that he'd get homesick."

But Anthony didn't miss out altogether. He got a small speaking part in the film.

His next screen role was in an Australian sequence of "Cinerama South Seas," not yet shown in Sydney. It showed how bush radio schools operate. With five others, Anthony's part was to sit in a classroom and take lessons over the radio.

With many TV commercials to his credit, Anthony is now working as co-star on his first TV picture — "The Adventures of Smoky Dawson."

"We have just finished making the first episode, 'Gaol Break,'" Anthony said. "If it's a success this Smoky Dawson series will probably run for nine months."

"Gaol Break" is quite a family affair.

John Hamilton is one of the "baddies," and White Shadow, the family German shepherd dog, has a starring role.

"There are no killings in the show," Anthony said, swinging his six-shooter on one finger. "Smoky always wins over the crooks with tricks."

The second Hamilton son, Kim, is also kept busy with TV commercials and photographic work.

He made his film debut in a documentary, "Two Boys in a Boat." This film, at present showing in London, is the story of two young brothers, their longing for a V-J boat, and the odd jobs they take to raise the necessary funds to buy one.

"Siege" urchin

Gavin played the part of an urchin boy in the film "The Siege," which was shot on location in Sydney last year. Filmgoers will see him peering in at the back of an ambulance at injured criminals after a gun battle.

"Anthony, Kim, and Gavin are under contract to Sydney casting director Gloria Payten, but Jamie's still a bit young," said Mrs. Hamilton.

So Jamie is keeping strictly to commercials for a while.

Following father

These five young Hamiltons take after their parents. John Hamilton has had bit parts in five films—"Long John Silver," "Smiley," "Robbery Under Arms," "Cinerama South Seas," and "The Siege."

And Mrs. Hamilton was in the same "Cinerama," and has two documentary films to her credit, one of which was "Christmas in Australia."

The family's income from TV and film work fluctuates from week to week. So, to boost the funds, John Hamilton works as a builders' subcontractor.

"I like the open-air life," he said, "and over the years have had a variety of outdoor jobs. In my present job I'm free to walk on to a movie set whenever I'm wanted."

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DEEP-SHINE WITH SHERATON!

Furniture beauty is more than skin deep. American-formula Sheraton actually penetrates the pores, preserves as it polishes, penetrates deep-down to build up a foundation of lustrous, lasting beauty.

QUICK-SHINE WITH SHERATON!

No rubbing! No drubbing! American-formula Sheraton is the short cut to success. A few drops on your just damp cloth and you're off! American-formula Sheraton shines everything it touches!

CLEAN-SHINE WITH SHERATON!

It's a "must" when you dust! Shake a few drops of Sheraton on your dusting cloth and Hey! Presto! dust goes — everything glows! It's that wonder-working American formula.

DEEP SHINE QUICK SHINE CLEAN SHINE

WITH AMERICAN FORMULA

Sheraton

The world-famous polish that actually removes scratches as it speeds on a dazzling shine! Contains no harmful abrasives or sticky waxes to pick up dust and finger marks.

Make no mistake, American-formula Sheraton makes every other household polish old-fashioned! Sheraton works a wonder you can see. The shine is fine — but that's only the beginning. Sheraton gives timber a tonic, makes Laminex gleam, dazzles doors, rejuvenates the paint on refrigerators! You'll be astonished how much work you get out of a bottle.

3/9

TRY SHERATON'S VERSATILITY AND ECONOMY FOR YOURSELF...

YOU MIGHT

WIN £250

THIS IS ALL YOU NEED DO:

Buy a bottle of Sheraton from your local store. Tick against the check list the uses of Sheraton that help you best. Experiment for yourself and then add to the list the new uses of Sheraton you have discovered for yourself.

Here's a clue: It's not on the check list but Sheraton is marvellous for cleaning and shining telephones! Add your discoveries to the Sheraton check list. The most interesting could win you £250!!! Address your entries to: The Sheraton Polish Company, Box 45, P.O., Alexandria.

Winner's name will be announced in the 20th January issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE CHECK LIST

1. Sheraton for shining furniture.
2. Sheraton for shining doors.
3. Sheraton for shining radios.
4. Sheraton for shining laminated and Masonite surfaces.
5. Sheraton for shining Formica surfaces.
6. Sheraton for shining refrigerators.
7. Sheraton for shining stoves.
8. Sheraton for shining TV sets.

Sheraton

OUTSELLS ALL OTHER FURNITURE POLISHES COMBINED

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The Quads and the cat

● *Meeting Amanda, the ginger puppet cat, was a thrill of the Sara Quads' visit to Sydney TV station Channel 9 as guests at Desmond's Channel 9-Pins. From left, Phillip, Judith, Alison, and Mark Sara watch the antics of Amanda, who was made by English puppeteer Ann Davis. Phillip was the first to discover that Amanda convulsed with laughter when her foot was tickled. The Quads also saw Chuck Faulkner on the Channel 9 news.* *(See overleaf.)*

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SUSAN HAYWARD

starring in "WOMAN OBSESSED"

a 20th Century-Fox Film Production

SUSAN HAYWARD LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries it beautifies

thick and creamy . . . blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse! of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

BUY THE BIG SIZES AND SAVE MONEY!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

U166

Happy times with famous eight

● *The Sara quads, now nine years old, have visited their first TV station — they were guests of Channel 9, in Sydney. The Lucke quads, five years younger, are housework enthusiasts these days. They've got a cubby-house and are very, very busy.*

● **The Saras are pictured on the previous page and the Luckes opposite.**

TO visit Channel 9, the Sara quads tore home from school, scrubbed their hands and faces, jostled for position at the mirror to comb their hair, and with their elder brother, Geoffrey, piled into photographer Ron Berg's car.

"You're really going to meet Desmond Tester in the flesh!" their mother, Mrs. Betty Sara, told them.

"What does 'in the flesh' mean?" Mark immediately wanted to know.

"You're crazy, man," quipped jive-talking Alison.

All four quads especially wanted to see Chuck Faulkner.

"Chuck is the only man who can command absolute silence in our house," their mother explained. "There's not a sound from anyone when he's giving the news."

"That tower is 850ft. above sea-level," announced Geoffrey, as the car swung through the studio gates.

Geoffrey, 12, who wants to be a radio and television technician when he grows up, is well informed about the technical side of radio and television.

"Ham" radio is his father's hobby. Percy Sara has his own "ham" transmitting set, with the call sign 2QV, and Geoffrey takes a great interest in it.

The Sara family has had a television set for about two years, and the children are keen, but discriminating, viewers.

"They only watch programmes they really enjoy—they particularly love Westerns," Mrs. Sara said.

The quads and Geoffrey tiptoed into the studio at Channel 9 just as "Desmond's Channel 9-Pins" began.

Fascinated, they watched the huge and powerful lights flood the large doll's-house set in the big studio, and the cameras noiselessly slide up into position for action.

They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the lifelike actions of the puppet ginger cat Amanda, the adopted kittens, Rocky, Ticky, and Tocky, Mr. Mags the magpie, and Tom Ugly, a black-and-white tomcat. All were controlled by their creator, well-known puppeteer Ann Davis, and her assistants, who stood above the sets pulling strings.

When the session ended, Desmond introduced the Saras to Ann and the puppets. The children were bursting with questions.

Tickled her foot

Lovingly stroking Amanda, Judith said to Ann Davis: "Do you **really** make the sound that comes from her?"

"Amanda can really talk?" Mark asked.

Alison decided to investigate for herself by putting her hand in Amanda's mouth and reaching her fingers down the cat's throat!

"I know how to make her laugh," said Phillip, tickling the sole of Amanda's foot.

Quick as a flash, Ann Davis had Amanda really screaming with laughter in response to the quads' prods and tickles.

The reality of Amanda's personality impressed them so much that each politely shook hands and said "Thank you, Amanda" when it was time to leave.

The quads, who were nine in August, are looking forward now to the Christmas holidays. They want to spend most of the time swimming.

Alison gained her badge for swimming 25 yards last season, and Judith, Mark, and Phillip are now anxious to get theirs.

IT would be housekeeping time all the time if Queensland's Lucke quads had their way.

The latest craze of these bouncing four-year-olds is playing "house," and a more industrious group of workers you'd never find.

They take the game very seriously—except Kevin, who simply isn't the serious type.

The quads—Veronica, Jennifer, Eric, and Kevin—take it in turns to be "Mummy" or "Daddy," and everyone then has to do a share of "work" around the "house"—which, by the way, is a little nook between one wall of the Lucke home and the rain-water tank.

We found this nook spotlessly clean, and a credit to the little workers.

Agnes Lucke, mother of the quads, remembers the time she heard Jennifer call out: "Mummy, come here quickly!"

Out rushed Agnes, to be told by an indignant Jennifer: "Not **you**, Mummy . . . I was talking to Veronica!"

Luckily, Agnes has a wonderful understanding of youngsters and a good sense of humor.

Making pies

When we visited the Luckes at their home at North Gooburrum, the quads were in the throes of their latest game.

First of all they did some early-morning baking of pies. The ingredients, said the boys—who insist they are the best cooks—were "some flour, some salt, and some milk."

We never did see the results of those pies, for the quads couldn't resist dipping their fingers into the mixture till they'd eaten the whole lot.

"You wouldn't do me for cooks," Agnes told them, laughing. "You'd eat it all."

By the time Eric had knocked over the jug of milk twice, and Kevin had sifted the flour on to the table instead of the plate a few times, the table (and the quads) was covered with flour

"Ooh, what a mess!" cooed dainty little Veronica—but she loved every minute of it.

Cooking was followed by a brisk sweep-out of their cubby-house, and then came their favorite game—washing their dolls' clothes.

Eric and Kevin like washing clothes just as well as Jennifer and Veronica do, but washing is for girls, they were told (by Jennifer and Veronica, who wanted to do the washing themselves), so the boys did washing-up instead . . . with plastic plates and dish-drainer.

After Veronica had wrung out her washing thoroughly, she hung it up on the makeshift clothesline near their "house," helped by the ever-efficient Jennifer.

As there was a good breeze blowing, it wasn't long before all their washing was dry. And we've never seen two more proud and happy faces than Jennifer's and Veronica's, as they took the dry washing from the line to fold—just like Mummy does—before ironing.

You could tell they thought it a great achievement.

With the morning's chores finished, the quads stopped for "smoko," which consisted of a stick of sugarcane, which they ate all-in-together.

The foursome are growing taller every day.

Curly-haired Eric weighs 3st. 2lb.; smiling Kevin is only a pound less (3st. 1lb.), but he looks a lot smaller than Eric; and Jennifer and Veronica are both 2st. 10lb.

(The Saras were photographed by Ron Berg, of our own staff, and the Luckes by Bob Millar.)

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Busy day for Luckes

● Did you say housework? The Lucke Quads, aged four, are simply up to the eyes. The boys tackle those darned dishes (right) to let the girls (below) get the washing out. As to bending over a hot stove—no, sir! A mixture (bottom picture) tastes just as good *before* it's cooked!

AT LEFT: Little washerwomen at work. Veronica pegs the clean clothes on the line while Jennifer holds everything ready.

ABOVE: Kevin stacks the dishes with professional pride, while Eric, with tongue out in concentration, washes up thoroughly.

TOO MANY COOKS spoil the broth—a maxim proved by Quads Kevin, Veronica, Jennifer, and Eric (named from left), who liked their dough so much that they ate it all.

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and your hands will love its mildness

More pure soap — that's what makes Persil suds the gentlest. Prove it yourself. Look at the lovely soft suds you get with Persil now. Feel how much milder they are. *Extra pure soap* gives New Persil that *extra* gentleness. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease out the dirt, thoroughly but gently. Your hands stay soft and smooth no matter how often you wash, no matter how big your wash. What a pleasure — to get that famous Persil whiteness with such kindness to your hands!

You'll appreciate New Persil's special gentleness at washing-up time too!

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WORTH REPORTING

FOR nearly 30 years Mr. A. H. Spencer's "Hill of Content" bookshop in Bourke Street, Melbourne, was a meeting-place for book-lovers.

Now Mr. Spencer has published the story of his shop and its customers—reminiscences of "rewards in a more enduring currency than pounds, shillings, and pence."

Dame Nellie Melba was one of the bookshop's most famous visitors, and Mr. Spencer describes her as a "great yet simple woman."

One day the errand boy—a keen autograph-hunter — saw Melba approaching the shop.

He raced out to meet her, clutching his autograph book.

"But," said Mr. Spencer, "he misjudged the height of the kerbing as he reached her and fell, badly grazing his hands, soiling his clothes, and dropping his book."

The boy picked himself up, recovered his book, and asked for Melba's autograph.

"What!" she said. "Are you still interested, hurt as you are?

"Sonny, you shall have my autograph twice, and you will possess the only book I have signed twice, for surely you deserve it.

"Go back now to Mr. Spencer and tell him that he must give you a couple of days off to recover from your fall."

Mr. Spencer reports that not only did Melba call the next day to ask after the boy but she made sure he'd obeyed her order and given him time off.

* * *

YOU know the way — when a big building is under construction — workmen thoughtfully drill holes in the surrounding fence so we can see what's going on?

Well, those days are going, going, gone.

For instance, a big building company in London has installed a telephone information service at the site of a £2,000,000 block now being erected at Ludgate Circus.

And passers-by (who haven't time to stand and stare) can ring up to ask how the work's progressing.

Stout fellows, every one

THERE were bottles and bottles of stout, blocks and blocks of cheese, and lots and lots of people (glass of stout in one hand, piece of cheese in the other).

We're describing a party we went to the other evening—a stout and cheese tasting.

Frank Kelly, Australian manager of the British Travel Association (who arranged the party) told us he'd been drinking stout from the age of seven.

Then the doctor said he must drink a pint a day because he was too thin.

If stout makes thin people stout, we DO wish someone would invent a drink called "Slender."

Mr. A. H. SPENCER . . . Nellie Melba made him look after an errand-boy.

They "planely" fell in love

LAST year staff reporter Dawn James went on an assignment to America, where she trained as a stewardess with Pan American Airways, and later "worked" her way on the Polar Route to London.

In Dawn's training class were nine trainees: two men and five girls.

They learnt all about the aircraft they were to fly in, how to look after passengers, how to prepare meals, emergency procedures, etc.

Now Dawn has had a letter from the States announcing the marriage of two of her classmates, Jean Garrison and Roy Orason.

So there you are — two people just plane crazy about each other.

JEAN and ROY . . . two Americans just "plane crazy" about each other.

A travelling mystery . . .

"MURDER Among Those Present" was the name of a mystery serial published in The Australian Women's Weekly in 1953.

The Australian author, Helen Mace, has written to tell us that her book is now being prepared for a paper-back edition — a Spanish translation.

"As you first gave this book its chance, I thought you might like to know just how far from home it has travelled," she wrote.

"My publishers in England, Hammond and Hammond, have advised me they have sold the Mexican rights to a firm in Guatemala."

She added that she has just sent her third novel off to London. And she's hoping it meets with the same success as "Murder Among Those Present" and her second book, "House of Hate."

They're birds of destiny . . .

YOU may never have heard of Cora, Corax, Gunn, Garvie, Kala, and Cronk, but they're **V.I.B.** (Very Important Birds).

They are the ravens in residence at the Tower of London. But tragedy struck recently when Kala died.

So the V.I.B. had to be replaced, and now, after a long search, officials have found a new inmate for the Tower.

Why all the birdy bother?

It all dates back to the time of Charles II. Legend says that the Tower would fall and Britain would collapse if ever the day came when there were no ravens at the Tower.

They're raucous, aggressive, bad-tempered, and not above biting the hand that feeds them. But they're cosseted and fed and guarded like the Crown Jewels.

It is the special duty of one Beefeater to look after the ravens night and day.

He rejoices in the title of Raven Master, and gets extra money for doing the job — a shilling a day.

* * *

A WOMAN we know dragged her unappreciative husband to a decidedly "off-beat" art show.

"Look at all these paintings," she said enthusiastically. "Aren't they interesting?"

"Very interesting," said he. "And all hand-done, too!"

In search of a home

DO you have a couple of spare bedrooms in your house? And some room in your heart as well?

We've just had a letter from Mr. Thomas Price, manager of the N.S.W. branch of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

He said, "Your readers probably know there has been a branch of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in Australia since 1921, and since then more than 2600 children have come out from England under our migration scheme.

"A small number of our younger children have been fortunate enough to be accepted as foster children in private families.

"We already receive many offers from Australian families to care for one child—more offers than we can use.

"We do, however, welcome offers from people who are prepared to take more than one child into their home, so that brothers and sisters need not be split up.

"At present we have a delightful little family of three, two girls aged 11 and nine, and a boy of eight; they came to Australia last March and would love to go together to a foster home.

"Surely there must be, somewhere in New South Wales, a household that would welcome all three. We pay a boarding allowance to cover the expense of clothing and maintenance."

Give yourself lovely natural-looking curls

the easy, Richard Hudnut way

Even beginners find it wonderfully simple to use

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW QUICK
HOME PERMANENT

Today, the accent's on hair . . . soft 'n' wavy so that you can quickly brush it into dozens of exciting styles. And here's where Richard Hudnut comes to the rescue with the easiest and most natural-looking of all permanents.

RICHARD HUDNUT WAVES IN ½ THE TIME. It's true! The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so quickly, so surely that you can wrap *more* hair on to each curler. Only 20 curlers give you an ultra-smart, all-over style that will last and last.

YOU NEEDN'T EVEN SHAMPOO FIRST! You can give yourself a perfect Richard Hudnut home permanent *even without washing your hair first!* You can shampoo afterwards, instead of rinsing, so that your new coiffure is fragrant and *extra* nice to be near.

RICHARD HUDNUT MAKES HAIR EASY TO SET. You'll marvel how manageable a Richard Hudnut home perm makes your hair. The natural-looking curls help it to "stay put" . . . and, because the Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *lanolised*, your hair will have a soft, healthy springiness you'll love.

ONE OF THESE RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMS IS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR HAIR . . .

For easy-to-wave hair — *RED BOX*. For hard-to-wave hair—*GREEN BOX*. Both will give one 40-curl perm or two 20-curl perms, one now . . . one later.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES **13/-**

AND FOR SMART END-CURL STYLES
RICHARD HUDNUT
Quickette

Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time . . . which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions!
9/- box

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Taubmans Spectrocolor*

"What a difference Spectrocolor made to this room" *says interior decorator, Ruth Sloane*

"My first look at a Spectrocolor card set my mind buzzing with dozens of new colour combinations," says Ruth Sloane. "Here were colours I'd never seen before. Colours free from 'haze'. I decided my next job would be exclusively in Spectrocolor.

"When I walked into the finished room, I knew my client would be ecstatic. I was right. She said her room had come to life. Formerly, it seemed to 'die' at sunset. Now, dramatically, it sprang to life at the flick of the light-switch.

"What a difference Spectrocolor made to this room. I'm so excited about it, I'm recommending Taubmans new Spectrocolor to everyone who wants a room to be tasteful yet dramatic!"

SPECTROCOLOR

Compare Spectrocolor with any ordinary gloss colour and you will see a slight but important difference. Taubmans new Spectrocolor has no "haze". Spectrocolor is paint colour with a new dimension:

• Spectrocolor has greater **purity** and gives greater **cover** than ever before, e.g., New Revelite "Glistening White" in Spectrocolor is the whitest white ever made!

• Walls and ceilings painted in Spectrocolor white won't "yellow". All colours look freshly painted years longer.

• Spectrocolor has high reflective properties. Your walls and ceilings won't "die" at night. They will spring to life under electric light.

• Spectrocolor never varies. No need to intermix or do your own tinting. It comes to you master-tinted and ready-to-use, straight from the can.

SPECTROCOLOR CARDS

Choose the colours for your home from Taubmans Spectrocolor cards — the most glamorous colour cards ever seen in Australia. These colour cards will show you the new colours made possible by Taubmans new Spectrocolor process.

Colours you've never seen before! Colours never before possible! The widest range of ready-to-use colours ever seen in Australia!

Take a colour card — see Taubmans exciting colour range on the brilliant Spectrocolor unit in your Taubmans paint store — today!

Ruth Sloane specified these inside paints in Spectrocolor —Walls: Revelite Flat in Dresden Blue; one gallon covers approx. 850 sq. ft. **Ceiling:** Thix in Driftwood; one gallon covers approx. 600 sq. ft. **Woodwork:** Revelite Semi-Gloss in Antique White; one gallon covers approx. 800 sq. ft.

All Taubmans paints now in

SPECTROCOLOR®*

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*Registration applied for in Australia and overseas.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress illustrated here was chosen for a reader who wanted to combine 5yds. of printed silk with a white pique trim.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have two pieces of fabric I wish to combine for a sleeveless summer frock. One piece is a blurry silk in blues and green consisting of 5yds. and the other length is 1¼yds. of white pique.

"I want something very smart and unusual, as I am going off for my annual holiday next month. I take a 36in. bust in a paper pattern."

I think your two pieces of material would look extremely smart combined as shown in the dress below. The design is sleeveless and self-belted, with ultra-large pockets trimming the full skirt. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"HAS the sack frock gone out of fashion?"

Yes, it has. In current fashion belts, leather or self fabric, mark the natural waists of day clothes. Where a separate belt is not used, inset bands also give waistline emphasis.

"I HAVE a piece of floral cotton I wish to make into a summer frock. Would you assist with an idea? I want something a little more dressy than a shirt frock and something quite unusual."

Important sleeves are a feature in summer fashion, and I suggest you follow this idea for your dress. Have the dress slim and widely belted in self material with an oval neckline finished with a turnover turtle-type collar. Add to this design above-elbow kimono sleeves and you will have a chic, unusual design.

"WHAT sort of coat would be correct to wear over a short evening frock made in chiffon? I will probably choose black or white for the color."

A coat in silk or satin is a favorite evening wrap this season. The coat will look newest with wide, short sleeves, and is often co-ordinated with the dress beneath. For instance, a white satin evening coat with a dropped shoulder-line has big jet buttons as a double-breasted closure. This type of coat would be perfect worn with a white or black chiffon dress.

"WOULD you suggest a soft, pretty neckline for a floral chiffon late-day dress?"

A cowl-draped neckline released into two free-flowing panels at back would be a pretty neckline for chiffon.

"I HAVE sufficient junior navy linen for a straight frock and matching jacket, and would like you to suggest a style to suit a teenager. I would also like the correct shade for accessories."

My suggestion is a slim sheath with a wide inset midriff topped with a waist-length double-breasted jacket. Have the jacket finished with a round, flat collar and bracelet-length sleeves. For the accessories I like the idea of white wrist-gloves, white flat-heeled, pointed-toe shoes, and an oblong-shaped junior navy bag.

DS376.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1¼yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief: HOT-WEATHER HAIR TIPS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When it's hats off to summer, hair should become the real crowning-glory it's so often said to be. It's largely your own fault if you let sun, wind, and salt water make it dry and unmanageable.

IN very strong sunshine, don't expose your hair for long periods. Wear a light silk scarf or a hat. If you wear a bathing-cap, pin your hair and cover with a thin make-up band under the cap. It's difficult to put on, but worth all the trouble.

If you bathe without a cap, rinse your hair in fresh water as soon as possible afterwards.

Just as skin needs care and conditioning, so does hair. Use a hair cream or lotion handy to keep your locks soft and biddable.

Finally, do have your hair cut and styled by a good hairdresser for the season. Then it will look a pretty shape, even when wet.

New and softest ever...

new Kotex FEMININE NAPKINS with wondersoft covering

the most comfortable, most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering . . . a soft open weave covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex with this Wondersoft covering can give you *softness* you thought you'd never have; complete and even *absorbency* that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape. The new Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe. It's exceptionally strong, too . . . makes a positive grip for the clasp or pin of your Kotex* belt. Kotex with Wondersoft covering is the same price as Kotex with gauze.

Change over to Kotex feminine napkins

More women choose Kotex belts

Do you like a belt with pins, nylon grip . . . wide or narrow elastic? Pink or white? With a choice of 5 different types you're sure to find a comfortable, non-slip belt that's *personally* yours.

*Registered Trade Mark. KK426

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NEW DECORATOR MATERIALS

Two interesting materials, a self-adhesive plastic sheeting and a glass curtain fabric, have recently come on the Australian market. On these two pages we give ideas and directions for using these newcomers.

PAPER BACKING is removed from plastic sheeting after it is measured and cut to the desired size. Small left-over pieces can be used to cover books.

NURSERY PATTERN in white plastic with a border of plain blue turns an old cupboard into a charming wardrobe for a child.

WASHABLE surface (above) for table is a practical use for the plastic. It is easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

SMART STRIPES in plastic sheeting completely line the hall cupboard in attractive modern

DECORATIVE kitchen mural (left) is made from shapes cut out and placed directly on to the surface of wall.

TRANSFORMATION of old, rusty kitchen-tidy (above) is achieved with black plastic and fresh paint.

MODERN METHODS OF

PLASTIC sheeting with an adhesive back can be used to cover practically any type of surface. It will adhere to wood, glass, stone, metal, and enamel.

You can apply it over old varnish, wallpaper, or paint. The makers suggest that raw or unpainted plaster should be lacquered first.

Because the surface is waterproof it can be used in many areas where wallpaper would not be practical. To clean it you simply rub over the surface with a damp rag and soap.

Some suggestions for using this new surface material are for bathroom walls, window ledges, to cover trays, books, waste-paper baskets, kitchen stools, table mats, to line drawers, and to cover areas in children's rooms where sticky fingermarks keep appearing.

Among the many designs available are spots, checks, stripes, straw weave, abstract patterns, and motifs suitable for particular rooms. The sheeting is sold in 18in. and 36in. widths. A pair of scissors is the only implement needed when applying it.

How to Apply: First clean thoroughly the article to be covered. Measure plastic sheeting and cut to size before removing paper backing. If more than one width is to be used allow ¼in. for overlap.

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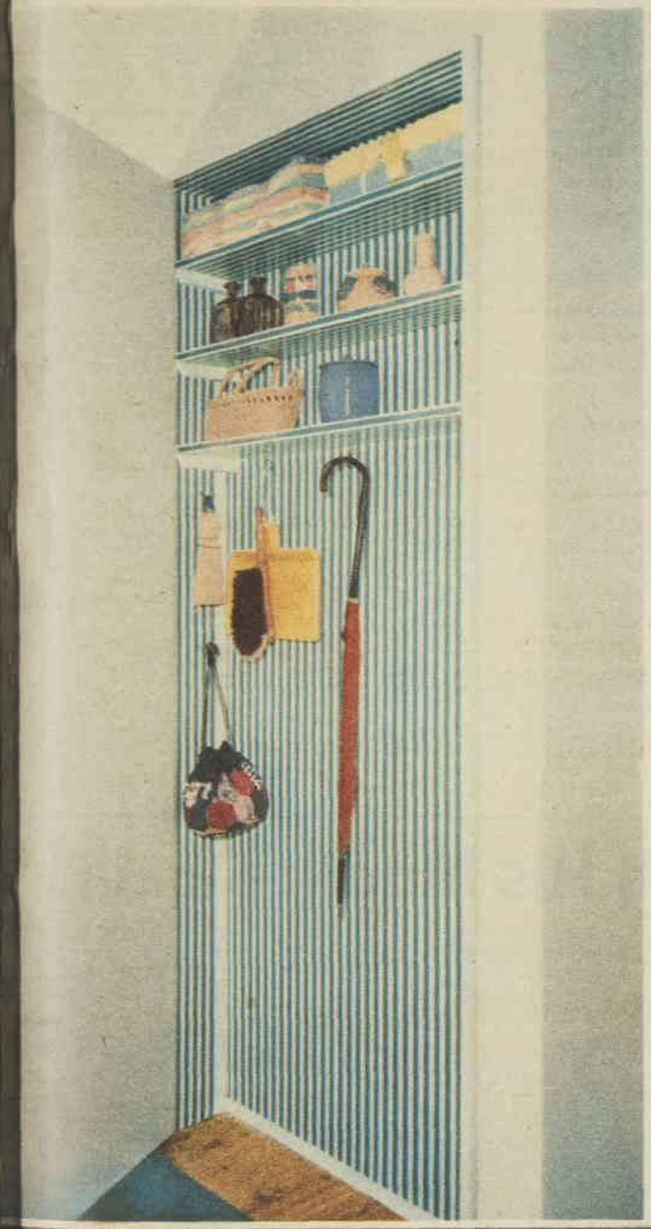
PLASTIC, GLASS



MATT COLORS give this curtain (above) an interesting surface contrast with the sheen of the glass weave showing between motifs. No lining is used.

SUNLIGHT filters through the glass-weave curtains (below), which are patterned in a graceful design of bamboo cane and leaves. Sides are not hemmed.

DING BEAUTY TO YOUR HOME

paper and plastic and peel the sticky surface. Remove areas of less than 3ft. With remove backing as you place smooth creases and air bubbles firmly with hands or with a The plastic can be pulled off position is not accurate.

porary weave

marbles, the same type play with, are the raw the new glass curtain

soft and attractive as more but, in addition, has the glass. It is completely non- therefore ideal for kitchen and

and is unaffected by sun, damp, moths. These advantages are translucent appearance, because and reflects light. However, and normally needs no lining. complete darkness when the curtains are drawn, then a special lining quality for backing is available.

All grades should be washed simply by a quick swish through a warm lather—as you would wash wineglasses—a rinse, and ten minutes to drip-dry over a clothes-line. Pegs and ironing are taboo.

How to Sew: When making curtains in this new fabric it is unnecessary to allow for shrinking or sagging. However, abrasion will lessen its life, so care should be taken to hang your curtains clear of the floor or window ledge, and free of undue friction against furniture.

Slacken the tension of your sewing-machine and reduce the number of stitches to between eight and ten per inch, because this material has no "give." Use No. 50 or No. 60 sewing cotton and allow a good double turn-up on hems of at least one inch. It is important to keep all lines of stitching at least ¼in. from selvedge or folded edges.

If you are using two or more widths for each curtain, join them by folding one selvedge over one inch and laying it on the other selvedge. Sew through the three thicknesses of fabric, again remembering not to stitch closer than ¼in. to the folded edges.

Attach all rings or hooks to a heading tape and never run bars, rods, or wire through the seams of the fabric itself. Finally, don't iron. Smooth out the seams with your hands.

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PHILIPS

Australia's most trusted name in lighting for over 50 years

now brings you

a lamp that gives

more light

at no extra cost!

The twin socket test proves it! Compare the brilliance of a Philips **high-efficiency** lamp with any ordinary lamp of the same wattage. There's an obvious difference . . . and yet these new Philips **high-efficiency** lamps **cost no more**—either to buy, or in current consumption.

PHILIPS *high-efficiency* **LAMPS**

PHILIPS

NOW AVAILABLE WHEREVER LAMPS ARE SOLD

Continuing . . . THE NICEST WAR IN THE WORLD

from page 17

strike where he least expects it—through the White Pass."

Now, there were two passes through the mountains between Smithia and Lory. The Red Pass was low and the road through it was only a gentle slope, and that was why Rudolf had chosen to march by it, for the Lorians were townsfolk and didn't get much exercise, and they were in no condition for a twenty-mile march with a battle at the end of it. But the White Pass was high in the mountains and a stiff climb.

So, at dawn next morning, all able-bodied Smithians assembled in the market-place. They carried what weapons they could find, and they had put up picnic lunches, and many of them wore their rubbers, because there was always snow in the White Pass.

A great many of the women and children went along, too. They started for Lory with Ennyjay on her white horse leading them. And beside her walked Elmer with his twenty-two over his shoulder.

Now, when Elmer had told about defeating the Lorians at the Red Pass, he had made quite a story of it. According to him, he had killed off King Rudolf and about half his army. I don't suppose he really meant to lie about it, but he was so excited that I guess it really seemed that way to him.

Ennyjay thought that after such a terrible defeat the Lorians wouldn't be able to attack again for some time.

But what actually had happened was that, after they had run a mile or so, King Rudolf and his Prime Minister were so out of breath they had to stop and lie down on the grass. By the time they felt better the army overtook them.

The army were exhausted, too, and so it was easy for Rudolf to persuade them to camp there that night. In the morning, when he called the roll and nobody was missing, their courage revived and Rudolf led them to the pass again.

So that when Ennyjay and her Smithians were toiling over the mountains towards Lory, Rudolf and the Lorians were

> **As soon as there is life there is danger.**
> —*R. W. Emerson*

filing through the Red Pass on the way to Smithia.

At eleven a.m. by Ennyjay's wrist-watch (which was noon in Lory, because Lory was on daylight-saving time) the Smithian army seized the practically deserted town of Lory without a blow struck, while at the same moment the Lorians marched into the deserted market-place of Smithia.

Well, of course, this was a great victory for both sides. As the conquerors of Lory, Elmer and Ennyjay moved into Rudolf's palace and set up their Government, and they seized the ships and docks and warehouses, and all the Smithians moved into the houses the Lorians had left when they marched off to war.

Over in Smithia, Rudolf took up residence in the castle and seized the emerald mines and his army moved into the Smithians' houses. And in both towns there was great rejoicing over the victory and they gave parties in their enemies' houses, and ate their enemies' food, and slept in their enemies' beds, and had a fine time. Elmer hunted rabbits in the suburbs of Lory.

But it was a sort of unusual state of affairs at that. And pretty soon messengers began to go back and forth through the Red Pass under flags of truce. First Rudolf sent word to Ennyjay that if the Smithians didn't move out of Lory immediately he would burn Smithia to the ground. "Go ahead and burn it," said Ennyjay.

Rudolf saw how foolish that would be, because his Lorians wouldn't have any place to live if he burned Smithia. So he sent another letter which said, "Cancel previous communication. What have you to suggest?"

Well, Ennyjay thought of a number of things, but none of them was satisfactory to Rudolf, and at last they agreed to meet in the Red Pass and talk things over. So they rode up alone and met, and first they exchanged gifts, for that is the custom among rulers.

And then Rudolf said, "Now, Ennyjay, I suppose you agree with me that at the end of a war it is always the victor who dictates the peace terms?"

"Sure," said Ennyjay.

"Well, then," said Rudolf, "as conqueror of Smithia, I demand —"

"Hold on a minute," Ennyjay interrupted. "You've conquered Smithia, all right, but I've conquered Lory, and I've just as much right to make terms as you have."

"I was afraid you'd think of that," said Rudolf. "I'd better talk to Elmer about this."

"Oh, no, you don't," said Ennyjay. "Now, Rudolf, the simplest thing would be for us both to march home again. I've enjoyed living in your palace; but, after all, there's no place like home, and I'll be glad to get back to my own castle. And I think my Smithians feel the same way. It's been a nice little outing, but it's time to be getting back."

Rudolf shook his head. "I know what you mean," he said, "but it can't be done. My Lorians wouldn't stand for it. After all, they conquered Smithia. They'd depose me if I suggested it."

"Yes," said Ennyjay, "the Smithians feel the same. They didn't climb all the way through the White Pass and seize Lory just for the walk, I think I see what we can do." So she outlined a plan and Rudolf agreed and gave his kingly word to carry it out.

When Ennyjay got back to Lory, she summoned all the Smithians into the square before the palace and made a speech. "Smithians!" she said. "For several weeks we have occupied the heart of the enemy's country and have raised our flag over the palace.

"But what has happened at home? A cruel and treacherous foe has Smithia in his power. His flag flies over our capital, his harsh and alien cries resound in our streets, his huge boots track mud all over the spotless floors of our homes. Is this to be endured?"

The Smithians set up a great shout. "No, no! Down with the oppressor! On to Smithia!"

Ennyjay smiled and raised her hand. "Thank you, my people," she said. "Now go and

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Continuing . . . THE NICEST WAR IN THE WORLD

from page 46

sharpen your weapons. Tomorrow at dawn we march to recapture Smithia from the enemy."

At the same moment, in the market-place of Smithia, King Rudolf was making a speech to his people. "Lorians!" he said. "For several weeks we have occupied the heart of —" And he made exactly the same speech Ennyjay was making, which wasn't strange, since she had written it out for both of them.

The result was that next morning the Smithian army marched back across the Red Pass, and the Lorians left Smithia and climbed through the White Pass, and that evening they were all back in the homes they had recaptured from the enemy. And there were dancing and feasting and bonfires in the streets in honor of the victories.

And yet there was a new spirit of restlessness in both kingdoms. Each had fought a war and won two notable victories, but both were back just where they had started. After all the excitement and fun of conquest, their old life was pretty dull. Gradually, in both Smithia and Lory, there began to be war talk.

In Lory the war party was headed by George, Rudolf's Prime Minister, who remembered about that twenty per cent. of the output of the Smithian emerald mines. And in Smithia, Elmer, who was rather puffed up by his victory at the Red Pass, began making speeches calling for an attack on Lory.

People even began to murmur against Ennyjay and say that she was a pretty poor excuse for a queen — why didn't she declare war and give those Lorians what they deserved?

Ennyjay tried to point out to Elmer and his supporters how silly such talk was; it just made her unpopular. Nobody cheered when she drove to the mines, but they yelled themselves hoarse for King Elmer whenever he appeared.

He had had the court tailor make him a handsome white uniform with big gold epaulets, and on it he wore the red campaign ribbon of the Smitho-Lorian War and two large medals he had had the royal mint strike off — the Distinguished Service Medal and the Medal for Conspicuous Bravery. He had awarded himself both.

And pretty soon the trouble began. One evening Queen Ennyjay was sitting in the parlor reading a detective story

"Okay, Bill, this must be the place."

and eating salted peanuts. King Elmer had gone out right after supper, and every now and then there was a burst of cheering from the market-place, so Ennyjay knew he was making another warlike speech.

In the kitchen the cook, Ellen, was washing the supper dishes. There was no one else in the castle.

A crown is not comfortable to read in, and especially to eat peanuts in. Every time Ennyjay chewed, the crown moved a little and slipped down towards her ear. So she took it off. She read a little longer and then she stopped and listened.

The sounds coming from the market-place weren't like the usual ones when Elmer was making a speech. The cheers were wilder and there was an undertone, a hum, a buzzing, like that of an angry beehive.

Ennyjay began to wonder what was going on. And at that moment there was a tap at the door. She put on her crown and said, "Come in."

Ellen came in. "Oh, Your Majesty!" said the cook. "Excuse me for barging in like this, but I just found out something you ought to know. My niece Muriel, that married Mr. O'Leary, the butcher, was just here, and she says there's to be a war tomorrow."

"That's the first I've heard of it," said Ennyjay.

"I guess you're not supposed to hear of it, ma'am," said Ellen, "because King Elmer knows you're against it. But at dawn tomorrow he's going to lead the Smithians through the Red Pass to attack Lory."

Queen Ennyjay frowned. "And how does the butcher's wife know more about this than the Queen of Smithia?"

"Because Muriel wondered why Mr. O'Leary had her make up all the ham in the shop into sandwiches, and she kept at him until he told her it was for this war. He made her swear not to come to the castle. They're afraid you'll stop it if you find out."

"I couldn't stop it now," said Ennyjay. "I'm too unpopular. And if Elmer and his army really conquer Lory . . . We must stop him." She thought a minute. "Ellen," she said, "you've got to carry a letter to King Rudolf."

"Me?" said the cook.

"You're the only one I can trust," said Ennyjay. "Go and saddle Blossom. You'll be in Lory before midnight."

"I'll be sitting in the ditch with a broken neck before midnight," said Ellen. "Why, I couldn't stay on a horse two minutes. I couldn't even climb on to one. I—"

"You'll get on Blossom," said Ennyjay, "and you'll stay on if I have to tie you."

"All right, ma'am," said Ellen resignedly. "But I hope you realise you're throwing away the best cook in Smithia." And she went out to the barn.

Before daylight next morning King Elmer slipped out of bed. Ennyjay pretended to be asleep, but as soon as he had dressed and tiptoed downstairs she jumped up. Then minutes later she had got into the old suit of armor and started for the market-place.

When she strode clanking and creaking into the market-place, every head in the silent, armed crowd turned towards her. "Smithians!" she shouted. "This is no time for speeches. I have come to lead you in battle. Forward, to the Red Pass!"

At one stroke she had regained all the popularity she had lost. With a great shout of "Long live Ennyjay!" the Smithians streamed after her towards the mountains.

Elmer tagged unhappily along.

Over in Lory, Ellen had delivered the letter. King Rudolf wasted no time. He dressed quickly in his ermine robe and his best crown, and without waiting to give any orders ran to the palace belfry and swung on the rope of the alarm bell.

The tremendous, booming roar rattled the windows of Lory and catapulted every citizen out of his bed and into his breeches and then into the palace square.

From his balcony the King addressed them. "To arms, citizens!" he roared. "Lory has declared war on Smithia! To arms! We march at dawn over the White Pass!"

George, the Prime Minister, had been up late the night before, plotting and contriving with the war party against the King, and he reached the palace in his bathrobe just as Rudolf finished speaking. The speech had taken the wind completely out of his sails. He pulled at the King's arm. "But,

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Continuing . . . THE NICEST WAR IN THE WORLD

from page 49

Your Majesty," he said, "I thought —"

"You thought wrong!" Rudolf snapped. "If my subjects want war, war they shall have! And I shall lead them. If you're coming along, George, go wash your face and put on your boots."

And so for the second time the two armies marched past each other and captured each other's capital.

Ennyjay and Rudolf were delighted. They were again highly popular with their subjects. Each had a victory that hadn't cost so much as a black eye.

A few of the Lorians had forgotten to wear their rubbers and had frostbitten toes, but they were the only casualties. Unless you count King Elmer. He had blisters on both heels because his dress boots were too tight.

Both armies were pleased, too. They had been feeling very warlike and shouting, "Down with Smithia!" "Down with Lory!"; but when it came to actually marching against the enemy they were pretty scared, and most of them wished they were back home in their warm beds. For they didn't really want to fight.

Fighting meant hitting somebody they had never seen before and really had nothing against. All any of them really wanted was the excitement of preparing for war — the yelling and flag-waving and weapon-sharpening, the strutting around and shouting defiance. They were all pretty relieved.

A week or so after this double victory, Ennyjay and Rudolf met again in the Red Pass.

"Look here, Ennyjay," said the King, "we got the breaks this time, but things can't go on this way."

"I don't see why they can't," said Ennyjay. "As long as you and I stick together. And as long as we don't declare war in winter, when snow closes the White Pass."

"Folks never get very warlike in winter," said Rudolf.

"Well," said Ennyjay, "we could have a war like this every summer. That would satisfy the people. We'll fix a date now to march back past each other and recapture our own towns. How about September fifteenth? It will be your turn for the Red Pass."

Rudolf said, "Okay," and for the next two years the plan worked fine. They conquered each other's kingdom on August first and reconquered their own on September fifteenth and everybody was satisfied.

> **The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.**
>
> *—Thomas Carlyle*

But early in July of the third year Rudolf sent a messenger secretly to Ennyjay. He wanted to talk over a private matter. So they met in the Red Pass.

"It's this business of the White Pass," Rudolf said. "Every time my Lorians cross the mountains by it they come down with something. Chilblains and head colds — it's a regular epidemic."

"I know," said Ennyjay. "There's nothing meaner than a summer cold. All Smithia is just one big sneeze after one of those marches."

"Last year I had a hard time persuading my army to take the White Pass," said Rudolf. "They said it was silly to go that way, and of course I couldn't tell them you'd be coming up the Red Pass at the same time."

"Well," said Ennyjay thoughtfully, "why couldn't we both take the Red Pass?"

"And have a battle?" said the King, looking alarmed.

"And have a picnic," said Ennyjay. "Oh, now wait! I know it sounds foolish, but our armies have got used to the kind of wars we've been having. The first two or three times, I guess they were really prepared to have a battle, but now — well, they'd be pretty mad if their victory were spoiled by having to fight.

"Just suppose your army marched into the Red Pass and — you know that big grove of chestnuts near the top? Well, suppose your army found tables all set with fried chicken and —"

"Just a minute," said Rudolf. "Who's going to set 'em?"

"I am. That is, I'll take Ellen and some of the women there with all the supplies the day before. A regular chicken dinner. Then, when the two armies arrive — well, they'll each have walked ten miles, and when they see the tables, do you think they'll want to fight?"

Rudolf smacked his lips. "I love chicken," he said reminiscently. "And we don't raise chickens in Lory. No, they won't want to fight. You going to do that every time, Ennyjay?"

"Certainly not. You and I will take turns."

"But Lory doesn't have any chickens."

"You have clams," said Ennyjay. "We don't get clams very often in Smithia."

"A clambake!" Rudolf exclaimed. "My goodness, that's a wonderful idea. That'll take care of George — my Prime Minister, you know. If there's one thing George prides himself on, it's being a clambake expert."

"We'll still call it a war, though," said Ennyjay. "Only instead of 'Down with Smithia!' and 'Down with Lory!' it'll be 'Down with the chickens!' and 'Down with the clams!'"

Well, the scheme worked fine. The first time, although the two armies sat down together at the tables, they kept their weapons handy. But they got to talking and pretty soon they found out that their dreadful enemies were people just like themselves and not ferocious hyenas at all.

That was the beginning of the great hundred years' struggle between Smithia and Lory, in which the only casualties were a few stomach-aches. For, of course, it became a contest to see who could put on the biggest feed, and there were always some who ate too much.

Every year in the early summer the war talk would begin with patriotic speeches and shouting and the tramp of armed men. At dawn on August first the two armies marched. After the picnic dinner, they marched on and took each other's kingdom and settled down for their six weeks' vacation, and then on September fifteenth they marched back past each other through the two passes — taking turns at the high White Pass — with flags waving and bands playing, and recaptured their homelands.

The following August first, both armies would take the Red Pass and they'd meet and have a chicken dinner or a clambake. It was certainly a nice way to hold a war. Indeed, some people in both countries were in favor of having wars more often. But Ennyjay and Rudolf said no, because it would interfere too much with business.

I guess King Elmer was the only one who wasn't really satisfied. Rabbit hunting seemed pretty dull after having shot a king and a prime minister, both in one day. And one morning he put on his white uniform and, with his twenty-two over his shoulder, marched off over the hills westward towards the Uninhabited Lands and the great Forest of Doom and was never heard of again.

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

from page 19

but Madeline, turning the magazine pages and pretending to glance at them, could feel his gaze on her face, her dress, her open navy sandals.

She had never been in a police station before, but somehow she had expected the buff-painted walls, the big square desk, the dark green files, and the uncompromising visitors' chair, the electric fan turning drowsily to and fro. What she had not expected was the dry and special smell of authority, as sharp and indefinable as that of a school revisited, and producing much the same sinking feeling.

A door at the back of the room led to the cells. Madeline had caught a glimpse of a narrow linoleum-floored corridor when the policeman appeared. He had evidently been torn away from a ball game; she could still hear the muted sound of a radio.

The fan hummed, pushing the warm air lazily back and forth, the policeman went on scrutinising Madeline between entries in his notebook. She lifted her head and said desperately, "How are the Giants doing?"

He looked off-hand, as though he had to search his memory for such unofficial detail, and said succinctly, "Five to five going into the last of the eighth."

"Oh, dear," said Madeline wistfully. "I'd love to hear how it comes out," and the policeman rose with a gallantry only outdone by his speed and disappeared, closing the door behind him.

She was at least alone and unwatched—but in a way, she found, that was worse. Chief Wyman's face, hard, polished, full of a light restless gaze, kept bobbing up before her. She had encountered him only once or twice, and then he had been busy being deferential to Stephen; she had heard that he had political ambitions.

The interview began to take shape in her mind. Wyman would be deferential to her, too, or at least to the Potter money, and when the niceties were over with it would begin.

"I came to tell you that my husband's fall was not an accident. He was pushed by his cousin, Cora Applegate."

Incredulity. "That's a very serious statement to make, Mrs. Potter, very serious indeed, unless you have proof to back it up with."

"She admitted it to me at the time."

More incredulity, and perhaps irony. "And did she tell you why she murdered her cousin, who I understand was giving her quite a comfortable home?"

Well, it would have to come out. "Stephen was in a very bad temper and he was drinking, which made it worse. He had been violent during the afternoon, and then my son broke something of his that he valued and he was furious. He came upstairs that night in a dangerous frame of mind, and in order to prevent him from going to Matthew Miss Applegate pushed him down the stairs."

Thoughtful pause. "What exactly do you mean when you say he had been violent, Mrs. Potter? Physically violent—to your little boy? To you?"

Hayes was a witness, so indirectly was Cora. "He struck me, yes, but that was incidental."

"There was a quarrel, then."

"If you can call a flare-up of temper on one side a quarrel, yes."

Then the switchback. "You say Miss Applegate admitted her guilt, Mrs. Potter. Why didn't you inform the police at the time? Surely you didn't intend your husband's murderer to go free?"

That was the stumbling-block. She certainly could not say that she had hated and feared Stephen, that with her head still throbbing faintly from the blow he had given her it had seemed inhuman and impossible to betray the person who had released her and Matthew from him. "I suppose it was the shock."

"Ah, yes, a double shock, you might call it. Your husband's death, the fact that he was murdered. I can see that." Heavy irony. "And what made you decide to come to us at this late date, Mrs. Potter?"

"Miss Applegate insists on sharing my home, although I'm willing and anxious to make financial provision for her elsewhere. She tells me that if I make any difficulty over this she intends to accuse me of my husband's murder."

"And you have reason to think she might be believed?"

The nightmare questions and answers spun in Madeline's brain. She started violently when the door opened, but it was only the newspaper boy, who sent the local weekly skittering expertly across the floor to rest against a leg of the desk. He withdrew again, but the suction of outside air had pulled the inner door a little open.

"Sullivan into his wind-up . . ." The baseball game drifted faintly through, grazing the surface of her consciousness. ". . . and that's all for Muller. The score at the end of eight full innings . . . and now a word from our sponsor."

"Think she did it?" said a voice casually in the back, cutting across a commercial, and Madeline turned to stone.

"You nuts or something? Sure she did it. All that money dangling under her nose—and I guess he was a real louse. She must have been playing around herself, though, a guy doesn't have his wife watched for nothing."

She had to get out of here, at once. Her brief white gloves were limp and twisted from their ordeal in her lap. Madeline started to rise, and stopped.

"I guess it is kind of funny, both of them around boats all their lives. Say he did fall overboard, wouldn't it be second nature for her to steer away from him?"

"The top of the batting order coming up for Brooklyn in the ninth . . ."

Madeline was damp under her cool silk dress, but it wasn't only reaction. The policeman and his invisible friend hadn't been talking about her but about the Ruysman case, which the newspapers were full of: Eleanor Ruysman, "Pip" to her friends, had run down and killed her husband, "Beakie" to his friends, with their high-powered motor-boat in Puget Sound. The Ruysman millions hung in the balance while the weeping and attractive widow was secluded with her doctors.

Madeline realised with horror that without paying much attention, without reading beyond the headlines, she had assumed that the woman had murdered her husband, for no better reason than that the whole thing sounded odd, and that it was what people did assume in such cases.

Eleanor Ruysman had a son (by another of several marriages) at prep school; the newspapers had carried his picture as an inset in the scene of the tragedy. Madeline had a flashing vision of Matthew's small round-eyed face and closed her own eyes briefly; when she opened them, Chief Wyman was emerging through the inner door.

"Mrs. Potter." The radio had died into guilty silence, he had evidently come in through the back way. She had forgotten that his face looked as though it had been carved out of hard rubber. "I'm sorry to have kept you, I understand you've been waiting. What can I do for you? Or would you like to come into my office? It might be a little cooler there."

"Oh, no, it's really only a trifle, and I feel foolish now that I've come in about it," said Madeline. Her lips were dry, her heart pounded. "There's — it's — I thought I saw a strange man in the grounds the other evening, and I wondered if you'd had any other complaints. But it was probably just someone cutting across——"

"Prowler, eh? Did you get a good look at him?"

If only she could get out of here. He must see all the signs of a frantic liar, the damp palms, the too-steady gaze, the wildly jumping pulse. "I'm afraid not. But now that I think about it, it was probably someone who wandered up the driveway by mistake." She moved towards the door, trying a smile. "I'm sorry, I'm afraid I've taken up your time and your chair for nothing."

"But there was that tray you had stolen," said Wyman, frowning. Would he never let her go? "Two women alone, in a big place like that — I think I'd keep the doors locked, Mrs. Potter, and let us know if you see anything at all suspicious. One of the boys could be up there right away. Thanks for coming in."

Cora had won the first round. "Keeps the doors locked" — there was a flavor of hysteria about that if she allowed herself to dwell on it. Keep the menace locked in, exactly where it wanted to be.

Madeline told herself, driving fiercely towards home, that she could not involve Matthew in what would be at the very least a good deal of publicity; she could not blind herself to the fact that there were other considerations.

In the first place, she herself was a criminal, and it had taken the police station to make her realise that. She was an accessory after the fact, and although her decision at the time had been almost involuntary, and she had certainly not thought in terms of murder, those were not acceptable excuses in the eyes of the law. She had not only condoned murder, she had, heaven help her, told Cora what to say when the police arrived.

(And what capital Cora would make of that, when it came to the witness-stand. "Mrs. Potter kept telling me over and over what I must say, and what with the shock I wasn't myself. Later, I kept thinking of the child's future . . .")

Secondly, what conclusion would a casual observer arrive at, if the facts were stated as Cora would state them? It was casual observers—by law—who decided guilt or innocence: they might be acquainted with the minutest details of the case but they never knew the principals.

They would see Madeline as the wife whose husband must have had reason to suspect of infidelity: why else import his cousin to watch her when he had to be away? They would see Stephen strike her out on the lawn, they would hear her phone call to Rob Boynton, pressing a permanent separation; they would be taken through Stephen's fury at Matthew's breaking the microscope.

Was it normally the husband's cousin who protected the child, or was it the angry and frightened mother?

And who got the Potter money?

The car slowed suddenly under Madeline's hands as she came face to face with an idea she had never had before. She put the car away and walked across the lawn and into the house, carrying the idea as though it were something fragile and precious that might shatter, that she had to be alone with to examine.

Cora met her in the hall. She looked fretful. "It's getting hotter, isn't it? Did you pick up the French bread?"

"They were out of it," said Madeline untruthfully. Pretend, because now it mattered. "Where's Matthew?"

"Up in his room, with his trains. I thought," said Cora, "that the heat might be a wee little bit too much for him, and he'd be better playing quietly."

"I'm sure you're right," said Madeline, and felt Cora's puzzled stare on her back all the way up the stairs.

Matthew's room smelt reekingly sweet; after experimenting with Madeline's cologne he had filled two of his toy freight cars with bath powder, and there was a great deal of overflow on the floor and the braided rug. Madeline scolded him thoroughly and ran a bath while she repaired the ravages as well as she could. When she could hear him splashing in the tub, she lit a cigarette and sat down to look more closely at the idea that had struck her in the car.

She had been thinking then of how not to involve Matthew, when Cora had brought up his name so deliberately, and she had been reminded insensibly of the biblical struggle over the living child.

It seemed all at once impossible that a woman who killed to protect a child would be able later to use him as a

To page 65

PLANTING-OUT TIME

PLANT out well-rooted pieces or divisions of Saxifraga cordifolia (My Lady of the Snows) now. This fragrant, pale pink, or sometimes white, plant needs a long season in which to become established, because it flowers in July-August. It requires semi-shade. Space rooted pieces out about 18in. apart.

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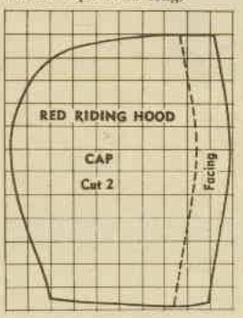
CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS

● End-of-term concerts and Christmas parties will soon be making mothers think of fancy-dress for children. In this four-page feature are eight delightful costumes for boys and girls with diagrams for cutting patterns and easy-to-follow directions for sewing them.

RABBIT costume is cut from diagram below. Each square represents one inch in the graph you draw up.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Materials Required: One yard of 36in. red headcloth or similar material. This makes a hooded cape 35in. long.



Cut 2 pieces for hood, according to diagram. Sew together, right sides facing, around curve and neaten front edge with bias binding. For cape, cut piece 25½in. long by 32in. wide. Hem sides and bottom. Make 2 gathering threads along top edge and gather in to fit hood. Sew together 2 lengths of bias binding, 40in. long, for ties. Attach to neck, under hood, and cut in half.

RED RIDING HOOD (right) is a pretty and easy-to-make costume for a girl. Diagram for hood (left) is in 1in. squares.

RABBIT AND CAT

● Directions below begin with instructions for making the rabbit's costume.

Materials Required: Two-thirds yard 36in. grey felt fur fabric or other suitable material; 1-3rd yd. pink felt or other suitable material; wadding; piece of millinery wire 50in. long; press studs.

HEAD

Lay pattern on felt and cut out. Allow only very small turnings for felt. For other materials more seam allowance is required. Cut into centre of darts (see diagram) and sew one line on top of the other. Cut away surplus felt, leaving only a fraction beyond the stitching. Now place right sides together and machine round curve from top of head to neckline. Turn right side out. This can now be shaped a little by steaming, using a round aluminium basin as a mould.

EARS

Lay pattern on felt and cut out ears. Stitch dart as for head. Place one grey piece and one pink piece right sides together and sew from base round to base. Turn inside out. Shape millinery wire to shape of ear and allow about 1½in. to come across base on both sides. Place wire in ear just inside felt. Now pleat ears at base and sew into position toward back of head.

TAIL

Cut out six rounds of wadding each 3in. in diameter. Sew through centre, leaving enough thread to attach.

CAT

Material Required: Half yd. 36in. brown or black felt or other material; piece of heavy millinery wire 25in long; wadding; 1½yds. brown tape; press studs; small piece of millinery wire for ears.

Head: Follow directions for rabbit's head at left.

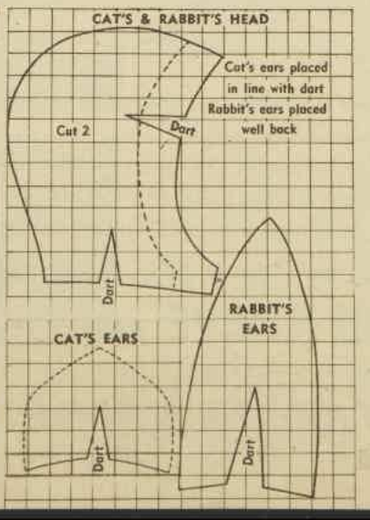
EARS

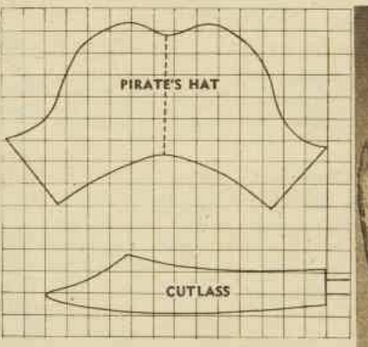
Lay pattern on felt and cut out ears. Stitch darts as for head. Hem millinery wire along base of each ear. Fold ends of base inward to form ear shapes. Stitch in position, well forward on head.

TAIL

Cover heavy millinery wire with wadding. Cut out tail piece 2½in. wide by 25in. long. Insert covered wire in tail piece, machine edges together, and cut away surplus felt. Sew up both ends and attach tape ties to one end.

CAT costume with diagram (right) for cat and rabbit head, and ears for both.





PIRATE (right) needs only a hat and cutlass added to a boy's ordinary dress. Diagrams for hat and cutlass are above.

PIRATE'S HAT AND CUTLASS

● Here are directions for the pirate's hat and cutlass. Please note each square in diagram above represents one inch.

Materials Required (for hat): ¾yd. black plastic covering material, ⅜yd. interlining (stiffening); ⅜yd. black lining material; ½yd. black material to cover crown, milliner's dome shape for crown or crown of old felt hat, ½yd. yellow cord.

For Cutlass: Piece of cardboard 14in. long, silver paper, cotton spool, plastic ribbon.

HAT

Place pattern on covering material (wrong side up) with centre front on bias. Cut out. Also cut 2 shapes each of lining and interlining materials. Place covering material (right side up) on top of interlining piece. Place lining piece (right side down) on top of covering material. Stitch from corner to corner of hat brim, leaving inner edge open. Make cuts in curved edges ½in. apart. Turn right side out and press. Turn in inner edges of brim. Now sew back and front of brim together at each side. Cover dome crown shape with lining material. Oversew brim to crown. Make holes in each side of brim and tie yellow cords through. Sew on skull and crossbones cut from white plastic material or paper.

CUTLASS

Cut shape from heavy cardboard, according to diagram. Cut out guard piece 3in. by 1½in. in cardboard. Make slit in centre of guard piece. Cover cutlass and guard with silver paper. Place guard on end, attach long spool from dressmaker's cotton spool, and cover with red plastic tape.

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FAIRY . .

● This dainty fairy dress makes a pretty fancy costume for a girl. Directions below are for a dress to fit a child aged six to seven years, but they can easily be varied if required for a younger or older girl.

Materials Required: 1⅞yds. 36in. taffeta for bodice and skirt foundation; 2½yds. 36in. net for skirt and wings; 2½yds. silver ribbon; cardboard; silver paper for stars; millinery wire.

DRESS

To Make Bodice: Place pattern on folded taffeta with centre front of bodice on fold (right sides facing). At centre back allow 1½in. turning to form placket. Machine darts at front and back. Machine seam at centre back from X to X. To make plackets at neck edge and waist, cut to line of stitches at X nearest the neck. Fold over seam allowance to make hem ¼in. wide. Overlap left side also ¼in. Do the same with the lower or waist end. Machine front and back shoulder seams together, then machine side seams. Cut away turnings on armholes to within ¼in. and bind with pieces of material cut on bias. Finish neck in the same manner.

To Make Skirt: Fold net in half. Place pattern with centre front to centre back on fold. Cut out. Cut another net skirt from same pattern and tack the two together at waist. Cut 2in. down centre at back waist for placket.

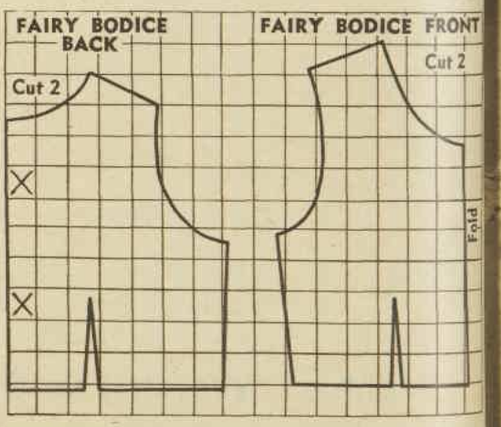
To Make Underskirt: Cut out as for net skirt, but make 1in. shorter than net skirt when finished. Allow also for small hem. Sew millinery wire into hem. Tack the 3 skirts together at waistline and put in 2 rows of gathering threads 1-8th inch above the other. Mark centre front, sides, and back, and evenly distribute gathering. Tack into position, then machine to bodice. Cut away surplus turnings and bind raw edges if necessary. Sew on fastenings. Sew silver star on shoulder.

WINGS

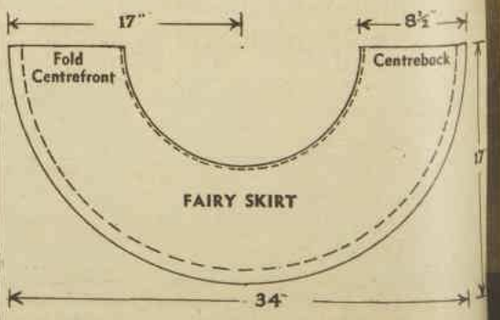
Cut 4 wing shapes from each wing pattern. Make outline in wire, following diagram and moulding to a curve. Sew double layers of net to wire shapes, joining all pieces at centre back. Wire centre back for extra strength. Cover wire with silver ribbon.

WAND

Paint stick with silver paint. Cut out star shape from cardboard, cover with silver paper. For extra sparkle, glitter can be added. Attach star to wand with adhesive tape. Tie on silver ribbon bow to hide tape.



ONE-INCH SQUARES are represented by each of the small squares in the graph above. Draw up your graph and follow the lines through the corresponding squares, then cut out paper pattern.



PATTERN for fairy skirt (above) is complete half-circle with actual skirt length of 8½in. For a taller child simply increase this measurement.

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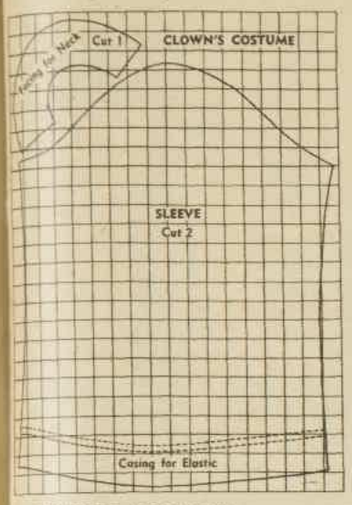
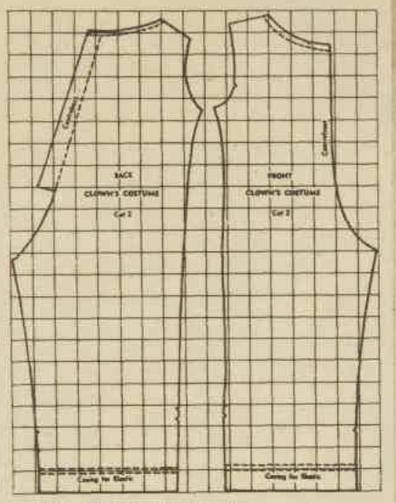
and cheerful clown



ONE-INCH SQUARES are represented by each small square in graph above for sleeve.



TWO-INCH SQUARES are represented by each small square in graph above for clown costume.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CLOWN

BOYS will approve this cheerful clown suit with its gay figured design and peaked cap. It will take a lot of the hard wear that boys usually give their party clothes.

Materials Required: 4¼yds. 36in. figured or similar material; 1yd. 36in. calico; ⅜yd. buckram; black wadding for pompon.

COSTUME

Fold figured material lengthwise, right sides facing. Place all pattern pieces on material with neck facing pattern on the fold. Cut out. Tack together one back piece to one front piece. Sew inner leg seam, matching points where indicated. Sew centre front seam, commencing at the neck edge and continuing around to centre back extension. Join shoulder seams.

Make 2 rows of gathering stitches, one on seam line at neck edge and one ¼in. nearer raw edge. Draw up and adjust gathers evenly to neck measurement. Place facing on wrong side of neck edge, tack into position, and sew. Now cut away, turning to ¼in., and bind these edges together with a piece of material cut on bias. Turn in right side of centre back opening and neaten. Left side will extend over this to form a placket. Sew on press-studs to placket.

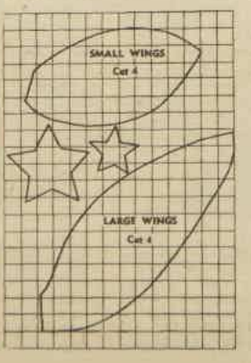
With right sides of material together, place sleeve to armhole of costume, seam to seam and points matching. Now tack together the seams of sleeves and side seams of costume and machine from wrist of sleeve to armhole, then from armhole to ankle. Make narrow hem on sleeves and at lower edge of leg. Sew a casing 1¾in. above these hems, using either bias binding or self material. This will take elastic to fit comfortably round wrists and legs.

Make neck ruffles by cutting one strip of calico 48in. long by 4½in. wide and one strip 48in. long by 6in. wide. Bind lower edges with figured material. Tack the 2 pieces together at neck edge, having the wrong side of wider ruffle facing the right side of narrow ruffle. Now machine on the seamline, press and cut away turnings. Fold over, having both right sides on top. Stitch ¼in. in from previous row of stitching. This will make casing for elastic. Thread through elastic to fit neck comfortably.

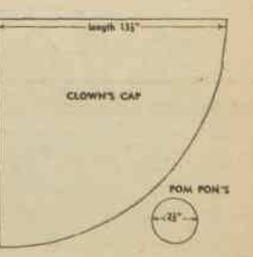
CAP

Place pattern on buckram, with centre front on bias, and cut out. Then cut out white calico from same pattern, leaving extra ¼in. turnings all round. Slightly dampen buckram on right side (smooth side). Lay this on cut-out calico and iron until thoroughly dry, using moderately hot iron. The calico will now be stuck firmly to the buckram. Bring the turnings of calico over, wet edges of buckram, and iron turnings until thoroughly dry. Join up back seam by slip-stitching together. Now make brim by placing pattern with centre front on bias on buckram. Cut out, leaving extra turning on sides of centre back. Cut out figured material, using same pattern and allowing extra turnings at back and head edge. Dampen buckram, place on figured material, and iron until dry. Cut piece of white calico same size as figured cotton for brim. Sew to top edge of brim, right sides together. Turn right side out and neaten inner edge of brim. Leave centre back seam until brim has been fitted to crown. Now pin and fit brim to crown. Remove brim again and sew up centre back by slip-stitching together. Replace brim on crown and sew together. To make pompon, cut three rounds of black wadding, stitch through centre, and attach to point of cap.

FAIRY DRESS has wings of net. Diagram for wings and stars (right) should be enlarged to make each square one inch in size.



CLOWN'S COSTUME (above) with diagram inset showing how to cut pattern for the brim. Place dotted line on fold of material and leave extra turnings as suggested in the instructions at left. The cap is finished with a black wadding pompon.



PATTERN for clown's cap is cut out in calico and buckram. Three circles of wadding make pompon.

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Smart nurse's uniform

● Every little girl will love to dress up in this crisp nurse's outfit. Complete directions for making are given below.

Materials Required (for 22in. waist): 1yd. 6in. of 36in. material, 1-3rd yard stiffening material for interlining, hat elastic, fastenings.

CAP

Brim: Fold material in half with right side facing. Place the centre front of the brim pattern on the bias of the material. Cut out. Now place pattern on stiffening material and cut out. Place the 2 pieces of material and one piece of stiffening together, having the stiffening on top. Sew all three together around two sides and upper edge of brim only. Turn right side out and press well. Make cuts in inner edge approximately ½in. apart to allow the brim to fit on the crown.

Crown: Place 2 pieces of material together with right sides facing and place pattern of crown on this, having centre front to centre back on the straight of material. Cut out. Place brim between the 2 pieces, inner curves together. Sew right round from X to X, leaving an opening so cap can be turned right side out. Sew from O to O, ¼in. away from the edge. This will form the casing for the elastic. Make holes to thread elastic through, and draw up to fit comfortably on the head.

APRON

Bib: Cut 2 pieces, following pattern. Make straps by cutting material 2in. wide and long enough to pass over child's shoulders to waistband. Sew up. Insert these two straps at top of bib, and sew top edges of bib together. Then sew sides together. Turn right side out and press.

Skirt: Measure length required and child's waist. Cut material 1½ to 2 times the waist measurement by length, plus ½in. for gathering to waistband, plus 1½in. for hem. First hem sides, then bottom edge. Put in 2 rows of gathering thread in top edge, then gather to waist measurement. Cut waistband to size, allowing an overlap for fastening at centre back. Sew skirt to waistband. Turn over and hem. Sew on fastenings.

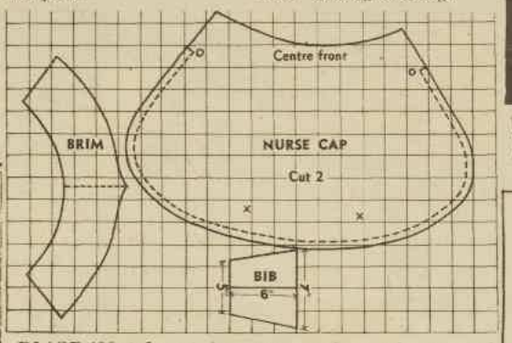

DIAGRAM (above) for pattern of nurse's cap and apron should be drawn on sheet of paper, making squares one inch in size and following curves through corresponding squares in enlarged graph.

NURSE'S CAP AND APRON (above) look very professional and are simply made from 1yd. 6in. white calico or other similar material.

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FATHER CHRISTMAS

Materials Required: 1yd. red headcloth or similar material; red bias binding, white wadding, heavy millinery wire, 2yds. yellow cord, press stud, 12in. length of sisal rope, small piece of elastic, toy bell, 2yds. white tape.

CAP

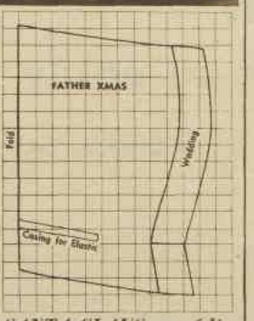
Place pattern on fold of headcloth and cut out. Sew along top edge. Turn in other edges and neaten with bias binding. Sew bias binding across inside centre back of cap, as marked in diagram. Insert elastic and gather up. Cut strip of wadding, following diagram, and tack to cap edge. Sew on press stud to fit under chin. Attach bell to peak of cap.

BAG

Cut piece of headcloth 34in. by 19½in. Sew up side and bottom. Turn over top edge and hem. Make eyelet holes in top hem, thread yellow cord through.

BEARD

Make frame for beard by twisting millinery wire to hook over ears, under nose, and under chin. Cover wire with white tape. Cut piece of white wadding in shape of beard and sew to tape. Sew extra wadding to wire that runs under nose and up to ears. Unravel sisal cord and sew it to top of wadding beard.



SANTA CLAUS cap (diagram, on one inch squares, shown above).

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1 cup uncooked rice; 2¼ cups cold water; 1 level dessertspoon salt; ⅛ teaspoon pepper; 1 to 2 level dessertspoons prepared mustard; ¼ cup finely chopped green capsicum or celery; 3 strips cooked bacon, chopped; 8 frankfurters; ¾ cup grated, sharp cheese.

Put the uncooked rice, water, salt, pepper, mixed mustard and green chopped capsicum in 2-quart saucepan. Mix to distribute the mustard. Bring to a vigorous boil. Turn the heat as low as possible. Cover saucepan with a lid and leave over a low heat for 15 minutes. Turn off the heat. Stir in the bacon pieces. Place the frankfurters on a greased baking sheet. Cut to resemble wishbones by cutting lengthwise all the way through, starting about 1" from one end to about ¼" from the other end. If one end tears, hold together with a toothpick. Place some of the rice savoury mixture in each frankfurter. Lay the grated cheese over this rice mixture. Place in a preheated moderate oven for 15 minutes or until the cheese melts. Makes 8 servings.

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IT'S BERRY TIME

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● Spring and summer are the seasons when all berry fruits are plentiful in Australia, so now is the time to use them lavishly in many interesting hot or cold desserts.

HOUSEWIVES who can gather a plentiful supply of berries from their own backyard vines or trees should also make full use of one of the many methods of preserving. Berry fruits are ideal for freezing, bottling, jam, and syrup-making.

Because the pectin content in fruit is stronger early in the season, it is preferable to make jams from the first crop. Berry fruits need the addition of acid (tartaric, citric, or lemon juice) and commercially prepared pectin (or finely sliced whole lemons) to produce a good jell.

Spoon measurements are level in these recipes, and quantities are sufficient for four to six servings.

TRIFLE DE LUXE

One 7in. sponge, 2 cups hot milk, ½ cup chopped berries, vanilla, 3 tablespoons hot water, 8 coconut macaroons, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 2 eggs, sherry, 4 tablespoons sugar, whipped cream, almonds.

Warm milk, add sugar, and stir until dissolved. Add beaten egg-yolks, stir over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Fill into mould. Moisten macaroons in sherry, press into partly set custard. Cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Sprinkle over chopped berries. Cover with 1in. layer of sponge. Prick with fork, sprinkle with sherry; chill. Unmould, decorate with cream, almonds.

RASPBERRY FLOATING ISLAND

Three eggs, 1 pint milk, 2½ tablespoons sugar, vanilla, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 to 1½ dozen fresh or thawed frozen raspberries, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Beat together two whole eggs and the yolk of the third egg, reserving white for meringue. Add sugar and warmed milk. Stir over boiling water until custard coats a silver spoon. Pour into serving-bowl, fold in chopped prepared raspberries, reserving some to decorate. Chill thoroughly. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Drop a spoonful at a time into gently boiling water or milk in a shallow pan, cover with a large saucepan lid, and cook gently 5 minutes. Drain on egg-slice, slide on to custard, arrange a raspberry on each meringue.

MULBERRY BOMBE

Three cups cooked mulberries (well drained free of syrup), ½ block of ice-cream or 1 tray of home-made ice-cream, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Spoon fruit into a thick ovenware dish. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, and beat until all sugar has dissolved. Fold in lemon rind and vanilla. Working quickly, place ice-cream on top of fruit and quickly cover with a thick layer of meringue, drawing meringue well to the edges of the dish. Place under griller until meringue starts to set on top and brown lightly. Serve at once.

PINEAPPLE STRAWBERRY ROYALE provides a simple yet exotic dessert which can be arranged attractively in large-quantity buffet settings. See the recipe on this page.

ALMOND BERRY CUPS

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 2 cups milk (scalded), 1 cup sliced mulberries.

Beat eggs slightly in bowl; blend in sugar and almond essence. Stir in milk and half the berries. Pour into 4 custard cups and place cups so they do not touch in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven 30 to 40 minutes or until knife inserted in centre of custard comes out clean. Remove cups from water and chill. Run knife around edges of custard; turn out into dessert dishes, and spoon remaining mulberries around custards.

PINEAPPLE STRAWBERRY ROYALE

One pineapple, 4 dozen strawberries, 1 cup port wine, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cherry brandy, ¼ pint cream, 1 dessertspoon white sugar, 1 dessertspoon rum or cherry brandy, ½ cup diced apricots (fresh or dried apricots which have been soaking overnight), 1 pint vanilla ice-cream.

Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise, and with a sharp knife (the curved grapefruit knives are best) cut the flesh from the shell and lift out. Cut up into bite-size pieces. Wash and hull strawberries, split in halves lengthwise if large, and combine with the pineapple pieces. Sprinkle over the wine, brown sugar, and cherry brandy, and set aside several hours.

Whip cream until thick, fold in sugar and rum or cherry brandy, apricots, and softened ice-cream. Spoon into serving-bowl, and replace in freezer until ready to serve.

Spoon prepared fruits back into the pineapple shells. Trickle over liquor, and serve with the ice-cream mixture.

FRUITY RING DESSERT

One dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ cup uncooked rice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ cups milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream or chilled evaporated milk (whipped).

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Combine rice, salt, and milk in saucepan. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer until tender and milk is almost absorbed. Add gelatine, sugar, and vanilla; cool. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into ring-mould and chill until firm. Turn out mould by dipping quickly in warm water.

Fruit Sauce: One packet frozen loganberries (thawed), 1 tin pear halves, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Drain juice from both fruits into saucepan, heat with the sugar. Blend cornflour with a little water and mix into heated syrup. Stir until thick, add loganberries, half the pears, and lemon juice; cool. Pour over ring and decorate with remaining pears.

Continued overleaf

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COLORFUL OVENWARE which can be used for both cooking and table service is ideal to use when preparing such dishes as pork chops Louisiana. See recipe.

Savory pork chop dish wins £5 main prize

Baked pork chops cooked in a tangy fruited sauce wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

VEAL or lamb chops can be used instead of pork in the main prize-winning recipe if liked.

An easy-to-make family-style sweet wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

PORK CHOPS LOUISIANA

Four to 6 pork chops, 1 tin crushed pineapple, ½ cup water, ¼ cup each vinegar and brown sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 to 3 sweet potatoes, 2 onions, salt and pepper.

Trim any excess fat from chops, place in thickly greased pan and cook until browned on both sides. Lift out from pan, arrange in bottom of ovenware dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Peel and thinly slice sweet potatoes and onions, place between the chops. Prepare sauce. Drain pineapple; combine pineapple juice with water, vinegar, brown sugar, lemon juice, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and cornflour, which has been blended with a little extra water, stir over heat until mixture thickens, season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over chops and vegetables in dish, cover and bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Uncover, top with crushed pineapple, return to moderate oven and bake further 15 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Dennis, Bruarong Ave., Frankston, Vic.

SPICED FRUIT PUFF

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 slices fresh or tinned pineapple, 2 tablespoons each chopped preserved ginger, walnuts, and glace cherries.

Puff Mixture: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1-3rd cup milk.

Beat butter with brown sugar until light and creamy, spread over base of greased 8in. square or round cake tin. Arrange pineapple slices on creamed mixture, make a decorative pattern with preserved ginger, walnuts, and cherries; prepare puff mixture.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into tin, spread evenly over fruit. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. When cooked, turn out on serving-dish, cut into wedges and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Broad, 53 Spring Street, Lismore, N.S.W.

IT'S BERRY TIME *(Continued from previous page)*

TROPICAL BERRY DESSERT

Two cups strawberries, raspberries or mulberries, ½ cup sweetened condensed milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¾ cup pineapple juice, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Wash, drain, and hull berries. Slice and arrange in shallow serving-bowl. Beat condensed milk with salt, and lemon and pineapple juices. Spread over berries in dish. Chill at least 2 hours in refrigerator. Just before serving top with coconut.

STRAWBERRY CREAM CREPES

Eight ounces cream cheese, ¼ cup icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 8 pancakes (made from your favorite recipe), 1 cup sliced strawberries, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ cup slivered almonds.

Place cream cheese in bowl. Beat in sugar and lemon rind and the 1 tablespoon lemon juice until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Mix and cook pancakes in usual way. Spoon about 2 tablespoons of cream cheese mixture into centre of each pancake; roll pancake around filling and place in shallow baking-dish. Combine strawberries, almonds, and lemon juice in saucepan, heat and spoon over heated pancakes. Serve at once.

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 4 egg-yolks, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup crushed raspberries, extra raspberries or strawberries to decorate.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks and sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Scald milk and pour over the egg mixture, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water until smooth and thick. Add gelatine and continue stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally. Whip cream until thick, fold into custard mixture with crushed raspberries and lemon juice. Pour into wetted mould, allow to set. Unmould, decorate with whole berries.

FAMILY DISH

MEAT and spaghetti bake, a satisfying dinner dish, serves 4 or 5 persons and costs about 9/6.

MEAT AND SPAGHETTI BAKE

One and a quarter pounds hamburger minced steak, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Spaghetti mixture: 1 or 2 rashers bacon, 1 chopped onion, 2 cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, ½lb. cooked spaghetti, ½ cup grated cheese.

Combine steak, beaten egg and milk, onion, seasonings, sauce, and breadcrumbs. Pack mixture firmly on base and sides of 9in. tart-plate. Press another tart-plate on top to hold mixture in position. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove top tart-plate.

Prepare filling: Cook chopped bacon and onion 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Fold in cooked spaghetti, turn into meat-case. Top with grated cheese, bake 15 minutes longer.

Baby needs a playpen

By

SISTER MARY JACOB, *Our Mothercraft Nurse.*

A suitable playpen will ensure baby's safety when he begins to propel himself about, even before he starts to crawl.

He should be put in the playpen early, before he has crawled about and had a feeling of freedom, otherwise he will resent being restricted.

The best type of playpen has a floor raised a few inches above the ground. Baby can then be put outdoors even when the grass is damp. The raised floor also protects him from crawling insects.

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Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

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Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

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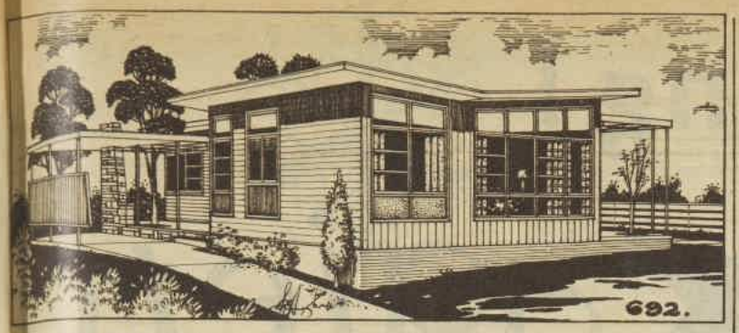


PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Home Plan No. 692 shows carport on left which doubles as an outdoor living area. Large windows ensure bright rooms. There are two entrances, one from the patio and one from the side.

An individual design

This week's Home Plan has an unusual but pleasant appearance with an attractive butterfly roof.

IT is No. 692 in our series of "signature" plans and was designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphryis.

Plans for this house and other standard home plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set (five copies of the plan and three copies of the specification) from any of our Home Planning Centres whose addresses are given below.

Design No. 692, right, contains a section marked "dressing." This is a flexible area which could open from the bedroom as a dressing-room or additional shower-room. Other alternatives are a sewing-room and an annexe for telephone, built-in desk, and shelves.

The kitchen has an angled bar counter which divides it from the dining-room.

There is a separate toilet beside the bathroom, and the laundry is in line with the rest of the plumbing on the far corner of the building.

Total area

The total area of this home is 12 squares in brick and 11.05 squares in timber or fibro construction.

Building costs vary considerably in the different States, but on a reasonably level site this home would cost approximately £5000 to £5500 in brick and £3500 to £4000 in timber/fibro.

The Home Planning Centre in your capital city will give you more accurate costs.

A wide range of standard plans is available from our Home Planning Centres, but readers may prefer a plan specially drawn for them, incorporating their own ideas.

The fee for this special service is £1/1/- per square based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

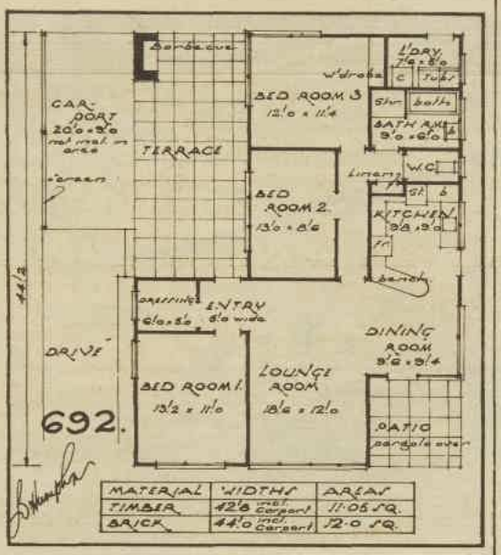
For a fee of only £2/2/- experts at our Centres will draw a design of your own to scale, which you can study before making your final decision. This will show the overall area of the house, the positions and sizes of the rooms, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry layouts, doors, windows, terraces, etc. It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

If you feel you need some assistance in planning a home to suit your block of land, we will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on the site to discuss design. The fee for this is £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

Readers can use any of our designs as the basis for their own individually prepared plans and select features of several designs, adding ideas of their own. Representatives at our Centres will prepare the new drawings.

All Home Plans are guaranteed to be acceptable to local councils.

Many Home Plan designs have been republished in the following leaflets: "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans" (all 2/6 each), and "Contemporary Homes" (3/-). Write for them to your nearest Home Planning Centre. Postage is extra.



FLOOR PLAN of the home. The living areas are combined. Kitchen has a meals bench which divides it from the dining-room and lounge-room.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the leading stores in which they are situated.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.

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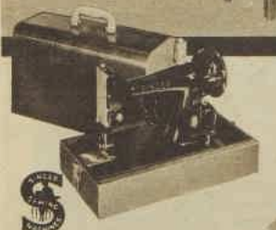

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

from page 52

pawn, to say quietly and calculatingly, "Think what it would do to Matthew."

Cora had sat up in the living-room with Stephen that night—and Hayes had come. What if Cora, realising that such a fortuitous day might not happen again, had killed Stephen for reasons that had nothing to do with Matthew? And, needing Madeline's support in the face of a possible police inquiry, had reached out for it in the only sure way?

If she could prove that, even to herself, she would be free of the ugly and dangerous tie. She would have to prove it.

. . . . . .

Cora Applegate was not listed in Stephen's address book, still in the centre drawer of the desk in the library. That was odd, because Stephen had kept it up so meticulously that Madeline would not have been surprised to find her own name there. "Potter, Madeline (wife)" and their telephone number.

But under the A's there was only Allen and Corbett, expressmen. Granted that Stephen had not even recalled his cousin's existence until he had a use for her, it would have been normal procedure for him to enter her name and her number after he had got it from Information.

Outside on the terrace, Matthew was absorbed in making what he called, for reasons known only to himself, an "invitation"; this one seemed to consist of an old flashlight casing threaded on to a bent wire hanger.

It was about six-thirty and the time of day that Madeline liked best, when the sunlight was late and lush and the lawns seemed to smoulder with green and gold, quenched here and there with shadows.

But now she only glanced out absently and went carefully through the address book from beginning to end before she put it back in the desk.

Had Cora another name?

For some reason it was a chilling thought; it was like putting a tag to the ruthless identity that lived inside Cora's placid smiles and anxious glances. Still, Stephen had gone into the library to telephone on that winter morning, and when he came out it was all arranged, and Cora was coming to visit them. Only she was not a visitor but a visitant. Had Stephen recognised that at the very end? Had he—

"Can I help you look for something?" asked Cora in the doorway.

How quietly she had come up on her little feet, and how silently she had opened the door. "No, thanks," said Madeline briefly, and stood up.

"I did go through a lot of things, you remember, we both did, and I might have mislaid something."

Or destroyed something. "Nothing that matters," said Madeline lightly. "I must go get Matthew for bed."

Cora was a stander in doorways, a trait that Madeline hated with an unreasonable vigor; even when it was plain that someone would like to pass, she would linger there as though she were ectoplasm, so that it was necessary to brush against her in order to go through. Madeline glanced directly into her face as she went by, and saw with a quiet triumph that Cora was uneasy and baffled.

But in order to find out anything about Cora's motives she would have to learn who the other woman really was, behind the surface tag of cousin, and what she was. And for that she would have to go back.

After dinner, while they were having coffee, she said idly, "Did you like New Haven, Cora?"

She had chosen New Haven for a number of reasons: because it was large and surrounded by a number of little towns that used it as a shopping centre, and because it was less than two hours away by train. Cora would presumably have had to make arrangements in order to obey Stephen's summons, and she had had to pack a large trunk, yet she had arrived later the same day.

"Treat my son as you would any other worker—except, of course, for bowing whenever you meet him."

"I don't know New Haven," said Cora innocently, "but I hear it's very nice."

"I don't know where I got the idea that you came from there."

"Dear me, no." Cora sounded tranquil and a little amused. "That would be quite a metropolis compared to my tiny town that nobody's ever heard of." She stood up. "Are you finished with your coffee, Madeline? I'll just take these out to Mrs. Hudnut."

"Maybe I've heard of it," said Madeline levelly. "I've been through quite a lot of Connecticut. Where is it?"

ACROSS the lamplight their eyes met. "Kingstown," said Cora, and Madeline knew instantly that she was lying.

She told herself, going to bed, that the lie didn't necessarily mean that she was on the right track: Cora was one of those mystifyingly petty people who regard the most insignificant details about themselves as treasure to be jealously guarded.

She seemed to feel that her heartburn was in the public domain, but after a trip to the dentist she would preserve an important silence.

But there had to be a way to find out. It began to show itself the next afternoon.

Madeline went into New York in the morning to do some shopping. She took Matthew with her because she was determined not to leave him with Cora if she could help it, and he was clearly frightened of Mrs. Hudnut.

Madeline regarded Mrs. Hudnut with distaste herself, not so much because the woman obviously drank—she had a grim, red-eyed look in the mornings and a hoarsely cheerful voice in the afternoons — as on general principles, or perhaps because Cora had selected her. But on the face of it there was nothing to be done; hangover or not, Mrs. Hudnut got silently through her work, did not complain about the lack of help, and produced surprisingly edible meals.

It was a measure of the subtle disturbance in the house that Matthew, usually a reliable child in public, behaved like a child possessed throughout the shopping trip. When he studied a small ringlet-haired girl in Best's from every angle and then pushed her, flounces and all, to the floor, Madeline apologised to the astounded mother and bore him swiftly and grimly off to the ladies' room.

Cora was in her favorite seat under the cherry tree when they got home that afternoon. A few yards away Hayes was clipping industriously around its base with a pair of shears, and as the car rounded a curve in the driveway he turned his head and said something, and Cora smiled and nodded.

How domestic, Madeline thought bitterly—or was it a deliberate show of strength for her eyes? On the other hand, those two must have a great deal to talk about. What an innocent she had been, thinking that Hayes had come back to blackmail her for covering up what she knew to be murder . . . It was a part of her plan, but still an actual and physical effort, to turn a pleasant face as she got out of the car.

Hayes finished his clipping and walked unhurriedly away. Cora said waggishly, "Well, back from the big city! I know a tired little man."

"I know a little man who got spanked," Madeline said shortly. She knew from Matthew's betrayed glance that it was the wrong thing to say, and another small victory for Cora; she couldn't help herself. Under that endless barrage of coyness Matthew would soon start thinking of himself as a tired little man, or a hungry little man, and—and this was what could not be borne — Aunt Cora's little man.

She said lightly, "Run upstairs and change your clothes, will you, Matthew? I'll be up in a minute."

Matthew hovered at Cora's knee. He said languidly, "I'm too tired."

Cora patted him sympathetically, and Madeline's head began to ache. But she mustn't show her hand, she mustn't fly at Cora. She said firmly, "Upstairs, Matthew," and he detached himself and started reluctantly for the house.

For once, Cora's mind seemed to be on something else. "Madeline, I've been thinking over what you suggested last night. Even the best of friends," her eyes lifted innocently, "shouldn't live in each other's pockets all the time. I thought I might go away for a few days."

Madeline's heart gave a small leap. She had suggested nothing of the kind—so this could only mean that her questioning had worried Cora for some reason. There was something imperative to do, or undo, some trace to obliterate . . . She said with no hint of excitement, "When are you thinking of going?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," Cora said shrewdly. "Tomorrow, if it's nice, or the next day. And if it's convenient for you, of course."

Was she deliberately mocking? But then it was perfectly possible, from her standpoint, that she was not. And this was a fish that Madeline would have to play carefully, as though Cora's answer last night had satisfied her curiosity. "Any time that's best for you, Cora," she said, and started across the lawn.

Behind her Cora said, "Oh, and Janet Vickers came while you were gone. Her aunt in Boston died or got better—it's

To page 68

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IRISES ARE EASY TO GROW

● Irises are extremely useful flowers for the home garden. Once established, they need little care to produce their full spring glory as well as an odd bloom throughout the year.

IT is not possible, in this space, to name more than a few irises. Nurserymen list more than 100 species, and there are many thousands of varieties.

An iris bed should be prepared in a sunny position protected from boisterous winds. The soil need be of only average quality, but good drainage is essential.

Don't mix in animal manure unless it is old and spent, though lime, bone meal, and superphosphate are safe. (A dressing of superphosphates applied when the flower spikes appear will increase the size and quality of the blooms.)

When planting irises, the fleshy rhizome should be firmed level with the surface of the soil. Deep planting is fatal.

The rhizomes will, of course, multiply. The clumps should be lifted and divided every three or four years. Replant only the best and strongest rhizomes.

The best effect is made by planting distinct groups of each variety. Young plants should be about a foot apart, with not less than two feet between groups.

Irises like dry conditions after flowering. Watering is necessary only if the soil is dry immediately before and during the flowering season.

After flowering, dead leaves should be stripped (not cut) from the plants and burnt.

The pictures of Iris pumila and Iris dalmatica were supplied by Errey Bros., Camperdown, Vic.

● Iris pumila (left), a dwarf, is most suitable for rock gardens or the front of beds.

● Iris dalmatica (above), variety Pink Plume, grows to 36 inches. A vigorous type, it is very attractive grown in clumps.

● Iris germanica (above) is one of the thousands of flag or bearded iris varieties. Hardy, it is best transplanted between the months of December and April.

● Spanish Iris (right) is best displayed in groups of a dozen or so. It blooms early in spring. The two most popular colors are a bright blue and a yellow.

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usually one or the other, isn't it?—and it seems she's got a job in a motel and doesn't like it. She'd like to come back here."

Janet. What a blessing that would be, Madeline thought; the girl might be timid but she was young and bright and willing, and most of all Matthew liked and trusted her. With Janet back it would no longer be a question of having to leave him with Cora or Mrs. Hudnut. She said, "What did you tell her?" and regretted that the moment it was out because Cora swelled with dignity.

"It wasn't my place to tell her anything, Madeline. You've made that very clear. I did say that I'd let you know and that you might get in touch with her."

"I'll call her tonight."

"She hasn't a phone," said Cora repressively, and added, "I think she did say you had her address."

"Then I'll drop her a note," said Madeline. Obscurely, this had become a small battle between them.

"By all means. Of course," said Cora primly, regarding her little feet in the expensive alligator shoes provided by one of Madeline's charge accounts, "when a person leaves a good job to go off on some family affair, that person really hasn't the right to expect the job back."

"Except perhaps when that person has been quite efficient at the job and this person is quite anxious to have her back," Madeline said, clinging to her temper.

"Now you're making fun of me," said Cora tranquilly.

Madeline wrote the note that afternoon, finding the address in the book that, curiously, did not hold Cora's. She was dryly amused when, an hour after dinner, Cora seized upon it as an excuse to walk into the village. Cora wore an elaborate silk suit that was even more unkind to her than the raspberry-and-white coat had been: it had a peplum—where had she managed to find a peplum? —that cut her dumpy figure in half. The bodice was tight, and Cora would never have struggled with all those tiny buttons in order to do Madeline a favor, or speed Janet Vickers' return.

But the ticket office at the station was open for an hour or two in the morning and again in the evening, and Cora was obviously going to buy her train ticket in secrecy. Another woman with the same end in mind would have bought it on the train, but Cora liked the smallest details arranged in advance and she would have shuddered over the tiny tariff imposed.

And she was enjoying her little cat-and-mouse game.

The screen door didn't quite close behind her when she left. Madeline went to pull it shut on the soft darkness; she heard the quick pat of Cora's heels on the driveway and then the indistinguishable murmur of a man's voice. Hayes, she thought, and turned back into the hall, curiously repelled.

It rained the next morning—which meant, Madeline remembered as soon as she opened her eyes, that Cora probably would not go that day. It didn't matter. For the first time in weeks there was something more important than Cora's absence.

Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

from page 65

Cora and Matthew continued their breakfast undisturbed when Madeline finished her coffee and went to get her raincoat; she often drove into the village for the morning newspaper. And she drove a little faster this morning, and didn't stop to exchange pleasantries about the weather . . .

Sutherland met her at the gate. Madeline hadn't seen him since she had walked precipitately out of his arms and his cottage, and felt herself flushing as she slowed to a stop. Sutherland leaned into the car. He said earnestly, "You wouldn't be going to the post-office?"

"No," said Madeline politely, shifting gears.

"Good, then you won't be taking me out of my way," said Sutherland, and had opened the door before she could object.

Not that there was anything to object to. She was not, Madeline reminded herself, a high-school girl who attached significance to a random kiss. Sutherland was merely the tenant on the property, a friend chiefly of Matthew's — but if only he would stop staring at her and the heat in her cheeks would subside.

After she had been driving a few moments Sutherland asked mildly, "Whose record are you trying to beat?"

"Oh—sorry."

"What I started to say when I was walked out on," said Sutherland, sounding all at once formal and distant, "that if I apologised — which I did not, if you recall it — it wouldn't have been for kissing you but for having had a couple of drinks when I did."

QUITE suddenly the car was a bird under Madeline's hands; it soared gracefully around a curve without her even thinking about it. She heard herself say, "It doesn't matter."

"It doesn't?" said Sutherland, and without turning her head Madeline knew that he was smiling. "Then we'll say no more about it."

The station saved her from further confusion. She said to Sutherland, "Could you get me a paper?" and was out of the car and into the waiting-room.

The ticket window was still open. Madeline said confidingly to a square spectacled face that she knew by sight, "I was supposed to pick up a ticket yesterday for Miss Applegate, and I'm afraid I forgot all about it. For — oh, dear —"

She held her breath while the ticket agent's hand lifted automatically towards the rack, and let it out gently when he said, "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Potter, the lady came in for it herself last night. Round trip to Carver, it was."

"Carver, of course," said Madeline, smiling at him. "Thanks very much."

Carver. It wasn't much, but it was a start. She had seen it on detailed maps of the State, and thought she had even driven through it: a small prosperous town not far from Westport.

And a good sixty miles from Kingstown.

Preoccupied, she got back into the car where Sutherland was waiting. He glanced at her but he didn't say anything until they had left the village behind. When he did, his voice was almost casual. "Cora Applegate is blackmailing you, isn't she, Madeline?"

It was the second time he had used her name, but it was still strangely new in his voice and it caught her off guard. "I suppose you could call it that."

"I don't think you realise how dangerous she can be," said Sutherland quietly. "She is not exactly a friend, and she talks."

The windshield wipers clicked and spun. Cora talking, and Hayes and Irma and Eve Newell . . . "She's cleverer than she looks," Madeline said, partly to the mounting sound in her mind. "No one even dreams that she killed Stephen."

They were almost at the iron gates. Sutherland said carefully, "Cora Applegate killed your husband?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know," said Madeline. She turned in at the gate and stopped, staring through the windshield at the wet driveway, the drenched lawns tilting gently up to the house where Cora was waiting. "That's what I have to find out."

For just an instant, puzzlingly, Sutherland seemed to retreat; his eyes were a stranger's. Then he took her hand and separated the fingers with his own, gently, as he might have a child's. He said abruptly, "Take care," and got out into the rain.

Cora left that day after all. When Madeline offered to drive her to the station after lunch she refused, saying that she had called a taxi. "I didn't know what your plans would be, Madeline, and I don't like to be a nuisance."

Were these her usual evasive tactics when she didn't want to be questioned, or wasn't she going to the station at all? It was perfectly possible, Madeline realised, that the ticket to Carver was a blind for something else.

The taxi pulled up in front of the door, and Cora picked up her small suitcase. Madeline said, "Nothing will come up, Cora, but where could I reach you just in case?"

Cora looked briefly startled. "Cypress 6-2606J." She caught sight of Matthew. "Is he going to kiss his Aunt Cora goodbye? Goodbye, Madeline, I'll see you on Wednesday at the latest, and if you think of it will you ask the laundry about that grey blouse of mine? I filled out a claim about it and sent it in last week so there ought to be some word."

All of it, Madeline felt, meant to obscure the telephone number and blur it in her memory. It would have worked if a part of her brain hadn't recognised the number from all those sixes or just the rhythm of it. She had seen it before, she knew exactly how it looked, and she could only have seen it in Stephen's address book.

The taxi drove away. Matthew said, "Can I have some grape juice?"

"In a minute." Madeline was not to be deflected from the library. With Matthew intermittently demanding grape juice at her elbow, she went page by page through the address book.

It leaped at her out of the Js. "Jonas, Bertha, 21 Mapleview Road, Carver. Cypress 6-2606J."

Bertha Jonas. Friend, relative, employer? Cora had said once that she had earned her own living, before, but that might have been a sop, meant to make Madeline think that she intended to do so again any day. Stephen had never mentioned other relatives . . . but then neither had he mentioned Cora until he came to make use of her. And there were relatives to whom people —and particularly people like Stephen—didn't care to admit.

Friend, then? Cora was the kind of woman who might cultivate an uncomfortable close schoolgirlish relationship with another woman. But then why had she come running when Stephen crooked his finger? Unless he knew something about her which gave him the power to order her life.

There was another possibility: Bertha Jonas might be a relative-in-law. Madeline realised suddenly that, for all she knew, Cora might have buried a whole pack of husbands.

She had the name and the address now, but she could hardly investigate while Cora was there. It was essential that Cora should think she had accepted the situation, and be fulled.

Madeline had expected to feel a sense of release with the other woman gone; instead it was as though a storm had been treated to gather its strength. The house seemed blessed empty, but it was only a reminder that Cora was coming back.

Mrs. Hudnut was out, not to return until six; at five-thirty in order to avoid her, Madeline gave Matthew an early dinner and sat with him while he ate it. He was sleepy, as though the softly echoing rain had hypnotised him, and he made no objection to his bath and pyjamas and bed.

How quiet the house was, Madeline thought, coming downstairs at six-thirty, and how free. The evening stretched pleasantly before her. She would have a cocktail, and then something cold on a tray in the living-room.

She would not have to listen to Cora's sprightly comments on the quality of the meat or the shameful price of potatoes or the possibly harmful effect of chemical sprays on vegetables. And she would not have to look at the innocent dark eyes, or the prim mouth that had opened on the monstrous lie, or the plump little hands that had been capable of murder.

Mrs. Hudnut jarred her slightly, coming into the dining-room while Madeline was mixing a drink. She looked redder than usual, although that might have been the lamp light.

"What will you want for your dinner, ma'am, so I can be getting it started?"

She wasn't looking at Madeline but at the rye bottle. "Nothing very much, I'll fix it myself, Mrs. Hudnut."

"But I could be kind of setting it out for you," said Mrs. Hudnut, and her eyes seemed to be draining the bottle.

"Please don't bother, I'll get something myself later," repeated Madeline, and stood firmly at the buffet until Mrs. Hudnut's eye flickered away and she clumped back to the kitchen and, probably, the cooking sherry.

To page 71

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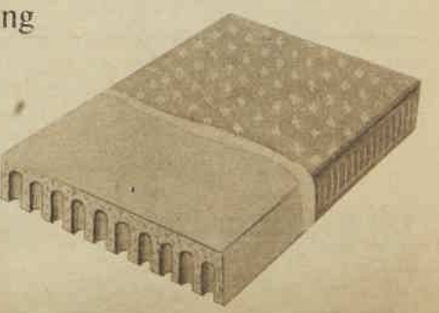

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

from page 68

She would have to do something about Mrs. Hudnut, Madeline told herself, but not now; she would not spoil this interval of surcease, when the house and the evening were her own. It was flawed, anyway, like a child's enjoyment of a borrowed toy, by the black prospect of having to give it up.

The telephone rang as she was finishing her coffee. There was certainly no reason why Sutherland should call her, but Madeline felt let down when it was for Mrs. Hudnut. It rang again a few minutes later, and after a number of distant clicks it was Cora.

"Madeline, I've been so worried. My aunt wasn't well when I got here and I didn't think about my capsules until a few minutes ago. I must have left them in my bathroom, it's that little green bottle, and I've been terrified about Matthew getting hold of them."

Her aunt. That was almost driven out of Madeline's mind by the recollection of how sleepy Matthew had been; she heard herself say, "I don't think he'd go in there, but do you remember how many you had?"

It was one of those rhythmically bad connections, with rising and falling background noises; Madeline, straining with impatience, had to sift out the faraway voice. "Seven or eight," Cora said worriedly. "I don't know what effect they'd have on a child, but if there are any gone had you better call the doctor?"

Madeline said that she would; seconds later she was running up the stairs to Cora's bathroom. She didn't even notice the characteristic untidiness. The little green bottle was on the glass shelf under the mirror, labelled, "For Miss C. Applegate, one three times a day, Dr. Standish," and there were six . . . seven . . . eight little pale orange capsules in it.

So that was all right—but Cora's alarm was still vivid in her mind. Madeline was facing the mirror; obliquely, she saw herself open the bottle again, tilt a single capsule into her hand, drop it into her pocket and recap the bottle.

She did not quite know why she was doing it. She put the bottle on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet behind the mirror and switched off the light and went down the hall to Matthew's room. He was sleeping deeply and normally — as why shouldn't he be, when she had the eighth capsule, the one Cora couldn't be quite sure of, in her pocket?

Madeline went to bed herself not long after that. "My aunt," Cora had said, openly and naturally; that came back after the worry about Matthew was over. And so the ground was cut out from under her feet there, the mystery no more than one of Cora's senseless little evasions—or was it?

The sound of the rain stayed with her during the night, like a dream within a dream, touching the windows softly when she turned under the sheet, retreating while she slept. It was Sutherland, the next morning, who found the distorted body in the sodden raspberry and white coat, its dark head untidily battered in.

. . . . . .

Matthew was crying, suddenly, shrilly. Madeline moved instinctively out of sleep; her bare feet had touched the rug before she realised that it was the telephone on her bedside table. It rang again while she tried to focus on the clock. Not twenty-five minutes to four, surely? She sorted out the hands again and it was twenty after seven.

"Madeline," said Sutherland's imperative voice in her ear. "I'm sorry to do this to you, but the police are on the way and they want me to stay here at the cottage. I'm afraid there's a dead woman in your driveway . . . Are you awake?"

Madeline said yes, untruthfully, because in her sleep-dazed state it seemed to her that Sutherland had said there was a dead woman in the driveway.

"Well, I think it's pretty good shooting. It's the first time I've ever fired a gun in my life."

He repeated it. While the protective cloak of sleep fell completely away he said, "It isn't Cora, but it's a woman wearing Cora's coat, the red-and-white one," and then he paused. "I thought you ought to know, because they'll probably want to identify her.

But even with that warning, and the cup of hot black coffee Madeline had time for before the patrolman knocked at the door, it didn't seem possible that the woman behind the great arching lilac near the foot of the driveway was not Cora.

CRUMPLED in the grass, she lay with her knees a little drawn up, but even in that distorted position she was clearly not tall. The tent-like proportions of the red-and-white coat concealed her figure. Her hair was dark and disordered and rain-soaked, and there was something the matter with it —there was a great deal the matter with it.

Madeline turned sharply away, but not before she had seen the glimpse of profile visible between the tumbled hair and the ground. She heard herself say, "It's Janet Vickers. She used to work as a maid here," and gripped her hands together and concentrated on keeping her coffee down.

It should have been a beautiful morning, brimming with the brilliance of sun on raindrops; the lawn and trees twinkled with innocence. But behind Madeline Chief Wyman moved off and spoke to someone and the ambulance waiting open-mouthed in the driveway backed closer. Madeline heard sounds; she stared fiercely at the ground while timid young Janet Vickers, who had had so much to be afraid of, was lifted and carried briefly and placed inside.

The ambulance left. Chief Wyman stayed, and the patrolman, and Sutherland, who stood with them, his face so remote with thought that he might not have known Madeline. And at just this moment that hurt unreasonably.

"The coat she was wearing," said Wyman, frowning a little. "Isn't it — haven't I seen one like it on Miss Applegate?"

It wasn't a coat you could see without remembering. And Madeline, who recalled it on her charge account, knew without question that Janet Vickers had not bought a duplicate. "Miss Applegate must have given her the coat. I don't — yes, wait a minute, it got torn the other day, and I suppose it couldn't be mended without showing."

"The girl was working here again, then?"

"No. But she came by, yesterday or the day before—I wasn't here—and Miss Applegate must have given her the coat then."

"Looking for her job back? Well, Miss Applegate can tell us that. I suppose," said Wyman, snapping a little notebook shut, "that when you weren't home the first time she took a chance on finding you in last night."

It hadn't been chance, she had asked Janet to come on her first free evening. Madeline said slowly and painfully, "As a matter of fact, I—"

"Mrs. Potter!"

She hadn't swayed, she was too bitterly conscious and aware for that, but Sutherland's sharp interruption and swift move to her side made it appear that she had. He said to Wyman, "Rather rough on an empty stomach," and Wyman nodded apologetically and turned to confer with the patrolman behind him.

Sutherland guided Madeline up the path to the cottage as though she had been about to fall instead of bewilderedly stiff inside his arm. He said in a grim voice that she barely heard, "Don't say anything else!" and then in his normal tone, "What you need is some Irish coffee."

Wyman followed them in. He said reluctantly that he would have his coffee unfortified, and then he turned his light, cold eyes reproachfully on Madeline. "All in all, it's too bad you didn't get a better look at your prowler, Mrs. Potter."

There was a tiny and total silence from the kitchen, where Sutherland was getting the coffee, and then a clattering of china. Madeline gazed dumbly back at Wyman; she had completely forgotten her hastily invented tale at the police station.

"No pocketbook, if you noticed," said Wyman complacently, "and what might be an abrasion on the left wrist, where a strap of some kind might have pulled. We'll see. Most women carry a strap bag on their left arm, wouldn't you say, Mrs. Potter?"

Madeline nodded. But how was she to tear down this fiction that the police chief was advancing into as-good-as-fact? If she said now that the prowler had been a desperate invention, an excuse for her visit to the police station when her courage failed her, she would have to reveal that she had gone there originally because Cora had threatened to accuse her of murdering her husband.

And not ten minutes ago the ambulanceman had carried away a dead woman dressed in Cora's coat.

Had she been aware that Miss Applegate had given the coat away? No, she had not . . .

Sutherland came in with the coffee. Wyman said, "Does Miss Applegate carry much

To page 77

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Bing's really crooning

IT'S HIS FIRST GIRL!

Right now, Bing Crosby's favorite color is pink — pink for a girl. Until the birth of Mary Frances Crosby in September this year, the prevailing color scheme has been blue — for Bing is the father of five sons.

FOUR of them, sons Gary (26), twins Philip and Dennis (25), and Lindsay (21), are the children of Bing's first wife, Dixie Lee, who died in 1952.

The fifth, Harry Lillis Crosby, jun., was born last year to Bing's second wife, film actress Kathy Grant.

Even then, Bing and Kathy, hoping for a girl, had prepared an all-pink nursery, while Kathy had amassed a rosy-hued layette.

The color scheme really didn't suit young "Tex," who gained his nickname from his mother's home State, Texas.

But it was perfect for baby Frances Mary, who was driven home in a Rolls-Royce from Hollywood's nearby "Queen of Angels" hospital.

Old groaner Bing, who's earned more than £7,000,000 as crooner and actor, was 53 when he married 23-year-old Kathy in 1957.

The marriage really caused a "blue" between Bing and his four grown sons, who were about the same age as his new wife.

On the surface, the boys merely moved away from Hollywood to give, as they put it, "Dad and Kathy a chance to build their own life together." In reality, the boys had got off the chain.

Educated at church schools (Bing is a Roman Catholic), sternly disciplined at home during their teens, when they were expected to obey their father's orders, the Bing boys cut loose with a vengeance.

They gave up their college educations, went to Las Vegas to put on a rather unskilled musical act, and won attention not by stage performances but by their wild behaviour.

They were evicted from parties; Lindsay was charged with drunken driving; Dennis was sued in a paternity action by an ex-beauty queen who gave birth to his child. (Bing, incidentally, paid for support of this child.)

The marriages of Philip and Dennis to Las Vegas showgirls did not make the family atmosphere happier.

"I think I've failed them by giving them too much work and discipline, too much money, and too little time and attention," Bing said.

"But all I want is for them to do well, no matter what they undertake. That would be enough to make me happy."

When Kathy's first baby son was born, Bing commented: "I've got another chance with Harry, jun."

And perhaps an even happier chance with the birth of his first daughter.

Kathy, who resumed her acting career after her marriage, will be seen next in "The Big Circus," in which she appears as a trapeze performer.

Hollywood designer Mr. Paul, who created a jewelled white satin leotard for Kathy to wear in the movie, claims that Mrs. Bing Crosby's figure "out-Lollos Gina Lollobrigida."

"Kathy's figure is better balanced," he says.

But when the elderly Mrs. Kate Crosby went to visit her daughter-in-law on the set, she refused to pose for photographers with Kathy.

"Not when she's wearing those clothes," said Mrs. Crosby, sen.

PROUD PARENTS Bing and Kathy Crosby were delighted over the arrival of a daughter, chubby-faced Mary Frances (above). One of Kathy's most recent film roles was in "The Anatomy of a Murder." She plays a trapeze performer in her next film, "The Big Circus."

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More straight talk on a subject people won't talk about:

Q. **Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?**

A. It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odour.

Q. **How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

A. "Emotional" perspiration can happen **anytime** — any season. But you can be **safe** from every kind of perspiration embarrassment with gentle, but so effective, **Arrid** protection.

Q. **Won't a daily bath or shower protect you from perspiration?**

A. No! A shower is only the **first** step to personal daintiness. For **all-day** protection from embarrassment you need Arrid . . . to destroy odour-causing bacteria **before** odours form.

Q. **Why is Arrid protection the surest protection?**

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CM166

CURT JURGENS, German film idol now in Hollywood, is teaching the fourth Mrs. Jurgens, former French fashion model Simone, whom he married last year, to play chess. In his next movie Curt plays Wernher von Braun, famous German rocket scientist.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above Average
★ Average No star—Poor

Film Parade

★★★ THE SCAPEGOAT

Mystery drama, with Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, Nicole Maurey, Irene Worth. Liberty, Sydney.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S novel, based on the classic idea that every man has his double, provides suspensful, fascinating screen material.

Furthermore, it gives Guinness a dual role worthy of his richest talents. I don't know when I have liked his work so well.

The taxing technical difficulties of presenting simultaneously the evil French aristocrat and the sad English university lecturer who is forced into impersonating him have been brilliantly resolved.

The film succeeds because its whole idea is mysterious and absorbing, and because of the superb control Guinness maintains despite the hysteria allowed the other players by director Robert Hamer.

Chief offender in this regard is Bette Davis as the dope-addicted Countess mother. But none of the women in the cast, including esteemed English actress Pamela Brown (the sister), Irene Worth (the wife), and Nicole Maurey (the mistress), is entirely credible.

A strong flavor of the printed page hangs over much of the dialogue, but it is none the less effective for that.

In a word . . . **FASCINATING.**

★★★ THE 39 STEPS

Comedy thriller, with Kenneth More, Taina Elg. In color. State, Sydney.

IN their remake of the John Buchan story of espionage in the Scottish Highlands, Betty Box and Ralph Thomas have placed the accent as much on comedy as on suspense.

The result is expert, still-exciting entertainment, with its stars ideally suited to handle the comedy situations that come their way. Each was an especially happy choice, and the whole thing goes off with a bang from start to finish.

More succeeds in making Buchan's Richard Hannay a most attractive and likeable character, and Taina Elg, as the schoolmistress who refuses to believe his fantastic story, is a most agreeable young woman to find in a British picture.

Some up-dating has taken place since the Robert Donat-Madeleine Carroll version of 24 years ago, and the spy ring into which More stumbles is concerned now with getting information about guided missiles out of England to a foreign power.

While the Scottish constabulary may be presented in a somewhat less than flattering light, the hunt through the Highlands is still a lively one, and the film's moments of surprise are sudden and dramatic.

To borrow from Buchan, it's a "rattling good show," even though the emphasis on character cameos occasionally interferes with the pace.

In a word . . . **ENJOYABLE.**

ONIONHEAD

Naval comedy, with Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr. Embassy, Sydney.

APART from a few (very few) moments of entertaining hilarity, this tale of sailors, their women, and their ways is completely pointless.

After a quarrel with his upper-crust girlfriend (Erin O'Brien), waiter Al Woods (Andy Griffith) leaves town and joins the Coast Guard. Aboard "Periwinkle," he is assigned to the post of ship's cook, despite the fact that he can't cook.

While his ship is in port in Boston, Al meets up with Stella, a most unusual young woman, to say the least! At this point the story becomes a confusing train of unrelated incidents, stuck together by some of the unfunniest slapstick yet seen.

It's really a dreadful shame to see a likeable fellow like Griffith and a beautiful girl like Miss Farr (who plays Stella) cavorting on the screen in a film of this type.—C.P.

In a word . . . **TASTELESS.**

THE MAN IN THE NET

Thriller, with Alan Ladd, Carolyn Jones, Diane Brewster. Esquire, Sydney.

IN a film of abysmal absurdity, the small-fry of a Connecticut village save Ladd (who is suspected of killing his wife) from the police and wrathful townspeople.

For some far from clear reason it seems that this mentally disturbed and alcoholic lady (Carolyn Jones) had made herself very, very popular; while Ladd, apart from being a hit with the kids, was considered by one and all as just the man to do in his spouse.

One supposed infant prominent in the cast struck me as being a lady dwarf of matronly years rather than a child.

It's no use reflecting that given different direction (Michael Curtis did the horrible job), a different cast, and a new scriptwriter there might have been something worth developing in the original idea.

Less said, the better.

In a word . . . **IMPOSSIBLE.**

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Viewers' firm friends make ratings soar

● One of the most fascinating effects of television is the relationship that grows between the viewer and the actors and actresses who appear each week in regular shows. It's a very strong personal feeling of like or dislike.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

REDHEAD Kathy Nolan, in her role as Kate of "The Real McCoys," gives Grandpa McCoy (Walter Brennan) a hug with his morning coffee.

IN the form that sends the ratings soaring, it's real, solid friendship.

And, like solid friendship, it's something that doesn't grow overnight.

Best friends of mine at present are the McCoys of "The Real McCoys" (Sydney's Channel 9, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.).

I had my reservations about them at first, but they've proved to be really such nice people over weeks of viewing that I now look forward to seeing them.

The McCoys are a Virginian hillbilly family who inherited a Californian farm and moved into civilisation. There is Grandpa (Walter Brennan) and a clutch of assorted grandchildren, Big Luke (Richard Crenna) and his wife, Kate (Kathy Nolan), Little Luke (Michael Winkelman), and Hassie (Lydia Reed).

Their adventures, week by week, are very homy; but they're very real, too.

The McCoys are a big success in Australia and a big success in America. But in America their success was unexpected.

While the producers expected the show to be popular, they didn't expect it to do what it has—reach top rating almost overnight and consistently topple competitors.

The outstanding reason for the show's success, I think, is that fabulous character Grandpa McCoy, played by that old charmer Walter Brennan. But close on his heels is another reason, Miss Kathy Nolan.

Kathy, who plays Kate with a West Virginian drawl, is one of the most winsome TV characters you could meet.

Kathy, a redhead, photographs blond on TV and photographs much heavier than in real life. Experts say the camera adds 10 pounds to her shapely figure and that she doesn't photograph nearly as pretty as she is.

She doesn't mind, because it makes her hard to recognise off camera.

"I don't mind not being recognised when I'm out in my city clothes," Kathy said.

"I know I look different off camera.

"I never get to wear anything but heavy petticoats and country dresses in 'The McCoys,' but I love the show—I really do.

"The part is right for me. If I didn't think so I wouldn't have taken it in the first place. I mean that.

"I liked the idea of doing a featured character.

"The show was a kind of challenge to me, what with the concept of the thing and the accent called for from me.

"I think of Kate as a different person altogether from me, but she's a person I've come to know and love."

Kathy measures the success of the show by her shoes. For hard general wear in "The McCoys" Kathy wears a pair of black wedgies. This year's wardrobe expenditure includes two dollars for resoling them.

"They certainly needed it," Kathy said. "I've been running around in those shoes for two years now."

Kathy's wardrobe for "The McCoys" is one of the real things about the show. When it first started she was outfitted with an expensive wardrobe—eight cotton dresses that cost about £A250 and turned out, generally, a mass of blue check gingham that looked as if it was made in Paris.

It didn't match up to Grandpa McCoy's frayed cuffs, so Kathy and the wardrobe man went searching. They went through catalogues and thrift shops, and finally found what they wanted.

Kathy's most expensive McCoy dress cost just under £A2, her cheapest morning dress 5/- at a secondhand sale. She has more aprons than anything else in her wardrobe—11.

"They're stolen, traded, or borrowed from friends," she said. "When I visit friends I snoop looking for aprons."

I don't wonder Kathy has such a collection of aprons, for I'm sure some of her winning TV ways must spill over into her private life.

TV nerves have caused a new and big problem in America, where top TV executives are trying to devise a special sobriety test for actors, comperes, announcers, and others before they go on camera.

The test is necessary, it is said, because too many people have been arriving to do shows in various states of insobriety, ranging from "slight insobriety" to "definite intoxication."

The powers devising the test, who at this time are insisting on anonymity, say the test has become urgently necessary because more and more people seem to be having a drink to calm their jittery nerves before they go on camera.

"We are planning to initiate some sort of test to find out just how sober these characters are," said a spokesman for the planning group.

"We plan on something quite simple — an oral test like name, address, date, and time of day.

"If they can answer those questions we'll risk them on TV.

"But something's got to be done about the situation. We have to stop this pre-camera drinking."

Just occasionally I've detected a relaxation, a certain broad-general-view approach on Australian TV that I've thought might have something to do with the bottle, but never anything that made me think the characters concerned couldn't come back smartly and tell what day it was.

Surely, if they're as far gone as that when they turn up at American TV stations, a test wouldn't be necessary. But if they're not, what could be better than pronouncing "British Constitution" or what I understand is its American equivalent, "Susquehannah Street"?

★ ★ ★

"TONGUE OF SILVER," Channel 7's latest live play, presented recently, nearly sent me round the bend. I sat it out to the bitter end, fighting for a solid hour through layer after layer of the most arty-crafty whimsy, to see how author Michael Dyne developed his wonderful idea.

But the idea was almost completely lost in a welter of phony Irish accents and go on.

The play is the story of a slick, silver-tongued confidence man (played by John Meillon) who arrives in an Irish village and proceeds with the greatest of ease to sell the simple villagers plots in Heaven, where they could settle to enjoy eternity.

He'd been sent, he said, by St. Colomb, the patron saint of the village, who was angry with the villagers because they'd allowed the church to fall into disrepair. The money realised by the sale of the plots was to be used to repair it.

I thought John Meillon was sadly miscast as the confidence man. I'm sure he's a competent enough actor, but as a confidence man he was completely unconvincing. I don't think he could even sell woollen underwear to Eskimos.

The least said about the whole thing the better.

The only thing that surprised me was that St. Patrick himself didn't make an unprogrammed appearance and thunder down his wrath because Ireland and its villagers were made to look so silly.

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

from page 71

cash with her as a rule, Mrs. Potter?"

At least, Madeline thought, she could make one small chink in the false edifice. "No, never." She explained that the housekeeping was done on a monthly basis. "She carries a few dollars at the most."

"But an outsider — the prowler you saw — wouldn't know that," Wyman pointed out. He enlarged and it sounded very logical indeed. The prowler had naturally picked out one of the biggest estates in the neighborhood; he would have ascertained, possibly from the newspaper headlines a few months ago, that the main house contained only women and a child.

Unaware that Cora Applegate was away on a visit, the prowler had followed a woman in her vivid and unmistakable coat into the driveway, attempted to seize her purse, and attacked her when she struggled and perhaps cried out. It had been a clumsy, last-minute killing; it always was in cases like this.

Except that there had never been any prowler.

Still Janet's pocketbook was gone. Madeline clung to that, although she didn't know why; it was the very reverse of comfort. She heard Chief Wyman asking her to have Miss Applegate get in touch with them in order to bear out the details concerning the coat, and assuring her that he would have a policeman stationed in the grounds at night until the prowler was apprehended. Then he was gone.

Madeline put down her coffee cup and stood up instantly; remembering Sutherland's detachment as he had stood with the police near the driveway, she would not stay in the cottage a moment longer than necessary. He had warned her about saying anything more than he had to, but he had done that like a stranger, too.

Sutherland didn't appear to notice her immediacy. "Would you like more coffee? Or do you have to get back?"

"I have to get back."

"Wait," said Sutherland, and light as his touch was it seemed to burn on her bare wrist. "When did Janet Vickers stop working for you?"

"Months ago."

"I mean in relation to when your husband died."

"The next day," Madeline said, obscurely defiant, and Sutherland let out his breath and shook his head.

"Do you know what Cora is apt to say? You probably do, but I'll tell you, anyway. She's apt to say that when Janet Vickers came here she wasn't asking for her job back; she was demanding money; she wasn't satisfied with what you'd paid her off with when your husband died. That Cora told you this and you made an appointment with the girl, and got rid of Cora for the time being."

Like all nightmares, it held elements of truth, or what would seem like truth. Madeline had certainly written to Janet asking her to come to the house on her first free evening, and Cora, broaching her trip, had said, "I've been thinking over what you suggested."

In spite of the Irish coffee, Madeline was cold. "We're assuming that Cora has told me about giving Janet the coat."

"Yes. Now let's assume that she hasn't told you. We put Janet back in the wings and there is Cora, or so you think in the dark, in that coat, who has been blackmailing you over your husband's death. Madeline, don't you see?"

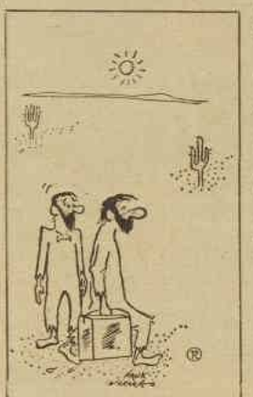
"Yes, I do," said Madeline out of a tight throat. She knew dimly that she was striking back unfairly, like a child, but the words came, anyway. "But I don't know whether you think I killed Janet or tried to kill Cora. The bets seem to be about even."

"You're missing the point," Sutherland said. He looked almost as angry as she felt. Madeline had taken her wrist away, but she could not as easily escape his level gaze. "We've got a prowler, remember? Let's hang on to him."

. . . . . .

At around noon the taxi drove up and deposited Cora and her suitcase.

To Madeline the morning had seemed to consume at least a normal day's time; she felt tired and a little bewildered, as though she had been up all night. She drank twice her usual amount of coffee and smoked too many cigarettes; she looked incredulously at the clock now and then, although she had no definite point to look forward to.



"What icehouse . . . where?"

Unwarily, she had mentioned to Matthew the possibility of Janet's coming back, and after breakfast he began a laborious crayon drawing of what looked like a ladder with an egg on top.

"It's a space man," he said admiringly, "for Janet when she comes back. Is she coming back today?"

MADELINE felt turned to stone. Mrs. Hudnut, who knew, paused in the doorway with the last of the breakfast dishes and waited, staring at Madeline with a pleasurable now - what - are - you - going - to-say air.

Madeline said, "I'm afraid she isn't coming back, Matthew."

"You said she was," said Matthew instantly.

Madeline knew what all the books called for here: a gentle explanation that Janet had died, that everybody died some day, that it was a blissful as well as an unavoidable state. (She had never quite seen how you reconciled that with all the necessary warnings you had to give a child about the things that might kill him.)

And she found that she couldn't do it, not when Matthew was eyeing her expectantly and her lips had begun to shake. Mrs. Hudnut loomed redly in the doorway. Madeline said steadily, "Janet had to go away again, that's all. People do sometimes. Were you waiting for Matthew's plate, Mrs. Hudnut? Oh, I see you have it."

Mrs. Hudnut vanished. Matthew said stubbornly, reaching for another crayon, "Then I'll send it to Janet," and Madeline turned sharply away so that he couldn't see her mouth or her eyes.

Cora said in a shocked whisper, "When I heard it on the radio this morning I could hardly believe it. Of course, I came at once. It must have been terrible for you, Madeline . . . What did they mean about the police thinking she must have been mistaken for a member of the household?"

Madeline told her about the coat and the fact that the girl's purse hadn't been found, and Cora caught her breath and put her hand to her cheek.

"The coat. If I'd ever thought—but how could I? I tried mending it myself, but it was so noticeable that I couldn't very well have worn it. And then when Janet came and seemed so disappointed that you weren't here . . . and she was about my size . . ." Cora's hand moved to her portly little stomach, as though the gesture might erase it.

The hand stopped. She said very slowly, "I don't think I told you, Madeline, about giving her the coat?"

It was so exactly what Sutherland had predicted that Madeline said, "No, you didn't," and gazed ironically at Cora.

And Sutherland could not have prepared her for that. Other people paled with fear; Cora, whose normal complexion was chalk-white, grew damp. It was a delicately ugly process, and amazingly swift; Madeline knew, too, that it was an almost animal reaction, and couldn't be simulated.

Cora got slowly to her feet, her dark eyes, muddy against the glisten of her forehead, fixed steadily on Madeline. She said in an odd conciliating voice, "I had to take the bus; there wasn't a train, and you know what buses are.

"I think that if you don't mind" — she was bending for the suitcase and circling around Madeline with a small propitiatory smile, "I'll just go up and lie down for a while."

It was not an act, another twist of the surprisingly devious mind; Cora was genuinely frightened. Which had to mean that the thing in Madeline's mind was a nightmare, that the trip to Carver had not been contrived to shield a very different errand, that Cora had not stood in the shadows under the lilac last night and waited for Janet Vickers with a rock or a heavy stick in her plump little hand.

Then who had?

The dead girl's purse was found late that afternoon under a small stone bridge about two hundred yards from the Potter gates. The sodden, red-lined interior was empty except for a card tucked into the mirror pocket, stating that Janet Vickers had a dentist's appointment at four o'clock on August 9.

It was Wyman himself, at the house to get Cora's verification about the raspberry-and-white coat, who showed Madeline the bag. Because Matthew was there in a corner of the terrace, carefully potting a pigweed in a tiny flowerpot, he was circumspect.

He said, "Typical," and gestured at the bag. "Clean it out and dispose of it somewhere along the way."

As a blind, Madeline thought fiercely; no more than that. To make Janet's death look "typical."

In the terrace corner Matthew looked up from his flourishing weed, possibly the only potted pigweed in all New England.

His eyes were very wide on the police chief, and from the rush of words that came out

To page 79

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

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he had evidently been thinking about his question for some time. "If you caught a bad boy would you lock him up in a gaol in the middle of a lake with alligators in it?"

Wyman smiled, but not before he had shot at Madeline a cold glance of contempt. Madeline was shocked and then furious. "Who told you that Matthew?"

It came out before she could stop it: "Was it Cora?"

Matthew shook his head and glanced cautiously at the window behind him. "Mrs. Hudnut."

Wyman's hard-rubber face looked briefly interested. "Well, Mrs. Hudnut's mistaken. Anyway, you're a good boy, aren't you? If you are I have something for you."

One hand—the hand, Madeline realised, that had been at his side and a little behind him—came out holding a rusted green metal jeep, which Matthew recognised at once and pounced on with joy.

"You left it under the bridge," said Wyman, and transferred his light, shiny gaze to Madeline. "Do you go there often, Mrs. Potter?"

A casual question, stemming from the finding of a child's toy — but Madeline knew suddenly and certainly that Wyman didn't like her. Was that because he had talked to Cora? It crossed her mind that Cora, with her timid voice and earnest little gestures and generally confiding air, was exactly what a man like Wyman would call a womanly woman. She said challengingly, "Yes, we do."

"I suppose the little boy likes it."

Was he possibly thinking that Matthew, with his question about bad boys, might have trotted off to hide Janet's pocketbook in a favorite place? "It's the kind of place that little boys do like, Mr. Wyman."

She knew at once that that was wrong, that she should not be antagonising him with her voice, her eyes, the crisp poise of her head, but it was too late. Hostility shimmered between them like heat on still air, and then Cora put her glossy head out through the terrace doors. "Excuse me . . . someone wants you on the telephone, Mr. Wyman."

It was, Madeline found five minutes later, the perfect and ironic counter-balance. Because old Mrs. Cheevers, who lived alone in a handsome and ruined house a quarter of a mile on the other side of the little bridge, wanted to report a prowler.

Mrs. Cheevers reported prowlers regularly; it seemed to be a substitute for gardening or bird-watching. She would have heard by now that there had been a murder in the neighborhood, and she would certainly not be caught without a prowler up her sleeve.

Wyman was a man in the clutch of two desires. He wanted the crime to be exactly what he had said in the first place: robbery that had ended in unpremeditated violence. Nevertheless, he had liked cornering wealthy young Mrs. Potter on her expensive terrace, while her son played at her feet with a toy found not two yards from the dead girl's pocketbook . . . He left, clearly torn.

Madeline knew the subtle harm she had done, but she refused to assess it then. Cora was nowhere in sight. She went into the library and picked up the phone. "Operator, there was a call made to this number last night, from Carver, I think. Is there any way of making sure where it came from?"

"I'll get you the supervisor, madam."

Madeline stared at the desk top. An independent part of her had been planning to do this all along, knowing that Cora's voice had come to her last night after a series of far-away clicks, knowing, too, that clicks could be produced in other ways.

She repeated her question to the brisk voice that came on the line. The supervisor said with sunny finality, "We do not keep a record of incoming calls, madam," and that was that.

"It all started when I wrote a book pleading for a return to the simple life."

So she would have to go to Carver herself. To — her fingers found Stephen's address book, although the address was burnt into her mind—21 Manor View Road, and Cora's aunt, Bertha Jonas.

It was almost five-thirty, and too late for that. It wasn't too late to make inquiries about the single orange capsule she had tipped out of Cora's medicine bottle—was it only last night? Madeline changed her dress, did her hair and mouth absently, and got down to the kitchen as Matthew was finishing his supper.

CORA was there, saying to Mrs. Hudnut, ". . . just a pinch of baking soda. It brightens beans up beautifully, you just try it and see."

"It kills the vitamins, too," Madeline said; she was pleased with herself, because that was the kind of fact Cora normally had at her fingertips.

Cora gave her a pained look. "Madeline, dear, I was just trying to dress them up for you-know-who."

"Matthew likes them just as they are—don't you?" Madeline had gambled correctly; Matthew was flattered by Cora's attention and he didn't much like beans, but he didn't like being called you-know-who, either, and he nodded. Cora and Mrs. Hudnut exchanged glances and turned back towards the sink, as though a stranger had entered a membership club.

Madeline sat down at the yellow-topped table with Matthew and lit a cigarette, and after a moment Cora walked out of the kitchen.

Madeline crushed out her cigarette instantly and stood up. She said quietly to the thick cotton-print back turned at the sink, "Mrs. Hudnut, if you ever threaten Matthew with another ugly tale like the one I heard today you'll be through here, and with the worst kind of references."

Mrs. Hudnut turned, blusteringly. "I'm sure I don't know what—"

"Ever," repeated Madeline gently. "Come on, Matthew; we're going downtown."

But she didn't drive into the town. Cora's prescription had been filled at Wilmot's Pharmacy, and Mr. Wilmot and the assistant pharmacist, Mr. Lemon, knew both Madeline and Cora. She drove six miles to the next town and parked in front of a big, impersonal drugstore.

Matthew lingered before a case of rubber animals. Madeline advanced to the drug counter with a false air of authority and said to the pharmacist:

"My sister's away on vacation and she's asked me to send her the capsules she takes for her blood-pressure. The bottle's been mislaid, but I have this one capsule — could you analyse it for me?"

"Oh, no," said the pharmacist. He looked scandalised. "That can only be done by a chemical laboratory, madam." He had scarcely glanced at her outstretched palm.

"But it might be only sugar," Madeline said, confiding now that briskness had failed. "She's a bit of a hypochondriac, I'm afraid. I can't get in touch with her doctor, but if there's really nothing for me to worry about —" she nudged the capsule invitingly forward "— couldn't you tell me?"

"You'd have to take it to a laboratory," said the pharmacist, a cloud of disapproval gathering on his brow. He spoke over Madeline's shoulder. "Yes, Mrs. Winkler?"

Madeline drove home feeling as though Cora were looking over her shoulder, laughing at her.

There was a mist rising, quenching the light, although it was only a little after six-thirty. Madeline noticed as she turned in at the gates that Sutherland's cottage was dark-windowed, empty, and blank under the maples; it gave her an abandoned feeling that startled her by its clarity. She put the car away and walked back along the drive with Matthew and into the lighted hall.

The feeling of abandonment left her abruptly. Sutherland had finally collected on her long-ago invitation for a drink, she could hear the murmur of his voice in the living-room. What could he be finding to say to Cora, of whom he always spoke with such sharp dislike?

It didn't matter, he would have heard the front door open and close and he would know that she was back. Upstairs, Madeline put Matthew into his pyjamas, heard his prayers, and got him a glass of water; she was at the door when he stopped her.

"Mama, have you got a sister?"

Madeline's mind was on Sutherland. "No."

"You told the man you did."

Matthew was staring fascinatedly at her, having caught his mother in one of the many things forbidden for him. This was the tangled web of the proverb — but not my weaving, Madeline thought bitterly, Cora's. She got around it the cowardly way, "It only sounded like that. You won't spill your water, will you?"

In her own room she changed her dress and used comb and lipstick with ridiculous haste. She knew at the same time that the pounding of her heart was far from childish; she remembered with amazement that she had snatched her wrist away from Sutherland's touch only that morning and walked out of his cottage like an angry

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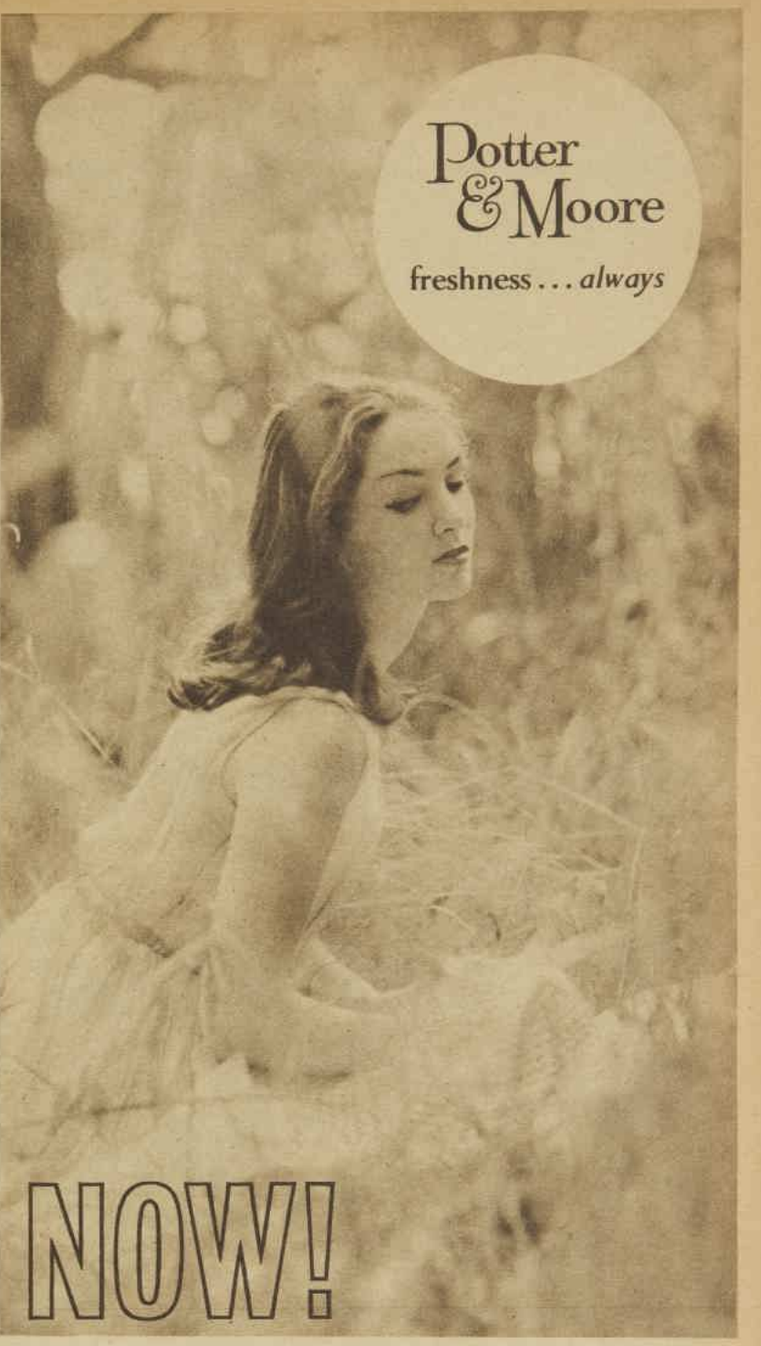

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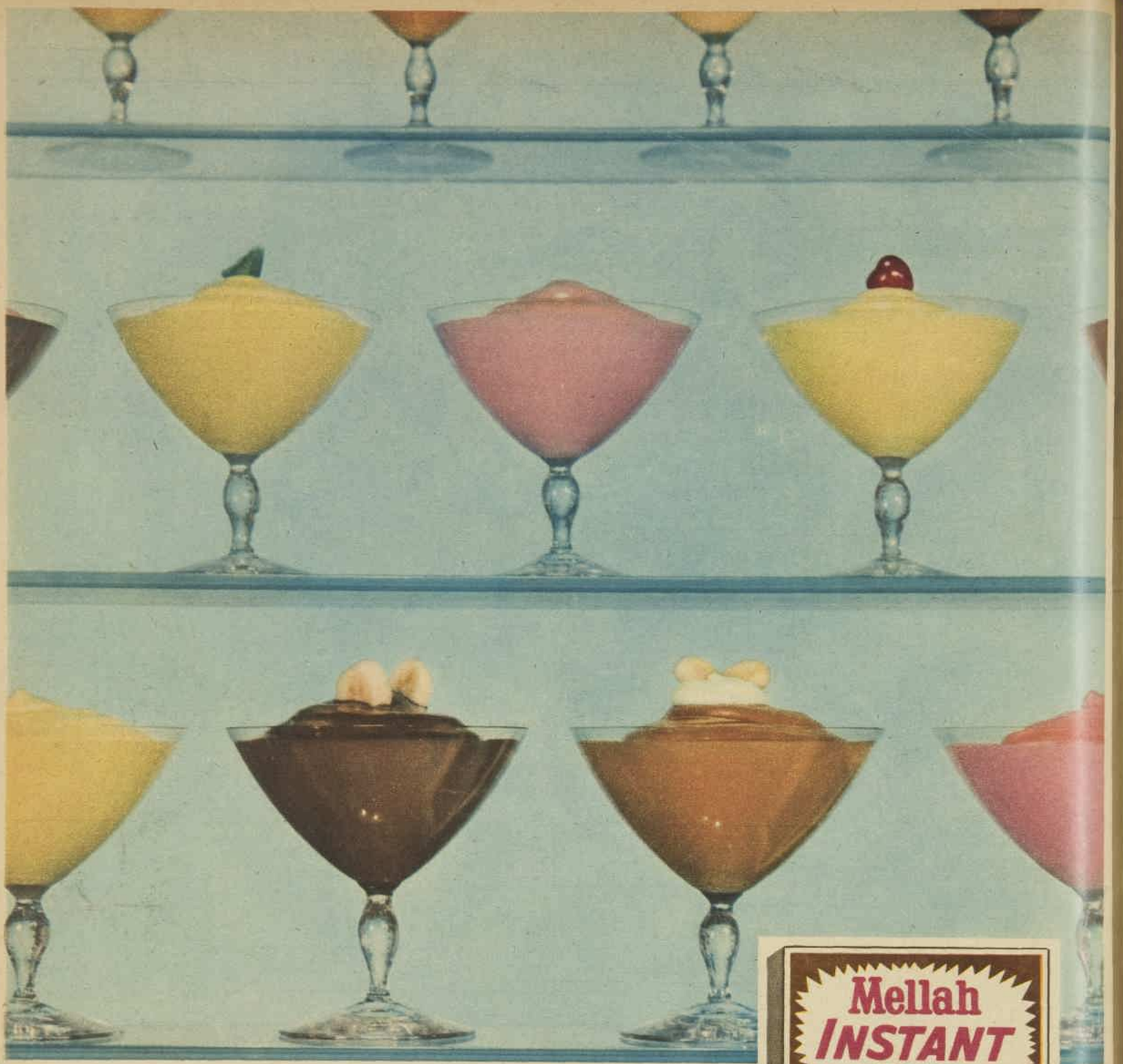

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stranger. The cottage where he had kissed her . . . A strand of pearls broke under her hasty fingers and went plopping and rolling all about the room. Madeline gazed at her bare throat in despair and went down the stairs.

What if he had left? But he hadn't. She could still hear the contrasting murmurs from the living-room, the deep one and then the higher, softer one that was Cora's. She caught a glimpse of herself in one of the hall mirrors.

Hair smooth and blanched a little across her forehead by the sun, eyes a darker blue than Matthew's, cheekbones faintly flushed. She saw, and didn't care, that she looked shamelessly eager. Then she walked off the gold rug and across the black-and-white marble into the living-room.

She wondered later that there had been nothing to warn her. It wasn't Sutherland who had sat chatting with Cora, and who now put down his glass to rise smiling from Stephen's favorite wing chair, near the hearth. It was Hayes.

Hayes and Cora. Linked openly, insolently; breaking through the thin crust of pretence at last.

Hayes stood smilingly in front of his chair, head a little tipped, smoke lifting lazily from the cigarette he held in one brown hand. In spite of the open-necked shirt and faded drill trousers he had been working in, he contrived to be a guest greeting his hostess.

On the couch, Cora lifted one dark, greedy glance to Madeline's face and then dropped it again.

As flashingly as she had taken them both in, Madeline knew what they expected of her: shock, recoil, an abandoning of the field to the enemy for the moment at least. She couldn't do anything about the shock that was still pounding at her wrists and throat, but anger and instinct moved her out of the doorway and on into the living-room with barely a pause. She didn't glance again at either of them but at the cocktail tray on the low table before the hearth.

"Those are whisky sours, aren't they? What a good idea."

The third glass on the tray had been placed there mockingly, Madeline was sure, but she poured a cocktail into it with a steady hand. Hayes must have made the whisky sours—Cora wouldn't have known how. I suppose they're all right, Madeline thought randomly, and for an instant felt colder than the beaded silver in her hand. But that was nonsense; if they had not expected her to join them they would not have done anything to the drinks.

They had glanced at each other over her bent head — that was as obvious as a wire strung across the room. Madeline took her usual chair and gazed brightly at Cora. "It's quite misty out; I wouldn't be surprised if it rained."

> **It is not bigotry to be certain we are right; but it is bigotry to be unable to imagine how we might possibly have gone wrong.**
>
> ***—G. K. Chesterton***

Cora had clearly prepared herself for any eventuality but this. She started a little when Madeline spoke, and then she said, "Yes, it looks . . ." and her voice trailed uncertainly off.

"I suppose," said Madeline briskly, transferring her gaze to Hayes, "that the lawns can use all the rain they can get before we really get into August."

"I suppose they can," agreed Hayes, barely avoiding insolence. He had recovered his balance again, and his yellowish eyes, startling in his sunburned face, met hers ironically. He knew what she was doing, even if Cora did not.

An uncomfortable silence settled. To break it, Madeline put down her drink and crossed to the table that held the cocktail tray. She took a cigarette from the box beside it and said gently, "Why, Cora, you forgot the almonds, and those salty little crackers."

Cora flushed. She sent one glance at Hayes and rose from the couch, saying to no one, "I must . . . it's getting late, and dinner . . ." She was gone with a swiftness just short of flight.

And, thought Madeline, quickening, the buttons were off now. She said satirically, "Not staying to dinner, Mr. Hayes?"

"Not tonight, thanks."

Like a wheel, Madeline thought suddenly. Bouncing aimlessly down a hillside and on to a highway, wrecking the first car that struck it. Hayes—attractive, casually unprincipled, probably thwarted in a different and former world — had had to roll into somebody's life, and it happened to be hers.

"I've been meaning to ask you, Mr. Hayes—what did you and my husband talk about on the night of his accident?"

The light, bright gaze flickered at her last word. "Your husband did most of the talking, Mrs. Potter," said Hayes. "All I did was ask for my job back. You might say he felt strongly on the subject."

"And told you to leave the house?"

"Not in exactly those words," said Hayes, making a face, "but that was the gist of it."

"And did you leave then?"

"Yes. We were out in the hall by that time. Mr. Potter started for the stairs, and I made myself scarce."

That bore out what Cora had said — "I heard the door slam" — and Madeline could not have said why she distrusted it. Hayes stood up, raised his glass and drained it without hurry. "What you really want to know is, did I look back? Isn't that it, Mrs. Potter?"

A coldness that was almost nausea uncurled and spread inside Madeline at his tone. She couldn't bring herself to say anything at all. Hayes went on with a slow mocking air of perplexity. "The funny part of it is that — I can't remember whether I did or not." His gaze on her face was cool and unwinking. "Maybe it will come back to me."

"I'm sure it will," said Madeline, letting out her breath. The cigarette she had been fingering snapped softly in two. "And where did you meet Janet Vickers — in the driveway?"

She hadn't thought consciously of asking that. But she knew suddenly — or had she known all along? — that Janet was dead because she had seen Stephen and Cora together in the upper hall, and she had witnessed the exact manner of Stephen's death. Not the tale spun to someone who had been oblivious in sleep but what had actually taken place. There was no other reason that would make it necessary for Janet to die.

Hayes turned in apparent surprise. "Janet? It was the maids' night out, Mrs. Potter."

It wasn't an answer, but that didn't matter; Madeline had stopped being able to evaluate

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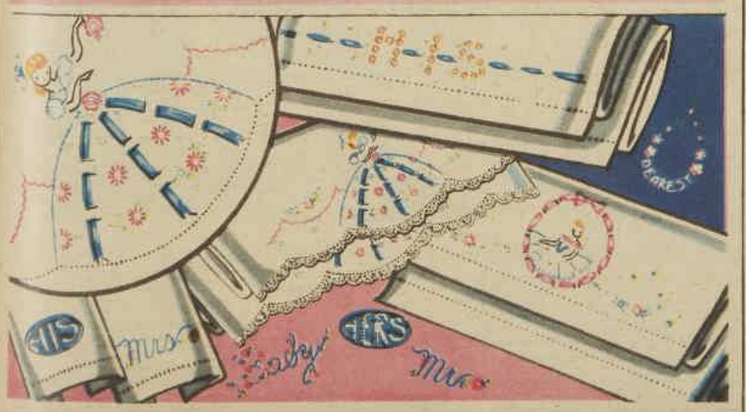

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Continuing . . . THE STAIRWAY

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anything this man said. She stood leaning against the mantel, and she was not even startled when Hayes, who had walked out into the hall, turned and came back to the doorway.

His voice was soft, but it carried clearly across the lighted width of the room. "If I were you, Mrs. Potter, I'd leave well enough alone."

Madeline didn't move until the front door had closed behind them. Then, almost absently, she collected the glasses and put them on the cocktail tray. The room seemed full of something as delicate as cigarette smoke but far less innocent; with some unformulated idea of erasing Hayes and Cora, Madeline opened the terrace doors wide.

The mist had cleared, leaving the flagstones moist and faintly shimmering. Beyond the streamers of light from the living-room the night would be as quiet and cleansing as a bath. Madeline walked down the first wide step and then the second and stood locked still with reaction.

But it was not Hayes coming back across the lawn; she knew from his height and his stride that it was Sutherland even before he said her name softly in the darkness. Madeline cried as unreasonably as a child, "Oh, where were you? I thought — I came downstairs —"

She was in his arms then, and to her own surprise she was shaking violently. Sutherland held her tightly, his cheek bent hard against hers, and kept murmuring something she didn't even try to hear. They were standing that way when a hard flare of light plucked them out of the dark.

MADELINE bent her head instinctively against the blinding brilliance: Sutherland, who had released her but not moved otherwise, stared furiously at the source. The light dropped and blazed on the grass and a man's voice said, "Excuse me, sir. It's Mr. Sutherland, isn't it?"

"It is."

The policeman's face came up against the dark, looking oddly triumphant lit from below, although his voice was respectful.

"Evening, Mrs. Potter. Sorry to bother you, but I have orders to cover the gate, and when I saw a man start up for the house I thought I'd better have a look."

"Very wise," said Sutherland in a dangerously amiable voice, and bent to peer at his watch. "And the gate — in case you like to make a note of these things, Officer — has now been uncovered for about seven minutes."

The policeman said a confused goodnight and vanished with his flashlight. Sutherland took Madeline's arm and walked with her to the edge of the terrace steps, where the light touched them faintly. He said rapidly, "I've been looking up a couple of old cronies, one of them an inspector of police in New Haven. Our friend Hayes has a record."

Madeline lifted her head and stared at him in the dim light.

"For extortion," Sutherland said. "Less politely, blackmail."

A cricket chirped in a corner of the terrace. Madeline felt Sutherland's gaze searching her face, asking the questions that his voice did not. Still wrapped invisibly in the warmth of his arms, and remembering against her will the stranger's glance he had turned on her when she told him that Cora had killed Stephen, Madeline kept her own eyes on the lighted living-room windows.

If she told him the truth now, that until she had something to fight back with she was afraid to fire Hayes . . . She said with deliberate vagueness, "I see. Well, then, I'll have to—" and turned her head with relief.

"May I make a suggestion?"

"There's Cora calling."

"The summons," said Sutherland humorlessly, and Madeline, stung a little in spite of herself, began to walk away. He was going to let her go . . . but at the last minute he caught her hand, said something that sounded like, "—only get you out of this," kissed her, almost angrily, and was gone.

Mrs. Hudnut brought in roast chicken, fresh peas, and rice, glanced inquisitively at both Madeline and Cora, and departed.

Cora had recovered herself since her abrupt flight from the living-room. She was, Madeline realised with a sense of wonder at her own obtuseness, infatuated with Hayes; the alliance with the man who must be ten years younger than she was pleasure as well as business. It had been there all along, beginning with Cora's frequent pauses at the flower-beds; it was beaconed forth now by the other woman's downcast eyes and complacently folded mouth.

Once during that silent dinner she said, "You know, Madeline, Hayes only came in——"

"If you don't mind," said Madeline steadily, "I've had about all I can take of Hayes for one day."

"Well," said Cora, bridling, and subsided.

What happened after dinner was, to Madeline, peculiarly appalling.

They had coffee in the living-room as though it were just another evening; it was routine strained to the breaking point, but to Madeline her only hope of deliverance lay in routine.

The coffee had barely been poured when the telephone rang and Cora, who had not sat down yet, walked into the library to answer it. Madeline, listening, heard her voice after a moment or two. "Yes, Madeline's here. I'll call her."

It was a woman Madeline knew only slightly, inquiring if she would come to tea on Thursday and serve on the committee for the annual hunt-club dance. Stephen had belonged to the hunt club, although he feared and disliked horses; it was the kind of thing he approved. Madeline declined, pleading a cold, and went back to the living-room and her coffee.

And that was when it happened. Madeline was lifting her cup; Cora, with her own poised, said brightly, "That was Margaret Fletcher, wasn't it? I thought I recog——"

Her voice stopped. Her glance flashed down to her coffee cup; very slowly, she lowered it without tasting. Madeline's cup was almost at her lips before she realised the significance of that motion. She thought coldly, "This is nonsense," but all at once she could not have touched her own hot, inviting coffee, and her hand set the cup independently back in its saucer.

Because both Cora and she had been out of the room separately, while the coffee, black, strong, waited there.

To be concluded

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Continuing . . . ORDINARY GUY

from page 21

He looked up at her, too tired even to wonder how she knew his name. He was weary and unshaven, and if he had any thoughts they were vaguely that the new nurse looked like a freshly opened rose.

"Yes," he said. "Jackie asked me to stay until she came round from the anaesthetic. She was so afraid of the whole business. She thought she might die."

"But the operation was at nine o'clock last night," said Martha briskly, "she is surely round by now?"

"Oh, yes," he said. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I was there. But she was so ill, and in such pain, and she begged me to stay near her, so I stayed."

"I see." Martha slid the shutter on the door of the room to one side, and looked through. The small bedside lamp was on, and the light fell on Jacqueline's face. Her cheeks were a little flushed, but her long lashes lay peacefully closed. Martha turned back to Bill Braithwaite.

"She's fast asleep, Mr. Braithwaite," she said quietly. "Let me make you a cup of tea, and then you must go home and get some proper rest."

"Supposing she wakes and asks for me?" he said wearily. "She gets into such a state if I'm not on tap. I don't know why."

Martha glanced at her watch. Her own pulse was racing unaccountably. She had nearly replied, "I do—I know why. When she opens her eyes and sees you there, kind and watchful and worried, she knows that even in her mad world there is someone whose values don't shift like sand."

Aloud she said, "I shall have to wake Miss Fortune in a minute to take her temperature. I will ask Sister if you may see her then. If her temperature has settled you can go home with an easy mind."

"All right." He looked up at her with a sort of baffled irritation. "I suppose you've seen people a lot worse than she is? Do you think I'm being a fussy, nervous clot?"

Martha smiled.

"Yes, to the first question, and no to the second. If you are very fond of a person, naturally you must be terribly anxious."

He seemed to consider this for a moment, but it apparently was not the answer he was seeking. He burst out crossly: "If I only knew what she was going to do next. If I thought she'd behave and not flap! If only she had more sense!"

Martha stared, and he looked up, flushed a little, then looked away. She said stiffly, "I'll go and make the tea."

The night nurses were in the small corridor kitchen, and the other day nurse and the Sister came on duty as Martha went in. She said, "I'm going to make Mr. Braithwaite a cup of tea. Is it all right if he sees Miss Fortune when I take her temperature, Sister?"

The Sister's eyes twinkled. "Is he still here? I told him to go home last night when she came round. She was only a little feverish. That young man must be fathoms deep in love. You can let him see her for just one minute. Then tell him he must go home at once. There's no immediate anxiety."

Bill Braithwaite drank his tea like a good child and, still blinking with weariness, followed Martha obediently into the luxurious room. She drew the curtains, shook the thermometer down, and gently roused Jacqueline. Her long lashes lifted, she sighed and stirred, and her mouth pouted when she saw the thermometer.

"You didn't wake me up just for that?"

"Come along now, Miss Fortune," said Martha gently, repressing a sudden desire to give her beautiful patient a good shaking, "Mr. Braithwaite wants to get some sleep."

Jacqueline appeared to see Bill for the first time. Immediately her eyes filled with appeal, and her hands went out to him. "Darling," she said. "Thank heaven you're here. Am I going to get better? I feel so odd and it hurts so much."

Bill said, "Wouldn't it be better if you kept still."

Jacqueline's hands fell and a little glint appeared in her eyes. Martha, controlling a smile, put the thermometer in her mouth and took her pulse. The pulse was normal and the temperature nearly so.

"That's fine," said Martha briskly. "You're responding very nicely. There's no reason why Mr. Braithwaite shouldn't go home now and get some sleep."

"Must you go . . .?" The tragic eyes fixed on him again, and he looked with bewildered appeal at Martha.

Martha said firmly, "Of course he must!" and she opened the door and gently propelled him through it.

Jacqueline lay back on her pillows and closed her eyes. "Do you think he's nice?" she said unexpectedly.

"Very nice," said Martha.

"He doesn't react like other men," said Jacqueline. "Do you know what I mean?"

"I think so," said Martha cautiously. The reaction to that brown-eyed appeal, those fluttering little hands, should surely have been tears, kisses, and a passionate embrace.

"But he always makes you feel as though nothing awful could possibly happen," continued Jacqueline. It was obvious that she could not imagine anything more interesting than a discussion on her own emotions, even at this hour.

"He's a darling. He's so real. In Italy . . . working with Jon, everything was so different. So beautiful that you knew it couldn't last. Frightening, and yet beautiful . . . and then I was feeling so ill I rushed back to Bramble, to my mother and father, but I can't talk to them. They don't understand." She paused. "But Bill understands everything without being told."

Her eyes were suddenly dreamy, but before Martha could interrupt her flow of confidences, she went on: "I knew if I could stay with Bill, I should be different, too. We were engaged at once. Bill wanted to wait a little—he said I must be quite sure. Oh!" She would have sat upright but for Martha's restraining hands. "Who are those from?"

"Those," brought in by a porter, were roses. Fifty great red roses in a silver basket with a card tied to the handle. Martha read the card for her—from Jon Templeton.

Jacqueline's white cheeks went scarlet, and then deadly white again. She seemed to shrink down in the bed, and she glanced about her with the same mixture of excitement and fear that Martha had noticed before.

At that moment the telephone rang. Martha lifted the receiver, then turned to Jacqueline. "Mr. Jon Templeton inquiring for you. Is there any message?"

"Certainly not!" said Jacqueline fiercely.

"There is no message," Martha told the operator.

"He won't come here, will he?" asked Jacqueline.

"I don't know whether he will come," said Martha, "but he won't be able to see you. No visitors for two days except your mother and father, and Mr. Braithwaite."

Jacqueline relaxed, but her pretty mouth seemed a little sulky. Martha was not sure whether she was disappointed or relieved.

Jon Templeton telephoned to inquire about Miss Fortune at regular intervals. He also sent more red roses, bottles of extravagant perfume, and expensive magazines. He sent notes, which she read, then tore up.

As she grew better and her wound healed, Jacqueline's face began to wear an expression that Martha could not quite place. It might be triumph, it might be expectancy, it might even be smugness.

On the day Jacqueline had her stitches removed, Martha was walking in Regent's Park by herself. It was a lovely day, and she was off duty.

She was thinking of Bill and Jacqueline, and she was puzzled and angry. There did not seem, as Patty said, anything about Bill Braithwaite that would attract a girl like Jacqueline. But the minute Martha admitted that, she found herself indignantly denying it.

Why not? He has kindness, honesty, thoughtfulness. Most ordinary women—a girl like, well, like me for instance — would be madly happy if . . . and here she always stopped, and her cheeks went pink, and the voice within that had been arguing with her ever since she came off duty, said: She's not in love with him.

Certainly Jacqueline waited all day for him to come, and when he came was obviously bored. Certainly she dressed herself up in one of her exquisite bedjackets and behaved as though she was waiting for a love scene in a super-film production. She would cling to him with nervous little hands, as though she were terrified he would disappear.

When he was not with her she seemed worried and distraught, and watched the door all the time. Her friends could now telephone or call, and though Jon Templeton came often she would not see him.

Suddenly someone said: "Nurse Raynes! How very nice to see you." Martha stopped, and looking up found herself gazing into Bill Braithwaite's eyes.

They both stood quite still, and Martha experienced a curious wave of delight and immediately afterwards a sort of horrified surprise. It was a wonderful feeling. But not the sort of feeling any girl should have for someone else's fiance.

Both of them drew back a little confused, and Martha said: "I nearly ran into you. I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking . . . I thought you had gone back to Bramble?"

"Jacqueline likes me to see her twice every afternoon, so it's scarcely worth going home. I do my books at night, and the buying by telephone, and in the afternoons, while she's resting, I walk in the park." He paused, and then said recklessly: "Perhaps we could have tea together?"

A confused jumble of excuses rose to Martha's lips, confused because she was at all times a very bad liar, and she wanted so much to say yes. "I'm afraid that's against the rules — Matron wouldn't like it — I don't think Miss Fortune would, either . . ."

"Well," said Bill, practically, "they won't mind if they don't know, and I don't see why they should."

Something happened to Martha's conscience. Like a lamb being led to slaughter, she went with Bill Braithwaite. If she was stealing something from Jacqueline Fortune, it was something that spoiled young lady was unlikely to miss.

They had tea at a pleasant little cafe looking out at the Georgian frontages of some old houses.

They talked about all the things they liked and disliked, about her work and his business, which he had built up from nothing to one of the most important shops in Bramble. His father's first shop had been tiny premises in the corner of a big old Tudor house in the centre of the town.

"When I was a kid I had a small room under the rafters," he said. "It had been used for storing apples when the place was a mansion. It always seemed wrong to me then that the house should be cut up into shabby little premises. I dreamed of it all one great house again, and now it is. I've got the business on the first two floors, and a flat on the second. I've even managed to retain the atmosphere. It's absolutely right for a bookshop."

Martha found herself saying: "Will you and Miss Fortune live there when you're married?"

There was a long, painful pause. The light of enthusiasm died from his eyes.

"A big multiple firm of booksellers want to buy it. They've made me a fine offer. It has been suggested that I should sell. Jacqueline wants me to be her business manager."

"But you wouldn't do that," said Martha indignantly. "It's quite different sort of work. Besides, it's your creation and your life."

"The films are Jacqueline's life," he said shortly. "She's created something, too. I can't expect her to give that up and settle in Bramble."

Outside on the pavement grey cloud-shadows crept, chill and cold, and the sun was obscured.

"I suppose not. I'm sorry. It was impertinent of me to ask that."

"It was not," he said angrily. "Certainly, you can ask. I've been asking myself the same question for the past two weeks."

She looked at him, and he answered the unspoken question in her bright eyes.

"Martha," he spoke her Christian name as though he had been using it all his life, "I just don't know. I don't know what she sees in me or why she wants me."

"Oh, but I do," cried Martha eagerly. "You're everything she has never had. She is surrounded by glamor and insincerity. To find you must have been like finding a rock among shifting sands. I know exactly how she feels."

"Do you?" said Bill. Martha drew back, her cheeks flaming. She rose hurriedly to her feet. "I must get back if I'm to be in time for dinner."

"Wait until I've been to see Jacqueline and then have dinner with me. Will you?"

"No. I don't think I should."

He was suddenly pale and he spoke with desperate earnestness, as though he must make her understand.

"She came back home from Italy, I don't know why. She hadn't been home to Bramble for a long time. She was ill, and frightened of having an operation and I think of something else which she wouldn't talk about. She came to see me, and she asked me to take care of her.

"It didn't seem to matter very much then, so long as she stopped being frightened. I'd known her since she was a kid, and there was no one else, and it didn't seem to matter, Martha." He looked up at her, his expression very determined. "Not like it does now."

"Oh," said Martha. It seemed as though her world had been turned upside down.

"You see it matters now, don't you, since we met?"

"It can't matter," said Martha. "As long as Jacqueline is ill and afraid."

. . . . .

Patty sorted out the post, which was delivered early at the clinic. There was always a big pile of mail for Jacqueline, and her secretary came to help her sort it out, and take the answers away to type. This morning Patty met Martha in the corridor, and handed her an armful of letters.

"There's a registered package, too," she said, weighing the small box in her hand. "Looks like a ring box. Thought she was engaged?" She looked shrewdly at Martha, noting the pale face, and the dark rings of a sleepless night. "What's the matter with you, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Did you see Bill Braithwaite in the park yesterday afternoon?"

Martha's face flamed. "Why how did—what do you mean?"

"Well, he asked me which was your off-duty afternoon, and where you went, so I told him everything."

"Oh!" Suddenly choked with unshed tears, Martha put the letters on to the tray.

"Take these in for me, Patty."

She fled into the kitchen, fighting for control. Sister looked at her reproachfully. "Have you a cold?"

Martha sniffed into her handkerchief. "No. It's just a little hay fever. It will pass off."

"I sincerely hope so. Miss Fortune is ringing her bell."

Martha hurried to number ten. Jacqueline was not in bed. She was standing by the dressing-table half-dressed in some flimsy pale underwear.

"Miss Fortune," cried Martha, terrified, "please get back into bed."

"Help me with my stockings," said Jacqueline, sitting down. She was pale, and a little unsteady, but her eyes were like stars. "Get my dress, then . . ." As Martha stood, not moving, she went slowly over to the wardrobe by herself.

Martha saw that on the third finger of her left hand was a huge, square diamond ring. "Don't look. I'm better. My scar doesn't hurt. Nothing hurts any more. Everything is wonderful. I'm leaving."

"I shall call Matron."

Jacqueline flashed a smile. She was suddenly strong and sure of herself. "Call the police and fire brigade if you like," she said. "It won't make any difference. I'm discharging myself."

She looked at Martha, and, realising that a further explanation was needed, stretched out her hand where the great stone glittered. "Jon wants to marry me," she said. "He didn't, in Italy. He said I was the sort of person who could never stay married. So I ran away from him . . . and now he's sent this. He's given in."

She threw back her lovely head and laughed, happy and excited. "Isn't it wonderful? Call me a taxi, and tell Matron. We'll be married the minute we can get a licence. Isn't it wonderful. Do you know, I wanted to die, because I loved him so much, and he didn't want me."

"What," asked Martha weakly, "shall I tell Mr. Braithwaite?"

"Oh, Bill?" A shadow crossed the lovely eyes, but it was only momentarily. "I'll leave him a note. He'll understand . . ."

She sat down at the bureau to write, and Martha called the Matron, who called the house surgeon, who telephoned the specialist, who left his breakfast to try to persuade her that it was dangerous to leave so soon.

But no one could stop Jacqueline. There was so much turmoil in the clinic that by ten o'clock the news had leaked out, and her departure with Jon Templeton was headlined in the midday news.

The room seemed curiously empty and quiet as Martha stripped the bed and took out the masses of hot-house flowers.

At two o'clock Bill Braithwaite came into the ward, as though he did not know. Martha, her arms full of clean sheets, stood and stared, until finally stammered, "Miss Fortune has discharged herself. She went at eleven this morning."

"And no one thought to tell me," he said. He took a midday paper out of his pocket and looked at it.

"Miss Fortune," said Martha, "left a note."

He took it and read it, then tore it in two and tossed it into the wastepaper basket, squaring his shoulders as though a heavy weight had slipped from them.

"What time are you off duty, nurse?" he asked.

Martha told him.

"I'll be waiting," he said, "with the car. I want you to come down to Bramble. I want you to see the shop and the flat, and meet my mother." He grinned. "If ever Jackie comes back in an emotional tangle, I'll feel so much safer if I have my wife with me."

"Oh," said Martha faintly. "Will you protect me, Martha?"

"Oh, yes," she said, and her eyes were dancing with delight. He went out, and Patty watched him go through the hall with a jaunty tread that made her stare in astonishment.

Martha's quite right, she thought. He's really very nice. And not so ordinary, after all.

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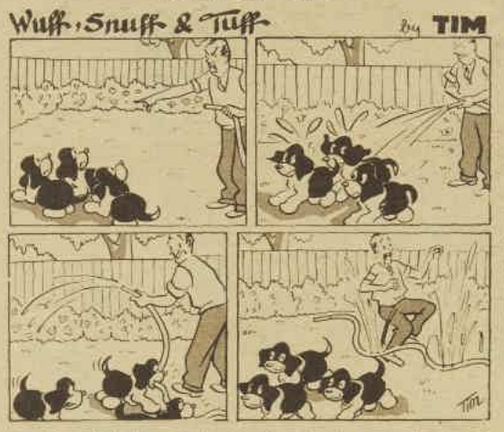
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.*

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4611.—Doll's bridal set includes long petticoat and panties to match. Requires 1¼yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. lace edging for frock, slip, and panties. Price 3/-.

F5470.—Working girl's day dress has wide collar coming to a loose tie at the front and short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/6.

F5476.—Pretty princess-line style has contrasting over-collar and bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price 4/6.

F5478.—Fashionable dress has huge collar with bow and three-quarter-length puffed sleeves. The dress buttons down the front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast for bow. Price 4/6.

F5453. — Fashionable shirtmaker dress with three-quarter-length puff sleeves and double-breasted front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5471.—Cool summer frock has bodice interest, and bows on the shoulder-straps, repeated on the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1¼yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 152.—SUN-FROCK AND BONNET

The little girl's sun-frock and bonnet is obtainable cut out ready to sew in a pretty spotted cambric in blue and white, turquoise and white, pink and white, red and white, and green and white. Sizes are 1, 2, and 3 years, priced at 21/- complete set, and 4, 5, and 6 years, priced at 22/3 complete set. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 153.—COOL SUN-SUIT AND SUN-HAT

Little girl's pretty sun-suit has lace trim and sun-hat to match, is obtainable cut out ready to sew with full instructions, in striped cambric in blue and white, pink and white, turquoise and white, red and white, and green and white. Sizes 1 to 2 years, priced at 22/9 for complete set, and 3 to 4 years at 24/1 for complete set. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 154.—PRETTY AND PRACTICAL APRON

This novel and attractive apron is obtainable cut out ready to sew in pretty gingham. Colors are lemon and white, blue and white, pink and white, red and white, green and white, and lilac and white. Price 9/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 155.—USEFUL FULL-SKIRTED FROCK

This useful frock has neckline and pocket accents, is obtainable cut out ready to sew in gingham in red and white, blue and white, pink and white, lemon and white, green and white, black and white, and mauve and white. The trims are white. Sizes are 32 and 34in. bust, priced at 32/9, and 36 and 38in. bust, priced at 34/6. Postage is 2/9 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 2

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in the afternoon.

★ Make appointments for meeting friends at afternoon tea, carry out plans for organising group interests, particularly among women. A mild, co-operative attitude will accomplish more than impulsive speech. Emotional outbursts are liable to embroil you with people you really like. Disagreements in romantic matters should be carefully evaded.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in co-operation.

★ The stubborn Taurean who stands out against the majority is liable to lose popularity, be regarded as unreasonable. You have the right to disagree, but nothing will work successfully if you criticise continually. Try to fit in with the plans of your friends. Should others take the lead be a good follower; you'll earn praise.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a new personality.

★ Your sign is highly changeable; you can turn overnight into quite a different person and thoroughly enjoy the process. This is the right moment to choose a new color for your spring-summer wardrobe, or go on a diet. Because you are a good actor you may also modify your voice, take pains to speak correctly.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in having a good time.

★ The stay-at-home loses out unless you make it a point to invite friends to your place. Probably most of you will be gallivanting, discovering new amusements, trying out that Continental restaurant, or finding excuses for doing as little work as possible. You come out of your shell, drag family, friends, your crowd along with you.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in your own four walls.

★ You're no stay-at-home; nobody dislikes domestic tasks more than Leo, but if you hope to be a butterfly later on you'll need to be a worm at present. Take a good look at your residence. With a few days' effort you improve it by doing those odd jobs frequently postponed. Then, with a setting worthy of you, launch out on casual hospitality.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in several short journeys.

★ You may be obliged to go on a number of errands. Don't accept make-do materials, or arrangements, for you can by persistence obtain your goal. A stiff backbone may be required on more than one occasion when you run up against the unwilling, unco-operative. You may keep a secret from your best beloved, and it leads to complications.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building.

★ If you have a request to make, a deal to finalise, an interview with a V.I.P., a large building is likely to be the setting. If you feel overawed by your surroundings, there will be others in the same state of mind; keep poised, cheerful. If applying for a job there will be competitors; but with proper qualifications you have favorable aspects.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in self-confidence.

★ You underestimate your talents, abilities, charm, or feel frustrated that your merit is now realised in a number of directions. Loyalty can keep you going, but smouldering discontent might cause an explosion which could wreck your hopes. Believe quietly in yourself, avoid loss of face, and these tangles will soon straighten out.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in moderation.

★ A bit of responsibility is good experience. Holding office, being a committee member is useful to the community, so is participation in sports and social life, but in excess they lead to nervous breakdowns, emotional upheavals due to taut nerves. Pick a few spare-time interests you can manage, then be brave enough to call a halt.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in games, hobbies.

★ Your spare-time interests are likely to count more than your regular job. If you go in for any sport your team will probably win. Tournaments, competitions are well in the picture. Hobbies, arts and crafts flourish, you enjoy the pleasure of creative work and could sell it as a side-line. Love affairs in an early stage tend to develop rapidly.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck if before the public.

★ Whether you appear on the amateur stage, try out for radio or TV, play in a team, sell goods behind the counter, or otherwise come in contact with the general public, Dame Fortune has her eye on you. Opportunity will be there, but you'll still be obliged to deliver the goods. Don't rely on influence; show courage, enthusiasm, imagination.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a new deal.

★ Give yourself a new set-up. Change the furniture around, get a new ornament or make a new cushion. Straws show which way the wind is blowing; new conditions are in the offing, so be ready for a chapter with wonderful possibilities, go to meet them. If a romance has recently faded out, there could be a handsome stranger around the corner.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Michel

hits the loveliest summertime note

'Cool Coral'

Tawny excitement! Soft lustrous orange... deliciously cooled with cream ... a colour dangerously subtle and lovely.

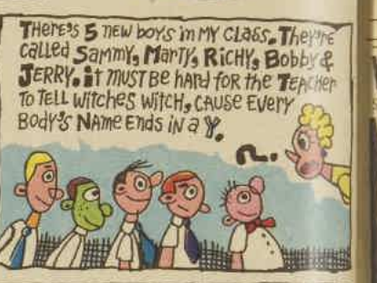
'Princess Pink'

A soft-and-pretty pink, singing with sweet colour. Gentle and haunting... a shade for summer flattery and romance.

Michel 'STAYS ON LONGER'

JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½.



P.S: MISS BROWN IS PRETTY, ALL RIGHT ONLY I DON'T THINK SHE'S A VERY GOOD TEACHER ON A COUNT OF WE GOTTA COME BACK AGAIN NEXT WEEK.

JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4825078

TEENAGE
SPOTS AND PIMPLES
need not happen!

If you suffer the embarrassment of unsightly spots and blemishes, try this simple skin care. At the first sign of infection treat the troubled areas with quick-acting double antiseptic Valderma Balm.

Soothing, cleansing Valderma penetrates deep under the skin to bring these triple benefits: —

1. It clears the pores of clogging impurities.
2. It contains two vital antiseptics to stop germ growth (no single antiseptic can kill all skin germs).
3. Valderma soothes and cools to relieve skin itch and irritation.

VALDERMA BALM
All chemists. 3/- and 4/-.

VL35-418

VARICOSE VEINS!
Scholl 'Soft-Grip' Elastic Stockings

NEW NYLON SOFT-GRIP TOP
Support without constriction. Gives greater comfort, longer wear.

SEAMLESS
Invisible when worn under usual stockings.

COOL, LIGHT
So light on your legs yet provides 100% correct surgical tension.

NO WRINKLING — SMOOTH FIT
Moulds itself to the leg, fits like your own skin.

REINFORCED HEEL
Nylon reinforcement makes Scholl Soft-Grip last longer.

SOFT-GRIP AT FOOT
Soft-Grip wafer-thin finish at foot where stocking ends snug fit in shoe.

The Secret of Comfort
Gently and firmly, Scholl Soft-Grip give your tired legs perfect support.

Scholl Soft-Grip
ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY
Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Supplies and Scholl Depots.

Also Scholl NYLON Surgical Hosiery

That's why I buy
FORD PILLS

I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains.
Dad and I use them regularly and if my kidnies are cranky, a Ford Pill crushed in honey puts them right, overnight.
Ford Pills are so SAFE and sure.
Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all YOUR family. In red and gold plastic tubes, 8/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

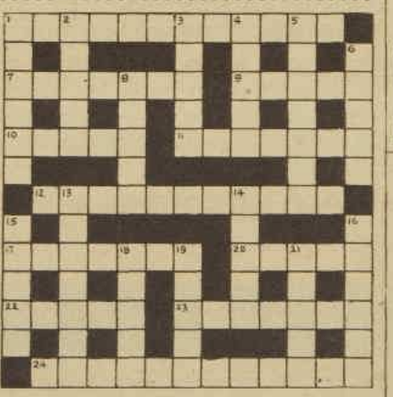
EVERY WEEK WE PUBLISH A NEW HOME PLAN

The complete plans and specifications are available for 29/9/- from our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, PRINCESS NARDA, and Dr. Tate followed the strange tunnel into the earth, and opened the thick steel door. They then entered a large cave. In the cave they came upon a great animal, apparently sleeping. It was the petrified body of a dinosaur, which had been extinct for millions of years. They seem to hear the hum of engines, and try to look through one of the "windows" in the walls. They are puzzled by these strange things, and do not notice that there is someone else in the cave. NOW READ ON:

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. The place where every lesson is just a play (12).
7. Entreat for the devil with learning (7).
9. An anti-law society from Italy (5).
10. German university town on the river Saale (5).
11. Eel put a badge on the shoulder as an ornament (7).
12. There are millions on a meadow (5-6).
17. Vessel which can make a ram hop (7).
20. Music drama (5).
22. Strike out a hat (?) in ease (5).
23. Cultivator of soil (7).
24. When rare teas are in pots (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Sir, you exist mostly in the time of darkness (6).
2. This American cactus is no friend (5).
3. Land belonging to a parish church (5).
4. Cuban dance with a spirit head (5).
5. Gulf fee (Anagr., 7).
6. Long poles (5).
8. Unlocks no writing implements (5).
13. Facsimile of a caliper (7).
14. Public square of an ancient Greek town (5).
15. Toss-up to a Scot (5).
16. Pyramidal heaps of stones developed into a Queensland town (6).
18. Nothing heraldically green is apparent (5).
19. Liberal if it starts with a politician (5).
21. Penetrate into an innocent errand (5).

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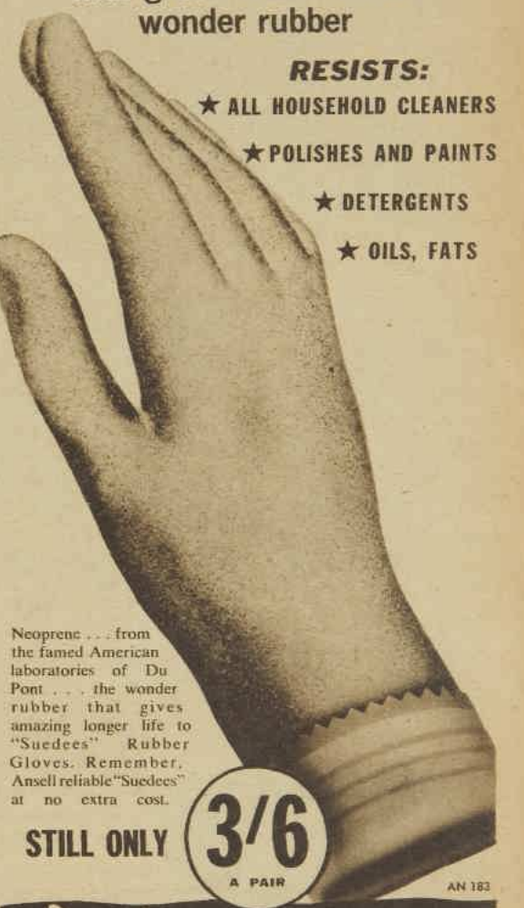

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

November 4, 1959

PARTY DRESS PATTERNS, Pages 12, 13

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

Let us squares unite

"SICK DOG" (T.W., 7/10/59) is not the only 16-year-old square in Australia, I am sure. I daresay I would be classed as a square, for, although I enjoy popular music and some rock-'n-roll, I can stand only so much. I love classical music. It is the noblest form of musical expression, and has the power to arouse emotions of grief and joy as well as pleasant memories. If I am a square then I certainly don't mind. If you feel lonely and isolated, "Sick Dog," amidst all those Sydney "cats," why not start a club strictly for squares. I would be glad to join. — *"Geometry," Picton, N.S.W.*

Proud square

TO "Sick Dog": I am nearly 18 and I have always been a square—and proud of it. I detest rock-'n-roll. I can't tolerate empty-headed little girls who put on false wiggles, fingernails and accents. I think Johnny O'Keefe, Elvis Presley, etc., are vulgar. What do I like? I like beauty — in the form of music and art. I love driving—not because I like to "park," in the slang sense, but because of the scenery. I like sincere people who don't pretend to be what they are not. What's still queerer about me is that I do not believe teenagers to be misunderstood. Let's face it: I'm dull. I'm a square; I don't rave over boys; and—even more annoying, I am a Christian. My ambition?—To be a good nurse and, perhaps, marry another Christian. "Sick Dog," stick to your guns. You're an individual, which is not what your critics are. They believe they are not conforming to society, that they are rebels. But they all conform to the same pattern—use the same obscure slang, wear the same loud clothes, dye their hair the same colors, buy the same records. They're a lot of sheep. —*Margaret Packham, Jannali, N.S.W.*

[At last count 83 other teenagers had written in reply to "Sick Dog," all proudly claiming or humbly confessing that they, too, are squares.—T.W.]

Date-and-run

WHY do boys date and forget? Almost all my girl-friends have the same problem. They have been out with a boy they liked, but as soon as the male realised that fact he put on a disappearing act. The boy likes the girl—she knows that. But why is it, boys, that you win our hearts and then leave us to pine alone? — *K. Peek, Earlwood, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP: *Geoff Lane, at 20 one of Australia's outstanding jockeys. Top Victorian apprentice for five years and runner-up in the 1958-59 jockey's premiership. His hobby—personally answering fan letters. His ambition: to win a Melbourne Cup, then ride overseas.*

STEPHEN VAN FLEMERT . . . and friend.

Organise leisure

MARY MATTOCK (T.W., 30/9/59) has a completely distorted picture of one of our national problems. She asks: "Why must so many teenagers have to be entertained *ALL* their spare time?" To quote the Federal Minister of Social Services, Mr. H. S. Robertson: "One of our main tasks is to see that the spare time of our youth is properly and usefully filled. Then the temptation to crime and other excesses will not arise." Surely, with so many teenage killings in America, people can see the vital necessity to have organised leisure for their youth.—*Wendy Page, Mildura, Vic.*

Riding fan

HORSE-RIDING is a very good and wholesome hobby. I have a horse and go to a pony club each second week. If you do not have a pony, there are a lot of riding schools where you can learn to ride. A lot of teenagers wander the streets for lack of a good hobby. Here is a good hobby for teenagers of all ages. — *Stephen van Flemert, East Malvern, Vic.*

Customs differ

I FEEL it my duty as a New Australian to stick up for the rest of us. Pauline Brown said (T.W., 30/9/59) that, as soon as New Australians arrive here, "they begin to complain about Australians' way of dressing and bad manners." Did Miss Brown consider the fact that most New Australians come from countries whose customs are completely different from those of Australia? What might seem good clothes or manners to you would seem wrong in the eyes of New Australians. Please keep in mind that there is always a good reason behind our actions. —*Alex Callein, Arncliffe, N.S.W.*

GIRLS IN A FIX

My letter and snap is titled "What Goes Where?" Why don't girls who own bikes, motor scooters, cars, and the like take an elementary course in mechanics? By the look of my girl-friends in this treasured snap, they really are in a fix.—*Tracy Lewis, Sydney.*

Who should pay?

SHOULD a boy pay for himself when invited to partner a girl to a dance? This question arose recently when our school dance was held. To my disgust, many parents were prepared to pay only for their daughters. I think that when the invitation comes from the girl she should pay the bill. What is the general feeling?—*R. Carpenter, Burwood, N.S.W.*

Mum's prepared

EACH week I read through Teenagers' Weekly to learn what interests (and troubles) the present-day teenagers. Many years have passed since I was "under 20" and I would like to be a jump ahead of my own children when they reach adolescence soon. — *M. Martin, Mildura, Vic.*

MARRIAGE & MONEY

● "Cynic Junior" said (T.W., 14/10/59) that a young couple should have enough money to buy and furnish a house and keep a family before they married.

FOR . . .

I HAVE been engaged for almost 12 months, and we have been battling to save enough to buy a block of land to build a home on, and to provide for other needs. I would not like to get married without anything and have to live with in-laws. I say to all teenagers: save first, then have no regrets.—*"Agreeable," Perth.*

I AGREE with "Cynic Junior." It has been proved that one cannot live on love alone. A married couple should have a house and a steady income. — *"Steady," Ainslie, A.C.T.*

FOR a young couple to wait a few years until they have assurance of security will enable them to enjoy their life together fully. A few years is a small part of a lifetime. — *"Security," Bronte, N.S.W.*

. . . AGAINST

"CYNIC JUNIOR" evidently does not know the cost of a house and furniture. My boyfriend and I are saving hard, but it will be three years before we will own a block of land and make a down payment on a house.—*Lisbeth J. Denny, Forestville, S.A.*

I WAS married at 19 to a very sick returned sailor. Through the years we really struggled, as he lost much time through ill-health. But true love finds a way to overcome most difficulties. We now have our own home, which we furnished very slowly. We also have three wonderful children and we are still young enough to appreciate them. If I was given a second chance I would do the same thing over again. — *"Happily Married," Galloways Hill, Brisbane.*

I WAS 16 and my husband 21 when we married. This month we celebrate our fourth wedding anniversary. We have two wonderful sons, three and six months. We are saving to buy a home, but, even if it takes another 10 years, we'll still be young enough to enjoy it, and look at all the fun we're having in the meantime. Don't think it's all been smooth sailing. It hasn't. I can see "Cynic Junior" wooing his sweetheart from a rocking chair while his dreams fade further and further into the blue.—*"Contented," Emerald, Qld.*

IT would be more fun working together for home and security when you are married than having it before. I do agree, though, that you should be financial before you have children. — *Dorothy Thorne, Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W.*

I THINK a young couple is off to a very good start with a small deposit on a house and cash for bare necessities (bedroom, refrigerator). During your engagement enjoy yourself to the full because married life will never be as carefree as your courting days.—*T. Maimur, St. Albans, Vic.*

YOUR IDEAL DATE

THERE is still time to enter our Ideal Date Contest.

Write in and tell us, in 100 words or less, what qualities you look for most in your partner of the evening.

Should HE be good-looking, a good dancer, have a car? Or would you rather he be intelligent, entertaining company?

Should SHE be good-looking, a sports girl? Or does good nature count more than good looks?

We will give £20 each for the best letters from a boy and girl on this subject, four prizes of £5 each, and £1/1/- for every other letter published.

Remember—not more than 100 words.

Closing date for the contest is November 11. Fill in the coupon below and send it with your entry to DATE CONTEST, Box 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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They'd revive chivalry

Boys should always treat girls with chivalry, says this South Australian Code of Behaviour for Teenagers.

By NONI ROWLAND

● When it comes to bringing up children, most parents admit they could do with a little help.

WHAT answer do they give, for instance, to schoolgirl daughter Mary when she complains of unfair treatment, adding, "After all, Helen's mother allows her to go to parties on her own."

It's hard for children to reconcile the different views of their respective parents, and it's impossible for one mother to enforce her ideas on child upbringing on another mother.

The only solution seems to be for parents to get together to work out a common set of rules enabling them to present a united front to their youngsters.

And that's just what they did in Adelaide recently, when a committee of 24 men and women, representing the parents' and friends' associations of 12 Adelaide colleges, issued a code of social conduct for schoolchildren.

It took the committee 18 months to draft the code, which has been distributed to 5000 parents. Printing costs were met by the 12 associations.

In the form of advice, the code covers such points as excessive pocket-money, the use of a motor car, conduct on public transport, the need for Church activities, parties and dances, alcohol and smoking, dangers of cinemas and drive-in theatres.

A problem that had been worrying many parents was the number of expensive parties given for schoolchildren, particularly teenagers.

This imposed severe financial strain on some parents, who couldn't afford to entertain lavishly for their children but felt they had to "keep up with the Jones".

So the code advises that:

● Parties and dances should be kept simple and should finish at a reasonable hour. Elaborate functions tend to produce a spirit of competition and often cause embarrassment to girls and boys whose parents can't afford to entertain on the same scale.

On parties and dances the code also states:

● Girls and boys should invite only those known to them or their parents.

● When a party is being held, one at least of the parents should be present.

● Mixed parties and dances should be very few up to and including the Intermediate year, and infrequent thereafter.

● Younger girls should be taken to and from evening dances or dancing classes by an adult.

● Boys and girls should meet as many partners as possible at dances, not just dance with the one partner all evening.

Cars and courtesy

At one of the frequent meetings held to discuss the code, and where the various points were redrafted as many as six and seven times, one mother expressed concern over an invitation sent to her 13-year-old daughter.

The party invitation was for the girl and "a partner."

"Thirteen is really far too young for the question of a partner to come up," said Mrs. Neil Craig, secretary of the committee. "There's time enough for that at the age of 15 or 16."

At one stage the committee, alarmed by teenage accidents, did consider seeking to have the legal age for driving-licences raised.

But they compromised by advising parents to:

● Use great discretion in allowing schoolchildren the use of a motor-car. Parents also are asked to co-operate in observing a school's rules on the use of cars by its students.

Similarly, parents also were advised to:

● Do all they can to promote courteous behaviour by their children at all times, particularly discouraging inconsiderate conduct on public transport, assembling in groups in the streets, frequenting milk-bars, rowdy behaviour at sports functions and dancing classes.

The idea of the code first came up in March last year, when the college headmistresses asked the parents' associations to meet to discuss problems associated with the increasing social freedom allowed to schoolchildren today.

Teachers were alarmed at the effect that too-frequent social functions were having on the children's studies and outlooks.

At the same time, the teachers felt that the lead in stemming this drift should come from the parents themselves.

"After all, the parents have most to do with the children," said Miss G. M. Millington, headmistress of Woodlands Church of England Grammar School, "and we felt it was better for them to take the lead in this matter.

"We felt that if a group of wise parents could get together and work out a basic code of social conduct for schoolchildren, they would give invaluable help to parents not so wise or younger in experience."

The first draft considered by the committee was based on a charter drawn up some time ago by the Parents' Association of Wilderness School with the help of the school's headmistress, Miss M. Priddle.

Originally, only the associations representing the girls' colleges met to draw up the code. Then, when it was almost completed, the boys' colleges were asked to send representatives.

This led to the reframing of part of the code to include boys as well as girls.

A representative from one of the boys' colleges was responsible for adding another point to the code.

An Englishman, he recommended that:

● *Boys should be encouraged from the youngest age to behave at all times in a chivalrous manner towards their partners and to take the responsibility of looking after them. Girls should be brought up to expect such behaviour.*

A woman representative was responsible for these points:

● Unless it is unavoidable, children should not return to an empty house at any time; and

● Parents should appreciate the dangers of young people attending theatres and drive-ins unaccompanied by an adult. Programmes should be selected carefully.

Whether the code will be adhered to by all parents remains to be seen.

"The committee can hardly dictate to parents how they should bring up their children," said Mrs. Craig, "but we do feel the code contains valuable advice.

"We deliberately had copies printed on cardboard leaflets so that they could be kept for reference, not thrown into the wastepaper basket as we felt a letter would be."

Lenient parents

Mrs. Craig added: "Unwittingly, many parents make it hard for both their children and other parents by being too lenient with their offspring, allowing them too much money, entertaining too lavishly for them.

"You can't blame the children if their conduct is affected by this. It's the parents who are to blame."

Apparently the headmistresses of the Adelaide colleges for girls feel the same.

After approving the code, they added one extra point:

● *Mothers and fathers are reminded that for the finest development of their children nothing can be a substitute for parental control, guidance, and affection.*

Committee members responsible for the code were well aware of the old saying, "There are no problem children, only problem parents."

But they realise also that problem parents have problems and need help themselves.

By pointing out a few common-sense rules they hope the code will fill this need.

CHAIRMAN of the committee which drafted South Australia's Teenagers' Code, Mr. A. C. Forgie, discusses some of the points with committee members Mrs. A. J. Mackay (left) and Mrs. W. A. Dibden.

BOY-GIRL CODE

● A Western Australian Teenagers' Code, similar to that in South Australia, deals frankly with boy-girl relationships.

THE Associated Youth Committee of W.A. suggests this boy-girl code on sex:

CODE FOR BOYS: Boys should honor and respect women. Boys should treat girls as they would expect another boy to behave towards their sister.

CODE FOR GIRLS: Girls should set a very high moral standard in these matters.

The W.A. code also makes these suggestions:

KISSING: This is permissible in moderation.

PETTING: We feel that it is harmful to both boy and girl to indulge in it.

PRE-MARITAL EXPERIENCE: No.

The code adds: "An engaged couple should discuss sex to reach a common understanding. But pre-marital relationship should **NOT** be indulged in.

"God gave us these powers to be used in a holy manner; marriage is a holy sacrament, and these powers should be used only after marriage."

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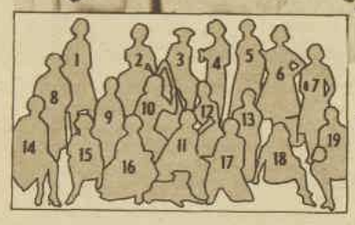

Test your flair for Romance . . .

HOW TO PLAY IT

IT'S time for romance . . . time when boy meets girl, falls in love, gets engaged. Time for matchmaking.

The point is, can you match-make? To test yourself . . . Teenagers' Weekly presents the whom-do-you-woo quiz — about REAL people.

All the young lovers on these two pages are either engaged or going steady. They are just ordinary people.

What you have to do is link the right girl with the right boy. Do gentlemen prefer blondes? Do strong men need mothering? Do opposites attract?

What IS chemistry of romance — and can you spot it? Test yourself with the most original quiz of all.

THE GIRLS

1 RITA, aged 20, shoe salesgirl. Is pretty, quiet, patient, and home-loving. More than anything wants to be a good wife. Dislikes women who put on airs.

2 NORMA, aged 19, hairdresser. Striking, with bronze skin and jet-black hair. The sophisticated type, she adores the vivid blue harem dress she's wearing. Her big ambition, to marry and settle down.

3 MARILYN, aged 20, public-relations executive. Loves the arts, classical music, good paintings, the theatre. Always adopts the latest fashions (see that boater!) In a year's time wants to be a full-blown executive.

4 BARBARA, aged 19, junior secretary. Spends spare time doing charity work for physically handicapped.

5 SUSAN, aged 19, in advertising. A ballroom-dancing gold medallist, she likes jive, too. Hates men who promise to phone, then don't.

6 SHERRIE, aged 20, model. Has won several beauty contests, but hasn't let it go to her head. Has a cool, clean, young look.

7 VALERIE, aged 20, receptionist. Works in a film studio, so knows the routine for those film commercials she makes. Big ambition at the moment: to learn to drive.

8 VALERIE, aged 22, secretary. Smart as paint, she's never late for appointments. Her love of politics put her into politics locally —as Press officer.

9 JANET, aged 19, hairdresser. Quiet, retiring, she belongs to the Young Liberals. Does needlework when the whim takes her.

10 MARGARET, aged 16, hosiery counter in chain store. Counts her one appearance as pantomime chorus girl as the first step up the ladder of fame. Aims to stop selling socks and become a full-time fashion photographers' model.

11 MARJORIE, aged 20, secretary - receptionist. Good at handling people, as her job at the photographic studio means that she meets "difficult" models and "deadline - bound" journalists. Loves her Boxer dog, and simply hates vain men.

12 DIANE, aged 18, TV picture librarian. She paints, swims, goes ice-skating. Has appeared on television, but doesn't yearn for more. Hates what she calls "mutton dressed as lamb."

13 PATRICIA, aged 23, actress. Cute, petite, she's always playing some Continental vamp. Spends spare time growing cacti.

14 DEANNA, aged 20, dancer in a night-club ballet. Wants to see the world, marry, and have four children.

15 GILLIAN, aged 21, travel clerk. Bright and perky, she's always got a smile. Swims and plays squash for exercise and pleasure.

16 JULIA, aged 19, beauty expert. Will scream at a spider, but loves horse-riding. Won't be happy till the H-bomb's banned.

17 MARY-ANN, aged 23, designs for television. Won a diploma in design and wants to climb to top of TV art.

18 ANNE, aged 17, window dresser. The arty type, has good ear for traditional jazz. Big wish: to go around the world, but not in 80 days.

19 CAROL, aged 18, sells cosmetics. Blonde and a party-lover, she has a yen to ride a horse. Lazy men and power-seeking women annoy her.

. . . AND MATCH-MATE THESE DATES

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...QUIZARAMA

IT'S THE LOVE GAME

1 RODNEY, aged 23, sales representative. The clean-cut, fresh-from-college type. Has a ready smile and quick wit. Is mad on football.

2 JOHN, aged 22, tobacconist. Likes a pipe, slippers, and casual tweeds. Cricket on Saturday afternoon and tinkering with radios and cars whenever he can. Wants to run a veteran car.

3 PAUL, aged 24, hairdresser. Always wears smoked glasses, and keeps his fashionable women clients amused with his songs and witticisms.

4 ROY, aged 29, photographer and hairdresser. Is the local rifle champion. Apart from this is definitely the artistic type, from interior decorating to painting horses in oils. For security he would like to have a hairdressing chain.

5 KEN, aged 25, civil engineer. Has a thing about sport. Thinks the Government should do more about it. Practises weight-lifting and has boxing honors. Ambition? To be happy.

6 DAVID, aged 16, laborer. Is just finding his way around in the world. Likes long weekends cycling around the country. His favorite outfit: open-necked shirt, sports jacket, and slacks.

THE BOYS

7 TONY, aged 23, printer. The cheery lad with natty clothes. Likes slick suits and seaside weekends.

8 MELVYN, aged 23, hair stylist. Sub-conscious artistic leanings are given scope in his job. Aims to "make a million" and die rich.

9 FRED, aged 23, in R.A.A.F. His carefully groomed black moustache is a clue to his wish to be well-groomed always. Wants to marry and have children.

10 RAYMOND, aged 25, chartered accountant. Likes quiet, pin-striped suits, but can't stand the Homburg hat brigade — or beards. Is still chortling over his £5000 lottery win. Critical of the Menzies Government.

11 MICHAEL, aged 22, estimator. Likes the natural things in life, has a craze for fishing. Would like to take the law into his own hands and rid the country of permits, licences, and forms.

12 DEREK, aged 24, wholesale meat salesman. Is the retiring type, likes good clothes and shoes. Good swimmer and has captained a cricket XI. The girls he avoids — extravagant social-climbers.

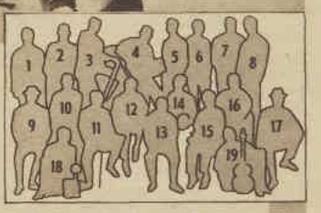
13 CECIL, aged 28, self-employed furrier. Was a minor sporting success at school, but has his eyes on big business. The quietly ambitious type who will quietly get his wish.

14 GRAHAME, aged 21, insurance clerk. The shy type; efficient, too. He aims to make money, be a success, and travel.

15 JOHN, aged 23, teacher and writer. Is the observant type; that's why a typewriter accompanies him wherever he goes. This guy has a sense of fun, a love of life.

16 PETER, aged 21, in road-haulage business. Likes to go dancing, but most of his time he's swotting to take over his father's business. Socialism is the black word in his book.

17 JOHN, aged 20, bank clerk. Always looks immaculate, favors one of the new Robin Hood hats. Was a top-class footballer.



18 ALAN, aged 18, photographic assistant. Secretly wants to become successful actor. Clothes choice: big sweaters, striped shirts.

19 BRIAN, aged 26, draughtsman. Full of quiet humor. Mad about motor-racing. Plays guitar.

● ***Now turn to page 7 and see how you did.***

PUT YOUR ANSWERS HERE

● Against each girl's number below put the number of the boy you think she's in love with.

1	5	9	13	17 ....
2	6	10	14	18 ....
3	7	11	15	19 ....
4	8	12	16	

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They're dancing their way to the stars

By DAWN JAMES

● Dancing instructor George Weiss gazed thoughtfully at Joy Williams and David Boland whirling around the ballroom.

"LOOK at David — such power," he sighed. "He treats dancing like football or boxing. It's something to be worked at, always improved.

"And Joy. So feminine. She dances WITH the boy, not against him."

These two Sydney teenagers were in the middle of one of their twice-weekly dancing lessons.

It's not that they need them, as far as "social" dancing is concerned, but their thoughts are fixed on higher things. Sky-high, in fact — their ambitions include winning the Star Championship held at Earl's Court, London, every year.

They want to be world champions—and they're already on the way towards achieving that ambition.

At the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod they carried off 14 dance championships.

Trophies galore

And there are they-don't-know-how-many medals and trophies won in competitions they've been entering since they were 13.

With instructor Weiss murmuring encouragement and praise from the sidelines, David swung Joy into a foxtrot. Their footwork was graceful, precise, and practised.

They executed a "fallaway, then a telespin into an overturn and a same foot lunge," and it was as complicated as it sounds.

For this sort of thing you'd have to have an expert partner. How do they feel when they're dancing with a beginner?

"Well, when you've learned to dance you can help someone else over their difficulties," David said.

For David, who works in a Sydney advertising agency, ballroom dancing is a pleasant hobby. For Joy, dancing is everything.

She doesn't have a job. On Monday and Wednesday nights she has a dancing lesson and teaches beginners at Mr. Weiss' studios. David does, too.

On Friday and Saturday nights Joy goes along to the studios again—dancing this time "for pleasure."

She has a collection of frothy tulle evening dresses which she wears for competitions. "I have two white ones," she said, "two blue ones, and a red and a pink and a lemon." And they each take about 60yds. of material.

Ask Joy and David what makes a good dancer, and they both looked lost.

Mr. Weiss says, "It's balance — you must dance as you walk. And simplicity: that's what makes dancing easy. Rhythm is a natural asset."

David doesn't think the boy has the easiest role in dancing.

"You've got to watch all the time," he said.

And what is the correct way to hold your partner?

David says the boy holds his partner carefully and firmly, not in a stranglehold so she can't breathe.

With his right arm round the girl, the boy's left arm is held easily at an angle (NOT straight out or, alternatively, pumping up and down in time to the music).

And the girl and boy look towards their left. They are not face to face or—to be strictly correct—cheek-to-cheek.

Joy says, for the girls, that you don't grab hold of the boy as though he was your last hope of support.

Just relax. Your right hand is holding his left hand, and your left hand should rest softly just below his shoulder.

Now. You're dancing.

Suppose you're treading all over one another's feet. The sensible thing is to stop and suggest (good-naturedly) that you begin all over again.

But Mr. Weiss says encouragingly there is a simple way for a boy to avoid trampling on a girl's toes.

Forget left foot

"All the time, he should imagine he's placing his RIGHT foot between the girl's feet. The left foot doesn't matter. But he shouldn't step out straight ahead. Just watching his right foot will keep him going in the right direction.

"And no one should ever try to dance too high on the ball of the foot, because then you lose a lot of balance. Be natural."

Shoes are your most important accessory when you're dancing. The main thing is to be sure they are comfortable.

"For the girl, the higher her heels the better she looks," says Mr. Weiss. "But not unless she's used to high heels —if she isn't, she'll merely look awkward."

THE RIGHT WAY: Dancing champions Joy Williams and David Boland demonstrate the graceful way to dance—balanced and relaxed.

THE WRONG WAY: Joy and David show how NOT to look in a ballroom. The arms should be held easily at an angle, not straight out (left) or pumping up and down. Cheek-to-cheek dancing (far left) is out, too; both girl and boy should look left.

BOOKS WORTH READING

WUTHERING HEIGHTS,

by Emily Bronte

THIS novel has gripped readers for a century with the power of its grim and intense atmosphere. It is a story of strong emotions in the bleak setting of the Yorkshire moors. Many people know it through the excellent film version in which Sir Laurence Olivier played the role of Heathcliffe, the wild and brooding lover of the heroine, Cathy.

The author, Emily Bronte (1818-1848), was one of three gifted sisters who had a lonely upbringing in a remote Yorkshire parsonage. She is not known to have experienced a love affair in her short life. It seems to have been mostly imaginative genius that enabled her to write with such understanding of stormy passions.

— Ross Campbell

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Listen here
with Ainslie Baker

NEW LABEL: The new local label, Leedon, makes its bow with the issue of a batch of 45's featuring favorite Australian teenage singers.

Johnny O'Keefe, in a J. O'Keefe arrangement, beats up that hardy old perennial "Swanee River" with typical "Wild One" drive and gusto. Just to prove his versatility, he gives its flip "Steady Game," a tender and loving treatment that makes it, to my mind, the better of the two. The Dee-Jays stand staunchly behind Johnny.

Johnny Rebb follows up his big success, "Pathway to Paradise," with another rock-a-ballad with a similar beat and approach, "Bluebirds Over the Mountains," backed by the bouncy "Say Yeah."

Melbourne's **Diana Trask** proves on Leedon 45 that Frank Sinatra didn't advise her to go to America only because she had a pretty face and a wonderful figure. In "Lover Is Another Name For Fool" and its backing, "Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?", she shows all the class, style, and range of a big star. This girl can really sing, as the choosy patrons of New York's Blue Angel Nightclub quickly decided on her opening night. "Lover" is a superior rock-a-ballad, and "Soldier" an old folk melody given a sympathetic modern treatment.

CLASSICS: Beethoven's sublime Ninth Symphony (the Choral), with **Charles Murch** conducting the **Boston Symphony Orchestra,** comes in a handsome boxed album from R.C.A. Singers are soprano Leontyne Price, contralto Maureen Forrester, tenor David Poleri, bass Giorgio Tozzi, and the New England Conservatorium Chorus.

With Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 on the fourth side, this is well worth consideration by those interested in establishing a classical library. Programme annotation is supplied by the orchestra's historian.

ROCK-'N-ROLL: Until very recently rock fans haven't been able to answer the invitation "Come On and Get Me" from the fabulous 16-year-old **Fabian.** But H.M.V.'s newly issued 45 changes all that. Backing the invitation so many teenagers would like to accept is another compulsive rocking number, "Got The Feeling." An orchestra and chorus support The Tiger.

THE honor of recording the first rock-'n-roll 12in. LP to be made in this country has gone to 19-year-old Dig Richards, the boy from the N.S.W. South Coast, whose bad car smash on the Sydney Harbour Bridge put him out of Fabian's show.

At the time of going to press the doctors were pleased with Dig's progress, and said that he'll be able to resume his fantastically successful career with no more than a two-inch facial scar to show for his near brush with death.

Titled simply "Dig Richards," this Festival disc gives you Dig's first top-seller, "I Wanna Love You," his current revival hit, "You Are My Sunshine," with its backing, "I'm Through," written by his brother Doug, and nine other tunes nicely judged to show off the paces of this young rocker.

Dig's old group, The R-Jays, gets a jacket credit and backs him in most of the tracks, with The New Notes taking over for "Hush-a-bye," "You Are My Sunshine," and "I'm Through."

A GOOD deal of trouble has been taken by R.C.A. to keep Elvis fans happy until he gets out of the Army and makes the new movie already in preparation. For those in the 12in. LP market they have issued "A Date With Elvis." Trick jacket has a 1960 calendar, with the likely date of his Army discharge, March 24, already ringed, and Elvis in uniform at the wheel of a classy looking convertible. Among this disc's 10 numbers are "Baby, I Don't Care," "Baby, Let's Play House."

As an alternative for EP buyers, there's "A Touch of Gold," "Hard Headed Woman," "Good Rockin' Tonight," "Don't," and "I Beg of You." Quite a lot to go on with, you'll agree.

A COLLECTORS' ITEM: Glenn Miller's special brand of big-band sound (and it was a very special one) comes to life again on the first of R.C.A.'s proposed three 12in. LP's of hitherto unreleased 1940-42 Miller broadcasts.

Vocalists are Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke, The Modernaires, and Ray Eberle. Numbers you'll hear include a typically great "Blues In The Night," "Dipsy Doodle," "Birth of the Blues," and "Old Rockin' Chair."

DRUMMER BOY

By Joan Jacoby

● One of the top drummers in Perth is a 12-year-old boy with a Smiley-type face and friendly grin. His name is Robert Taylor.

ROBERT was one of the solo artists who appeared on the opening night of television in Western Australia.

His father, Harold Taylor, was on the same programme—the variety show "Spotlight"—as the drummer in the studio band, Harry Bluck's Spotlighters, which backed Robert in his drum solo.

Last August, when he was still 11, Robert won the best drummer award in a 1959 Perth dance-band contest — in open competition against nine other drummers.

The contest was mainly for amateur and semi-professional bands.

The band Robert played with, the John Gianatti Quartet, won the award for the best small group.

This young drummer boy is lively, alert, and friendly, apparently not at all precocious, and with no trace of swelled-headedness.

When I rang the Taylor home in Mt. Lawley to arrange about taking pictures, Robert answered the phone.

His mother, he said, was in hospital, and Dad was "at the markets." Dad, he explained, was a "mobile greengrocer."

"Aw, these *kids!*" Robert broke off in exasperation, as background noises of giggles, comments, and questions rose above the conversation.

Has trouble with his kid sisters

The "kids" were his two younger sisters, Rochelle (10) and Marie (6), whom he was minding, and some "neighborhood kids" who'd dropped in to play.

Robert told me that, apart from pets and his bicycle, his main interests are stamp-collecting and sport.

"I play Soccer at school," he said, "and cricket in the summer. Last summer I had my nose broken at cricket. Got hit with a ball. I was wicket-keeper."

He "used to play tennis," too, goes swimming in the river at Maylands, and sometimes to the surf beaches.

He goes to Mt. Lawley primary school and doesn't know yet what he's going to be when he grows up.

Art is his favorite—and best—school subject.

TALENTED 12-year-old Robert Taylor rehearses "Drummer Boy," the solo which he played in a variety show on television's opening night in Western Australia.

Robert started playing the drums four years ago when he was eight.

His father, who has been the drummer in Harry Bluck's dance band for 13 years, taught him to play and bought him the set of drums he uses now.

"Do you think you'll make the drums your career?" I asked Robert.

He thought for a while, then said, "I might—I dunno yet."

QUIZARAMA SOLUTION

Here's how the Love Game boys and girls are paired off . . .

(1) RITA McCourt is engaged to (7) TONY Reeve; (2) NORMA Levy is engaged to (8) MELVYN Peters; (3) MARILYN Slavid is going steady with (2) JOHN Abrahams; (4) BARBARA Botzman's boy is (13) CECIL Stern; (5) SUSAN Cornish is dated by (14) GRAHAME Christiansen; (6) SHERRIE Ann Scott is engaged to (5) KEN Oliff; (7) VALERIE Steward is engaged to (11) MICHAEL Green; (8) VALERIE Berlyn's boy-friend is (10) RAYMOND Arnold; (9) JANET Shipley is engaged to (16) PETER Neale; (10) MARGARET Feltham goes steady with (6) DAVID Shell; (11) MARJORIE Smith is engaged to (12) DEREK Dawson; (12) DIANE Clementson is engaged to (18) ALAN Haick; (13) PATRICIA Cree is dated by (4) ROY Viccari; (14) DEANNA Williams' boy is (3) PAUL Frances; (15) GILLIAN Bocock is going steady with (17) JOHN Edwards; (16) JULIA Rose's boy-friend is (15) JOHN Blackwell; (17) MARY-ANN Henderson is going steady with (1) RODNEY Haynes; (18) ANNE Whitaker is dated by (19) BRIAN East; (19) CAROL Hardy's boy is (9) FRED Leslie.

Give yourself one point for each pair you had right. Now see how you rate . . .

★ 15-19 . . . Romantic you! You're the perfect matchmaker. You should set up a marriage bureau.

★ 11-14 . . . There's not much YOU don't know about the love game. You have a shrewd eye for matchmaking, you understand people in love . . . in fact, we'd be happy to back your judgment.

★ 6-11 . . . In matters romantic you're not too bad. But don't fool yourself, you're not brilliant, either.

★ Under 5 . . . What HAVE you been doing all your life?

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GIVE YOURSE

School's out, summer's in. What present! Better yet, make it this three-page gift catalogue Well then, start right here, right make-up, or start with a are three charming sty shorter, shortest — to choose directions. Or p'raps you'd a diet that literally takes the cak the exercises that will help

Now that it's summer, give yourself A NE LOOK under the stars; make-up that takes it lightly and is artfully applied to seem almost not the at all. A tan played down, a Dresden look.

← Under the sun the new look is rosy, rosy all the way. Fresh, radiant, outdoorsy, newly light.

Give yourself luminous, more BEAUTIFUL EYE For dates: iridescent mascara, with matching line drawn over base to thicken lashes; frosted pa shadow with silver underneath for wide eyes.

← At the beach, circle eyes with cream for pr tection, accent brows with waterproof pencil.

FOR DAYTIME, play up the new light, beachy look for all it's worth.

The Pixie

HAIR may be almost shoulder-length for this style, the bangs about three or four inches long. Set bangs with two medium-sized rollers, turned forward and under. Set rest of top hair on jumbo-size rollers, turned back and under, one at crown, five more at top back (see sketch.) Set rest of hair in large, long-stemmed pin-curls as shown. When you brush out, catch back hair high at crown in a rubber band, then in a bow, and arrange the resulting chignon to follow lines of bow. Push hair just behind bangs slightly forward for height. The Pixie takes beautifully to fine, even, straight hair.

The Cartwheel

from shapes cut out ... tidy (above) ...

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F A PRESENT

bter reason for giving yourself a t ural and splurge. Browse through ai take your pick. Just looking? lo ing prettier than ever in summer- al-new hairdo. Below there yl in three different lengths — short, fr together with the how-to-set li a new figure? On page 11 there's ce Vatch next week's issue for p e diet slim you down for the beach.

Give yourself lightened, whitened PALE LIPS. Daylight time, pale shades pay pretty lip service to a tan. White over a pastel does it best.

At night-time, when artificial lighting drains color, use white over a medium-dark lipstick. Or outline lips in deep shade, fill in with light frosted color. →

Give yourself the loveliest and LIGHTEST TAN of your life. Sun creams specially formulated for hard-to-tan skin, and therefore mildly tan-resistant, can keep you in the summer picture, aided by a big hat.

In the evening, make-up should be warm and creamy-looking rather than pink and white. →

FOR NIGHT, be the belle of every party with summer's peachy look.

The Seashell

HAIR is cut in layers, each about four inches in length. Set entire head in pin-curls, starting at centre of top of head and fanning out from there in a circular pattern. Alternate direction of pin-curls in each row as shown in sketches. All around hairline, pin-curls should be "open." For that, simply clip hair ends in a slight curve rather than tucking them into a completely circular pin-curl. This way, bangs and hairline will fall into tendrils rather than curls. When it's time to comb out, brush hair into shape and arrange bangs to your taste. This cut keeps very curly hair neatly controlled.

HAIR is about three inches in length for this one, shorter at back if you like. Part hair on either side of face in a zigzag way. Set hair in front and at temples in large, upstanding pin-curls. (Don't pin these flat to head but stand them up in loops.) For height at crown of your head, set one medium-sized roller, turning it back and under. Set back hair in four rows of pin-curls, each row turned in an alternate direction. This combs out into waves. After setting, brush hair briskly. Brush bangs sideways across forehead. Form waves with fingers. A good style for coarse hair.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

13—and rebellious

"I AM 13 and I would like to run away from home, but I have nobody to go to. My mother won't pay me my pocket-money because she says I don't deserve it. I am never allowed to go anywhere with my girl-friends because I have to go to some boring place with my father. I thought if I built a little room under our house and stayed there for a while I might scare them a bit. Could you tell me if this would work? I despise my parents. They won't let me leave music because they love it. I am becoming sick and tired of my parents bossing me around. My sister has wardrobes full of clothes, and my clothes would not even fill one-eighth of my wardrobe, and then they are all pass-downs. My sister is 15 and is very spoiled, I think."

D.A., Vic.

I know exactly how you feel. You're going through one of those times when parents seem to be the absolute end. All girls think this, quite wrongly, at some time or another for a time. I don't think running away or building that room and living under the house would scare your parents or help you at all.

The thing to do is to get to work and fix things so they are more pleasant for you all, and you get your pocket-money back. I know you think you despise your parents at the moment and nothing I'll say will convince you you don't, but, believe me, it's a passing phase. Parents are really wonderful.

What gets all teenagers down is the whole grown-up world. Parents, teachers, and all adults they come in touch with seem to have all the fun, a carefree, happy life that is topped off by bossing teenagers around.

Because your parents are the adults you see most of, and are always trying to mould you into a well-mannered and charming young woman by saying, "Do this, do that," you work your hate against the whole adult world into a hate against your parents.

We all go through this some time, but the thing is that this false feeling gets so big and so bad that it buries your true feelings for your parents for a while. It's horrid for you, and for them, too.

I think the best way for you to get over this feeling and for everyone to be happy quickest is for you to pretend that your parents are nice and that you simply love them. Put on an act. You may think it is impossible, but it's not. Think of what your favorite actress would do with the role. It may be hard for you while the despising feeling is on, but work at it for a while and in a few days you'll feel that old feeling of love that you're pretending will come back naturally. So will your pocket-money.

You must stick to your music. Probably your parents do love it more than you do, but they also know how nice it will be for you to be able to play the piano when you are a bit older. Girls are often asked out more when they can do things like play the piano. You'll be glad later, even if it is a bore now. Why don't you ask your parents and teacher if you could learn to play a hit-parade song every so often. I'd keep on at music; you never know where it might lead to. You might turn out to be a concert pianist or a famous jazz player or something.

No girl in the world ever had enough clothes. I never have myself. The reason my wardrobe is not full up with clothes is because clothes are so expensive and I always want so many other things, too, that I haven't enough money to buy all the clothes I want. That's exactly why your wardrobe isn't as full as you'd like it to be. Your parents have so many things to buy with their money for themselves and their family that they can't buy you as many clothes as they would like to, or as you would like. Anyway, your sister should have more clothes than you; she's older.

Also, she's at an age when she will be going out more, and I should think would soon be looking for a job. I know it's rather sickening for you, but your turn for pretty clothes, and more of them, will come. And, as she is "spoiled," her clothes are probably rather nice.

I think the big act is the thing that will improve things for you all round. Give it a go. There's nothing like a smile to go with it, either.

Nice—but moody

"I AM a girl of 16 and have had a liking for a good-looking boy of the same age for some time. He seemed to feel the same way about me, but lately has shown a change in his affection for me. He is a temperamental boy, but when not in a mood he has a very nice personality and is popular with most girls. Lately he has been very moody, and I am beginning to wonder whether I should take this change of affection seriously. What is your opinion?"

"Uncertain," Tas.

Moody people are the devil. I can't see why any 16-year-old girl should put up with one. I'd look around and find someone with a happier disposition.

She gets cranky

"MY trouble is my bad temper. There is a very nice boy where I work whom I like very much. But although he is very nice to me, I am always cranky and nasty to him. He is not interested in girls. What should I do?"

J.O., S.A.

I think you're bad-tempered because you think he doesn't like girls. Try a smile instead of a snarl next time you see him. He might suddenly start liking girls better, and then, I am sure, your temper will improve.

Help wanted

"AT the end of my nose I have a rather ugly mole with rather protrusive hairs. I find this very embarrassing. Could you recommend a place where they remove such things?"

"Moley," Vic.

No, I can't, but the Melbourne branch of the British Medical Association could. Ring them and ask them to recommend a skin specialist whom you could see. Don't put it off. See one soon and get rid of your embarrassment.

Time for a snub

"I AM 16 years old and have been going steady with a boy for eight months. He is starting to get fresh with me, and although I don't want to break it off with him, I would not want to get into trouble. What will I do?"

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

Stop seeing him. The girl always sets the standard of behaviour, and if you keep going out with him after he has been fresh with you, you are silently accepting his behaviour, silently saying "yes."

Refuse his next invitation and if he asks you why, tell him. If he likes you well enough, after he's stopped being angry with you, he'll probably ask you out again on your terms.

What he is doing now is trying to establish what your standard of dating behaviour is. Make it quite clear and you'll be a happy instead of an unhappy teenager.

He held her hand

"I AM 18 and like a boy the same age who lives out of town. He is a well-respected boy. I like him very much and I am sure he likes me, because when we went to the pictures with our friends he held my hand. He has never asked me out, and how can I go about it?"

"Unhappy Sal," W.A.

You can't do anything really except ask him to your home, and then not unless you were having some other friends, say, six or eight at least. Just to have another two, or no one, makes it quite clear that you are asking him for yourself, and while that is certainly what you are doing, have some more people so he's not absolutely certain of your intentions. After all, he's supposed to be the one with the intentions, not you.

When the phone rings

"I WAS wondering if you could please tell me the correct procedure when accepting an invitation from a boy by phone. My mother tells me I accept too readily. Is this wrong?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

It's wrong if you nearly swallow the receiver in your eagerness to accept. It's right if you sound quietly delighted to receive the invitation, and just as delighted to be able to accept it. Gone are the days when it's considered the role of every nice girl to play hard to get by refusing a certain percentage of invitations. And don't forget that handling invitations properly demands a two-way deal in politeness. By this I mean that if you receive an invitation from a boy you don't particularly like you should still thank him pleasantly for asking you, and say you're sorry you won't be able to make it.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

HOW are your public manners — the ones you use when out with your crowd? I'll bet anything they're a mile worse than those you employ at home or when you're out with just one other person, boy or girl.

While I hate to appear as a Watchbird watching you, once or twice lately I've had a frightful urge on public occasions to surge into a crowd of teenagers and lay about me with a big verbal stick.

Why? I've seen teenagers behave disgracefully.

When? At a park concert when they chiacked the players in a military band, on a ferry when they shouted "smart" remarks to embarrass elderly people forced to sit near them, on a train when they deafened people and stopped all conversation with very loud portable radios.

I should worry if your social life is not as successful as it might be. And believe me it won't be if you carry on like that. More people than me will see you. Parents and parents' friends. And you won't be allowed to go out with this one or ask that one to your party because they can't behave correctly.

Why give all teenagers a bad name by behaving badly in a crowd? You know better. It makes me so mad when I see it that my eyes cross, and I can't afford to have that happen or I won't have any social life, either.

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Give yourself a present DIET

EAT-AS-YOU-GO PLAN for a new shape

● Here's the surprise beauty diet for teenagers that really takes the cake, a wonderful new kind of eating plan without any of the old bugaboos of no candy or cake, no cokes or cookies, no snacks. What's the catch? There isn't any. Cross our hearts and hope to die-t!

DOCTORS have been investigating recently the whys of diets that don't work; chief reason is that MOST diets not only cut out all your favorite foods, but all your favorite times to eat, too. You start out with the best intentions, but sooner or later you want a snack or just one piece of candy, and then just one more, and then—what's the use?

Nobody can give up everything she likes without totally giving up. Another important fact uncovered is that adult diets are all wrong for teenagers. Ever dieted and felt starved all the time? Well, maybe you were. Teenagers (because they burn up more calories) need far more food than grown-ups do.

This Give Yourself a Present diet, designed specially for the needs of teenagers, allows you to eat three good meals a day plus your favorite high-calorie snack. And just see (below) the pounds you can lose.

The presents (from us to you) are to be "opened" whenever you feel like a snack. Not a snacker? Then add something you love (French fried potatoes, cake) to lunch or dinner. Or, when there's a party in view, save your presents for a day or two and have them all at once.

You will see that the diet meals are planned around normal eating patterns and preferences. No fruit-salad lunches here. And note the breakfast; eat it, even if you usually skimp. It's a sure cure for mid-morning diet blues, will help keep you peppy all day.

BREAKFAST

½ cup orange or grapefruit juice; or other high-in-vitamin-C fruit *

1 egg

½ cup cereal or 1 slice toast, enriched or whole grain

1 small pat (1 teaspoonful) butter or margarine

1 glass (8 ounces) whole milk to drink, use on cereal

LUNCH

1 small or medium serving of high-protein food *

2 slices enriched or whole grain bread

1 small pat butter or margarine

1 serving of vegetable *

1 serving of fruit *

1 glass milk

DINNER

1 generous serving of high-protein food *

1 small potato; or ½ cup unsauced spaghetti, rice, noodles

½ cup serving of green or yellow vegetable *

1 raw vegetable or fruit *

1 slice bread, roll, or muffin—enriched or whole grain

1 pat butter or margarine for bread, potato, vegetable

BEDTIME

1 glass milk. If you're not hungry at bedtime, team this milk with your 200-caloric present and splurge on a milk shake (any flavor) at afternoon-snack time.

THE PRESENT

Any of these sweets, snacks, or drinks: two small bottles of any soft drink, small bar of your favorite candy, ½ cup ice-cream, or ½ cup frozen custard topped with 1½ tablespoons chocolate sauce, a tiny slice frosted layer cake or a regular piece of pound cake, two to four cookies or a small chocolate brownie, or an open-face sandwich of peanut butter and jelly (1 tablespoon each). Eat your present when and where you please—at the beach, at home after a movie. Each is 200 calories or less.

** See Four Keys to a Better Figure (at right).*

The daily meal plans for our diet are designed to work hand-in-hand with these four keys. Pick your favorites from each key; be honest about sticking to given amounts.

HOW MUCH WEIGHT WILL YOU LOSE ?

If you are 13 to 15 years old and you weigh	each week you will lose	If you are 16 to 20 years old and you weigh	each week you will lose
7st. 12lb.	1 pound	7st. 12lb.	¾ pound
8st. 8lb.	1½ pounds	8st. 8lb.	¾ "
9st. 4lb.	2 "	9st. 4lb.	1 1/3rd pounds
10st.	2 "	10st.	1½ "
10st. 10lb.	3 "	10st. 10lb.	2 "

First rule of any diet: Check with your doctor.

If you are extremely active or unusually tall you will burn calories faster—hence lose weight faster—than the "average" girl charted above. There will be times when you won't seem to lose at all. Don't give up; though it may not show on the scales, you will be burning fat—and it will show at some other time by a loss of several pounds at once. And don't forget that as you begin to lose pounds and move up the chart, you will lose more slowly.

KEY NUMBER 1 — PROTEINS

For lunch, eat one of these:

2 slices (2oz.) Swiss cheese, ¾ cup cottage cheese, 2 small frankfurters, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, 3 thin slices (2oz.) lunch meat (bologna, salami).

Or eat one of the following in small (2oz.) portions at lunch or in larger (4oz.) portions at dinner:

Lean beef, lamb or veal, chicken or turkey, tuna, salmon or lean white fish, liver (beef, calf, lamb, or chicken).

Shellfish are high in protein, low in calories. Eat a cupful of one: Oysters, clams, crabmeat, lobster, shrimp, scallops.

Important to remember: While dieting measure amounts carefully, trim off all visible fat from meats.

KEY NUMBER 2 — VEGETABLES

Eat your fill of these, all are high in vitamins, virtually calorie-free:

Broccoli, cabbage, chives, tomatoes, green beans, parsley, sauerkraut, spinach, green peppers, watercress.

Mixed salad? Of course, but easy on the dressing! Or use lemon juice.

Here are more very low-calorie vegetables, good for filling up on, although not so high in vitamins: Asparagus, mushrooms, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, eggplant, lettuce, brussels sprouts, radishes, squash, turnips.

The following vegetables contain more calories than those above and should be eaten only in recommended amounts. If you eat more, count it as your present.

2 tablespoons (just a taste) of baked beans

¼ cup lima beans or corn

½ cup green peas, onions, parsnips

1 cup carrots, raw or cooked.

A word about potatoes: they are high in calories but very valuable nutritionally, and most people feel more content when they eat them. So our diet includes one small potato—white or sweet, baked or boiled.

KEY NUMBER 3 — FRUIT

Our diet allows 120 calories daily for fruit. Add up your favorites, with at least one high in vitamin C.

Fruits high in vitamin C.	Cal.
2/3rds cup grapefruit juice or half grapefruit	50
1 small orange (or one-half cup orange juice)	50
3 small tangerines or mandarins	60
1 scant cup strawberries	50
One-half cantaloupe	30

Other fruits: 50 calories:

1 small apple, 1 small pear, 12 large sweet cherries, 50 small grapes, 1 2-inch wedge honeydew melon, 1 medium-sized peach, ½ cup unsweetened apple sauce, ½ cup fresh pineapple or two small slices canned pineapple, 2 medium-sized plums, 2 prunes, 2 tablespoons raisins, ½ cup fresh raspberries, 1 cup watermelon balls.

Here are 80-calorie portions:

4 canned or dried apricot halves, 1 small banana, 3 pitted dates, 2 small figs, 2/3rds cup fruit cocktail.

KEY NUMBER 4 — DAIRY FOODS

This diet calls for 1 quart of milk and three pats (one teaspoon each) of butter daily. You may skip one glass of milk and spend its calories in any of these ways:

For 1 glass of milk you may have:

1 glass skim milk (nonfat) plus 2 small pats of butter

½ cup ice-cream plus half glass skim milk (and subtract 1 pat of butter that day)

1 generous slice (1½oz.) cheddar cheese

¼ cup undiluted evaporated milk (nice on cereal)

½ cup cottage cheese

½ pint plain yogurt, or, for dessert, prune, pineapple, strawberry or vanilla-flavored.

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5529. Bow-trimmed bare-top summer dance dress (left) has soft skirt-gathers and a fitted waistline. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

5530. New shape for a belted one-piece (right) with a two-tiered pleated skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price 4/9.

PARTY DRESSES Patterns to make

● *New from Paris, the pretty look for teenagers is shown here in deliciously curved party dresses. Make your own from our easy-to-follow patterns. Address your orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.*

5526. Prettiness in lace (right) with a sash trim. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. lace, 4½yds. 36in. tulle, and 2yds. 36in. nylon fabric. Price 4/9.

5528. Glamor dress in silk and lace (left) has skirt width and a sleeveless top. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. lace and 5¼yds. 36in. silk fabric. Price 4/9.

Our cover

5536. Hour-glass silhouette for a tiered-skirted one-piece party dress. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 10yds. 18in. embroidery and 1½yds. 36in. plain material for the sash. Price 4/6.

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A GUY on bush girls envies . . .

DAD(dio) AND DAVE!

● WAGGA WAGGA — Well, I'm asking, How're they gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree ?

MEANING, of course, that a fellow would probably find a farm fatal after a *femme fatale*.

Well, now I know the answer to the famous question — the country girls will keep 'em making hay while the sun shines instead of taking shines while their "hay" burns!

At the risk of being beaten to death by city lassies' powder-puffs, I'll come out and say that country girls are good sorts and sports, who, in some ways, leave their city cousins for dead.

Socially I'd say many country girls are more polished than their sisters under the skin in the Big Smoke.

The idea many city boys have that a country lass is a social frumpkin (that's a feminine bumpkin) just doesn't hold bore water.

For instance, if you blokes think that Princess Alexandra must be pretty *blase* about formal balls, consider the really (light) fantastic nightlife of the bush belle.

Some Wagga girls I talked to (yes, I said *talked!*) go to 30 balls a year. And much the same thing is true of other areas.

Not that I'm saying that going to a ball is the end-all.

But what it means is that many country girls end up excellent dancers, formal dressers, and conversationalists—*AND* experienced (which means firm yet nice) bucks' passes buck-passers!

Regular rounds of picnic race meetings, women's club teas, and shows (where the spectators are even more on show than the exhibits) also give the country girl a good brush-up on social graces.

Country lasses, too, seem to me better house-broken than girls in the cities. (Not, of course, that I'm looking for house-broken girls—they have a nasty habit of trying to get a boy to play house with!)

But now and then it's nice to be treated as a man-of-the-house—without the responsibilities.

And how many city girls will—or can—cook a meal or sew on a button for a feller?

Country girl cooks were eye-openers to me after the city girls—who are mostly can-openers!

Also I found my country girls more even-tempered than some city lip-stickers.

Maybe it's because, apart from their ball-istics, there's no hustle or bustle to get their tempers on hair-triggers.

For instance, there are no daily sardine-style train trips to and from work to help them lose their make-up and good humor.

Rural girls deserve a few black (stump) marks, however.

They're terrible gossips for one thing. What a country lass doesn't know about what goes on around her—and what she doesn't pass on about it—isn't worth knowing.

Probably their worst fault, though, is their burning desire to go to the city. I can't think of anything grazier (pardon me, I mean crazier).

To sum up, after my trip to Wagga I can say the girls in the mulga aren't vulgar, in the bush they've got push, back o' Bourke they don't shirk, and the other side of the Black Stump things jump!

Am I coming back to the Smoke?

As soon as I find that my maligned city girls have dropped any plans to make another sort of impression—on my head!—I will.

In the meantime I'm in Gundagai. The Dog and I are sharing the Tuckerbox.

Haven't I always said girls make me lead a dog's life!

—Robin Adair

FAN CLUB?

WHO'S for starting a Robin Adair Fan Club? His thoughts and ideas are tops, and he is handsome and young. Come on, teeners, hop to it.

"Susie," Caulfield, Vic.

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FABULOUS FABIAN *LIKES* SCHOOL

Staff member Hazel Tully, who was a high-school teacher before she became a journalist, was assigned as Fabian Forte's first Australian tutor when he arrived from America last week. Here is her story in which she "digs" the American teenage rock-'n-roll idol as a serious student of history, English, and maths.

TUTOR Hazel Tully talks of history, Shakespeare, and many things which some of Fabian's fans would consider "square," to say the least. But not so Fabian himself. "I'm real serious about school," he says earnestly.

By HAZEL TULLY

AMERICAN teenage idol Fabian didn't know much about Captain Cook. But he knew all about Abraham Lincoln, and he's keen on Shakespeare and maths.

I know, because I was scheduled as Fabian's first Australian tutor when he arrived in Sydney last week to appear in The Big Show.

Fabian (in case you don't know) is Fabian the Tiger, or The Fabulous One. Height, 10 storeys—I mean about six feet; weight, 12 stone; occupation, rock-'n-roll idol, a singer with five million fans.

But, as The Tiger is only 16, he's not allowed to neglect his formal education while he travels about on singing tours.

According to the rules laid down by the Board of Education operating in Philadelphia, his home town, he must have a teacher or — as I heard an American say — a "tooter" wherever he goes.

I have taught thousands of high-school pupils. But I shall never forget Fabian, to whom I was assigned as "tooter."

Fabian is the only pupil I have ever waited for.

And, believe me, I mean wait. Wait. And wait.

The lesson was to be given privately in Fabian's hotel suite. AFTER all his fans had been dealt with. And AFTER he had visited the Australian teenage idol Dig Richards, who was still in hospital after a car smash.

I used this considerable time to observe and learn something of The Fabulous One.

To look at, Fabian is awfully healthy. His green eyes flash and glower. His muscles flex and swell, even to pick up an autograph book.

Mighty frame

The splendid grace of that mighty frame as he sits down or gets up is fascinating.

I didn't see him do anything more strenuous than these things, but I got the impression he could just walk out and pull up a few trees—if he felt like exercise.

Naturally, I had expected to hear words like "beat," "dates," "square." But it was not the courteous, low-voiced Fabian who used them.

Nearly all the American slang came from the Australian fans who mobbed him wherever he went.

One girl actually said, in a voice of surprised complaint, "But his yak (talk) is all square!"

Another — who apparently was more pleased with Fabian —kept on saying in swooning tones, "Ooh, ahnestly . . . ooh, ahnestly . . ." (I think she meant "honestly") . . . "ooh, he's cool."

One girl proudly told me: "He is today's biggest roadblock."

She went on to say that Fabian's opinion is that Elvis Presley, not himself, is the "very most in roadblocks, counting the whole world."

I watched Fabian with his fans. His manner combined a pleasant urbanity with friendliness.

He smiled like a lordly, youthful grandfather as he handed back each signed autograph with a "Here y'are, kid!"

I saw Fabian, poised and friendly, walk up to Dig Richards in the hospital.

After greetings of "Hiya!" the two celebrated youngsters gravely shook hands — each with that slightly grandfatherly dignity—and, in front of more assembled fans, settled down to yarn like two veterans.

I began to think my lesson would never, never eventuate.

As the time slipped by, Fabian's manager, Bob Marcucci, talked of cancellation: "It's too late. Fabian's tired. Fabian's got to go to bed."

Fabian had had a long flight to Sydney, Mr. Marcucci said.

He had been mobbed in the city, where he'd signed thousands of autographs; mobbed at his hotel; mobbed at the hospital.

And he hadn't had his dinner yet.

And, indeed, when we finally got back to the hotel, Fabian's eyelids would scarcely stay up.

"I'm real tired," Fabian said, and yawned like a baby.

"We'll have to keep the lesson short," Mr. Marcucci said. "Pretty informal."

But when we began discussing school Fabian brightened up again.

"I'm real serious about school," he said. "I **like** school."

He named his favorite subjects: history, maths, English.

A history fan

As we began on history a change came over the teenage idol.

Gone were the "Hiyas" and the grave, grandfatherly airs.

Here was a quite different Fabian — Fabian Forte, the schoolboy. Nothing blase or superior about him. No sign of pretending that he knew any more, or any less, than the average 16-year-old.

Naturally, it's American history he studies. He's up to President Lincoln now, which means he has kept up with the curriculum prescribed for his age-group.

He told me about the Gettysburg address, and touched on the histories of other countries.

I asked if he had heard of Captain Cook.

"Yes, I have," Fabian began enthusiastically. "That's Australian history!" Then his schoolboy face fell. "But I don't know just what he did."

Poor kid.

I told him about Captain Cook. But I liked him for admitting so frankly that he didn't know.

We were still talking history when Mr. Marcucci reminded me that I'd promised not to be too long.

But Fabian was on to another of his pet subjects — English. And again the idol of the teenage girls became the eager schoolboy.

"We study English literature, not American," Fabian was saying.

"And I'm going to start Shakespeare when I get back to the States. Now I'm really keen to do that.

"First we're doing 'Romeo and Juliet.' I know a bit about it, and I want to get started."

(How many Australian schoolboys would admit they looked forward to Shakespeare?)

"After that we're to study 'Hamlet' as a textbook," Fabian said. "I've looked up the schedule, so I know."

So we discussed Hamlet, the brooding Prince of Denmark.

But, as Mr. Marcucci said, it really was getting very late . . . even for an informal lesson . . . even for Shakespeare.

THESE FANS really went wild when Fabian appeared at the Sydney Stadium. Fabian is called The Tiger because of his soft green eyes, his lithe, soft-footed, jungle-like kind of walk, and because one of his most famous songs is "The Tiger."

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